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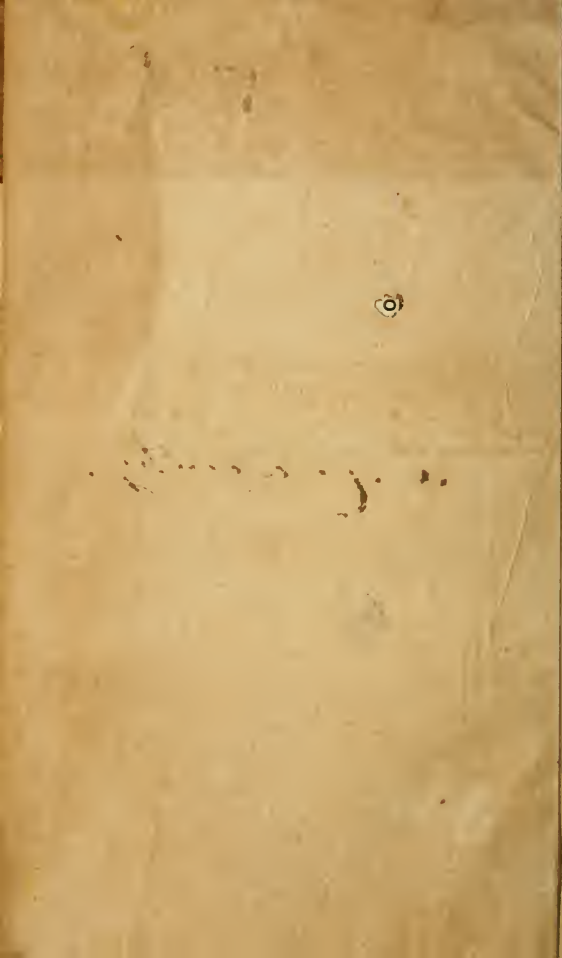
Division

Section

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D. C. Colesanthy.



H Y M N S



Spiritual Songs.

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FALMOUTH, IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE *THIRD EDITION*,
WITH SOME ENLARGEMENTS.

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PREFACE.

HOWEVER chained down many may be by superstition and tradition, yet I doubt not but there are many such candidates for divine light as stand with open arms for help from every quarter, that may further them on their heavenly pilgrimage; to whom I commit this small piece, with earnest desires, that (in the hand of God) it may be to their unspeakable benefit.

With regard to the practice of psalmody, much argued for and against in the world, I would observe:

It is true, singing can be of no benefit without the heart; yet it is evident that the heart may be alarmed, and stirred up to action, by local objects or vocal sounds; and therefore it is that the voice may be instrumentally beneficial in singing, praying and preaching: for it must not be understood that any of those means are designed, or should be made use of to effect, stir up, alter, or benefit God, but the creature, viz. awaken, stir up, and engage that spirit or kingdom of God in the creature, until the kingdom is got full possession of the creature, and having both seen
and

experienced the unspeakable blessings that have attended, I highly recommend the practice of singing, not only to public assemblies but to families and individuals ; and although persons may sing such subjects as they have not experienced without mockery, by acknowledging their ignorance of, and groaning after the things they express : yet as I think it far more likely to stir up and engage the heart (especially souls enlightened and groaning for liberty) when they express the state, groans and desires of their own souls : and therefore it is that I have endeavored to be so various in my subjects, to be adapted to almost every capacity, station of life, or frame of mind.

And as for the vain excuse (too often made) for the neglect of singing “ I have neither art nor voice,” let me reply, that in the compass of my own travels, in many societies and families, where such excuses have so far prevailed, that I have been obliged after almost (and sometimes wholly) to sing alone ; I have known them after they were persuaded to begin, to make such proficiency as to become far greater masters of singing than myself, and that with little help but practice.

Let me therefore, now intreat heads of families to concert every method to introduce the happy experience to their families, by singing a few verses before or after prayer, or at any convenient opportunity ; nor can you tell how glorious the effects

may be in divorcing the minds of your offspring from earthly charms and carnal mirth, attaching their minds to divine truths, and leading them to eternal felicity.

And O ! let me intreat those who are in the bloom of life, many of whom can without much excuse, find both art & voice for the singing of carnal songs to exclude every excuse ; and now, while in the prime of your days, to give up your souls to the Lord Jesus Christ, and dedicate both heart and voice to his service ; which will all add nothing to him, but prove your own present and everlasting joy. Yea, let me call on old and young, rich and poor, bond and free, to give their attention while I inform them that Jehovah has stooped, suffered, and died, is laboring still, following you night and day, with the wide leaved gates of immortal glory expanded, all courting you from the regions of eternal blackness and despair, to the bright realms of everlasting day and the essence of uncreated good, that you may forever solace in unspeakable felicity. And are the concerns of a shadow so important, your chains of slavery so sweet, and misery so dear to you, that you cannot leave them for the themes of heaven and joys of immortal glory ?

O think of your standing and listen a moment to the heavenly charmer, till you are fixed with his immortal love, which will constrain you to break out in shouts of praise, and say with me in

language of the prophet——Praise the Lord ye
Kings of the earth and all people, princes and all
judges of the earth ; both young men and mai-
dens, old men and children ; praise ye the Lord.

AMEN.

H Y M N S,

AND

S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

BOOK I.

*Chiefly consisting of man's fallen state ; together
with reproofs to the ungodly, and the language
of awakened sinners.*

HYMN I. Short Metre.

On Man's fall.

- 1 **W** H E N- Adam stood in light
For trial, I was there ;
Between eternal day and night,
And did my will declare.
- 2 For when the choice was made,
I gave my full consent ;
In quest of other lovers stray'd
And from my father went.
- 3 Then down with him I fell,
And have no cause to say
Imputed guilt sinks me to hell,
I threw myself away.
- 4 The countless race first stood
In Adam all as one,
Nor could a part forsake their God
While others stood alone.

5 In God they one must be
 Until they all rebel ;
 And if they sin 'tis acted free,
 They sink themselves to hell.

6 Cease then, O wretched man,
 To charge thy woe on God :
 Thy hell is made with thy own sin,
 Thy hands have spilt thy blood.

HYMN II. *Long Metre.*

1 **L**ONG have I trod the way to hell,
 And vainly dream'd that all was well ;
 But now I feel my sins a load,
 And I a stranger to my God.

2 I groan and turn at ev'ry breath,
 And fain would fly from sin and death ;
 But ah ! these bars of unbelief
 Chain down my soul from all relief.

3 Far from my help my friends do stand,
 While foes conspire on ev'ry hand ;
 Where shall I hide, where shall I flee
 For help, O Jesus, but to thee ?

4 To thee I'd come, O help, I pray,
 And take this unbelief away ;
 Thou mighty God ; thou prince of peace,
 Give my imprison'd soul release.

HYMN III. *Common Metre.*

1 **T**REMBLING, O God, I would address
 Thy free, thy mercy seat ;

Laden with darkness and distress,
I fall at Jesus' feet.

2 O help me, help me to believe
In the Redeemer's love ;
My soul from chains of death relieve,
And make my guilt remove.

3 Lord let thy goodness shine on me,
And bring me home to rest ;
O let me with thy children be
In heav'n forever blest.

4 Thou didst delight with th' sons of men,
Before the world was made ;
Come for my help, O Jesus, then,
With love and power array'd.

5 Thy love, O God, is boundless still,
And all thy blessings free ;
May I believe it is thy will
To give thy grace to me,

6 O might the happy moment come,
When I the Christ shall know,
And I a wand'ring soul brought home
From everlasting woe !

HYMN IV. *Long Metre.*

*The sinner acknowledging his danger and the
christian's safety.*

1 **A** H ! think my soul, how blest are they
Whose guilt and fears are done away,
Their souls enjoy immortal love,
While I a wretch in darkness rove.

2 Christ spreads his mantle o'er their head,
And feeds them with immortal bread :
While I, poor sinner starving go,
Expos'd to everlasting woe.

3 His spirit doth around them shine,
And lead their souls to streams divine ;
While I in midnight darkness dwell,
And glide the slippery steep to hell.

4 Their souls are safe from ev'ry snare,
Guarded by the redeemer's care ;
While I, poor soul, at ev'ry breath,
Stand all expos'd to endless death.

HYMN V. *Common Metre.*

The danger and vanity of the world.

1 **V**AIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys !

I will not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hug your toys.

2 Too long I hugg'd you in my arms,
And courted ev'ry snare ;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms
Will end in long despair.

3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy,
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.

4 Ten thousand souls by you are slain,
And sunk in endless night ;

But ah ! too late, they rue in vain,
And curse your false delight. .

5 Careless I trode your charming maze,
And thought that all was well ;

But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.

6 Blest be the Lord that taught my soul
How near the gulph I stood !

And now while mortal movements roll
I'll seek substantial good.

HYMN VI. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** WRETCHED soul, where have I been ?
How have I spent my breath ?

In vain amusing paths of sin,
That lead to endless death.

2 Unbounded goodness I've abus'd
And chose the downward road ;
The saviour call'd, but I refus'd,
And trampled on his blood.

3 Long have my days been lengthen'd out
By an indulgent heav'n,
And dare I now without a doubt,
Expect my sins forgiv'n ?

4 Yea, Lord, I hear thy grace is free,
Thy goodness ne'er withheld ;
And love and pardon wait for me,
Though I've so long rebel'd.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.**For Children.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am young, but soon may go
 Down to the silent tomb,
 When endless joys or endless woe
 Must be my lasting home.
- 2 O change my heart while I am young,
 Jesus thou prince of peace :
 Let grace employ my heart and tongue
 'Till mortal life shall cease.
- 3 O let thy word my council be,
 Thy love my only joy ;
 Place my affections all on thee
 From earth and ev'ry toy.
- 4 And let the blest immortal dove
 Inspire my soul to tell
 What glory, wisdom, and what love,
 Doth in my Jesus dwell.
- 5 And when I quit this mortal shore,
 I shall with Jesus rest ;
 Where I shall never sorrow more,
 But live forever blest.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.**Against carnal mirth.*

- 1 **H**OW vain the wretch that dares employ
 His mind in quest of sensual joy,
 And for an hour of carnal mirth
 Chain down his soul to endless death.

2 Why will you waste your days in vain,
Expos'd to everlasting pain ?

Your hours are short, your moments fly,
O think vain man, you're born to die.

3 When death arrests, how will you bear
To close your eyes in black despair ?
How will you bear eternal pain
Where horrors, woes and darkness reign ?

4 Ah ! could you now one moment know
The horrors of that gulph below,
You would not hug your sensual joys,
Nor sell your soul for empty toys.

HYMN IX. *Common Metre.*

A sinner awakened.

1 **L**ORD, what a wretched soul am I !
In midnight shades I dwell ;
Laden with guilt and born to die,
And rushing down to hell.

2 Hell yawns for my unhappy soul,
And threatens every breath ;
While swift as fleeting moments roll,
I'm hurried down to death.

3 No hand but thine, O God of love,
My wretched soul can save ;
O come dear Jesus and remove
This load of guilt I have.

4 My wounded soul can never rest
A stranger Lord to thee ;
O grant me, grant me my request,
And set the pris'ner free.

- 5 Thy blood can wash my guilt awry ;
 Thy love my heart can cheer ;
 O turn my midnight into day,
 And banish all my fear.

HYMN X. *Long Metre.*

A reproof of the worldling.

HEAR, O ye starving worldlings hear,
 Your days are short, your doom is near
 Soon you must quit this mortal shore,
 And all your gods will be no more.

2 Although you dream that all is well,
 You're gliding down the steep to hell ;
 And while you're musing in your dream
 The devil triumphs in his scheme.

3 You labor hard on earth to find
 Some sensual joys to charm the mind ;
 But know that all the joys you have,
 Will haunt your soul beyond the grave.

4 O leave the treach'rous paths you've trod,
 And turn ye starving souls to God :
 The bread of life is at your door,
 O taste, and starve your souls no more.

HYMN XI. *Long Metre.*

The same.

HOW many hapless men will sell
 Their poor immortal souls to hell,
 And for a few deceitful toys,
 For ever loose eternal joys !

2 This tempting world is but a cheat ;
 With poison mix'd in ev'ry sweet ;
 And all its pleasing themes and love
 Will but at last a dagger prove.

3 Ye starving souls that earth pursue,
 Return and bid those charms adieu ;
 The end of all your joys are nigh ;
 O fly in time to Jesus fly.

4 He waits and yet would make you blest ;
 Would give your souls eternal rest ;
 He yet would bring you home to God,
 And feed you with immortal food.

HYMN XII. *Common Metre.*

An old sinner awakened.

1 **O** WHAT a wretched sinner Lord !
 I now begin to see
 The danger of the ways I trod,
 But know not where to flee.

2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
 And slighted all thy grace ;
 Yet pity Lord, O pity me,
 And let me see thy face.

3 O should I now expire my breath,
 I must go down to dwell
 In chains of everlasting death,
 Among the fiends in hell.

3 Lord change my heart, or I am gone ;
 O give me life divine !

Though I am old, may I be born
A heav'nly child of thine.

HYMN XIII. *Common Metre.*

On Death.

1 **D**EATH reign'd with vigour since the fall,
And rides with fury still ;
Nor rich nor poor, nor great, nor small,
Can e'er resist his will.

2 He ravages both night and day,
Through all our mortal stage :
And ev'ry creature falls a prey
To his resistless rage.

3 Nations and empires he has slain,
And laid whole cities waste,
And doth his cruel siege maintain
To sweep the world in haste.

4 Ride forth, O mighty prince of peace,
And take away his sting,
Then shall his cruel kingdom cease
And saints his triumph sing.

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre.*

*Souls one by the spirit of Christ should never be
parted by their different principles.*

1 **T**HE world from christians are apart ;
But shall it e'er be said,
'Mong those whom God hath join'd in heart
Are separations made ?

- 2 They're all of one eternal band,
And with one father blest ;
All led by the Redeemers hand,
To the same joy and rest.
- 3 Why then should circumstantial mar
That union so divine ?
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those which he cannot join ?
- 4 No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the souls to heav'n ;
Then for them let no christians fight,
Where God has all forgiv'n.
- 5 O God subdue those cruel jars
With thy cementing grace ;
Nor let the devil hold up bars
Among the heav'n-born race.
- 6 O give us that transforming flame
Of the immortal dove,
That those who bear thy lovely name,
May all contend for love.

HYMN XV. *Long Metre.**An aged sinner awakened.*

- 1 **O** What a wretched state I'm in !
In midnight darkness and in sin ;
In chains of death the devil's slave,
Just stepping in the gaping grave.
- 2 O God look down, look down on me,
Forgive my sins, and set me free ; B 2

Or soon I'm fix'd, O wretched doom !
Where help nor hope can never come.

3 I may perhaps, for who can tell ?
I may escape the jaws of hell ;
Lord here I fall before thy face,
Make me a miracle of grace.

HYMN XVI. *Long Metre.*

Against profane swearing.

1 **W**HY wretched mortals will you dare
Omnipotence and curse and swear ?
Why will you waste your precious breath
To purchase everlasting death ?

2 Ah ! could you see that awful pit
That yawns for your unguarded feet,
You shrink at thoughts of landing there,
Where you with devils soon must share.

Be wise in time the gospel hear,
That yet proclaims the joyful year ;
There's yet a hope and who can tell
But you may yet escape from hell ?

HYMN XVII. *Common Metre.*

The sinner's complaint in a dying hour.

1 **O** IS is the king of terrors come,
And must I, must I go ?
O wretched slave to fix my doom
In everlasting woe.

2 How can I leave this mortal stage,
And take my wretched flight,

With all my sins, my hell and rage,
To everlasting night !

3 Ten thousand worlds I now would give
For a few moments more :

My fruitless wishes are to live ;
My day of grace is o'er.

4 No way, no way to shun the stroke,
The dreadful hour is come ;

My days are gone, my thread is broke,
And fatal is my doom.

5 Curst be the alluring charms of sense !
I've lost my soul for you ;

And now must go, I'm hurried hence
To bid your toys adieu.

HYMN XVIII. *Common Metre.*

At a Funeral.

FROM dust we wretched mortals came,
And groan at every breath ;

Dying until this mortal frame
Is all dissolv'd in death.

2 When man rebel'd against his God,
He sold him for a slave,

And groan'd beneath a heavy load,
Then drops into the grave.

3 Thus in an instant man is hurl'd,
Through a few hours of pain ;

Then drops into an unknown world,
And ne'er returns again.

4 Condole O God, this dying race,
 Since thou their end dost know ;
 Make bare thy mighty arm of grace,
 And save from endless woe.

5 O may we triumph o'er the grave,
 When this poor life shall cease,
 With thee may we forever live
 In the sweet realms of peace !

HYMN XIX. *Common Metre.*

A sinner convinced of his death and blindness.

1 **H**ARD heart of mine, O that the Lord
 Would this hard heart subdue !

O come thou blest life-giving word,
 And form my soul anew.

2 I hear the heav'nly pilgrims tell
 Their sins are all forgiv'n,
 And while on earth their bodies dwell,
 Their souls enjoy a heav'n.

3 While I, poor wretch, in darkness stand,
 With guilt a heavy load ;
 And ev'ry breath expos'd to land
 Beyond the grace of God.

4 The christian's sing redeeming love,
 And talk of joys divine ;
 And soon they say in realms above
 In glory they shall shine.

5 But ah ! its all an unknown tongue,
 I never knew that love ;

I cannot sing that heavenly song,
Nor tell of joys above.

6 I want, O God, I know not what !
I want what saints enjoy ;
O let their portion be my lot,
Their work be my employ.

7 Fain would I know that Saviour mine,
And taste his bleeding love,
With all the heav'nly pilgrims join,
While I this desert rove.

8 Then O to those transporting realms,
My soul would soar away ;
Where all the warriors wear their palms
In everlasting day.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.*

For Children.

WHILE in life's bloom, O God of grace,
Convert my soul to thee ;

O let me run the christian race,
And thou my leader be.

2 O Jesus speak that healing word,
" *Thy sins are all forgiven,*"

Be thou my father and my God,
My portion and my heav'n.

3 Fain would I know and love thy name,
And spend my life and breath,
To spread thy love, and sound thy fame,
Until the hour of death.

4 And when grim death shall strike the blow,
And bid my spirit flee,
I shall without reluctance go
To reign O God with thee.

HYMM XXI. *Short Metre.*

The awakened sinner.

- 1 **O** AM I born to die,
With an immortal soul ?
Ah ! hurry'd to eternity,
As swift as time can roll.
- 2 I just begin to see ;
Ah ! Lord what shall I do ?
How shall a wretched sinner flee
From everlasting woe ?
- 3 I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell ;
Yet how to go or find the way
To Christ I cannot tell ;
- 4 They say that he is kind,
And pities dying men ;
But how shall I this Jesus find ?
O tell me where or when.
- 5 They say he don't deny
The trembling souls request ;
And those who on his word rely
Have found immediate rest.
- 6 O Lord though I am vile,
Receive me as I am ;

Let heav'n's immortal goodness smile,
On me through Christ the Lamb.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.*

Against lusts and carnal mirth.

- 1 **S**AY men of pleasure, men of lust,
Who waste your hours in vain,
Why will you live, and die accurst,
Such beastly joys to gain ?
- 2 You call your pleasures civil joy,
To recreate the mind ;
But soon you will your souls destroy,
As you to late will find.
- 3 Small is the thread, and short the step,
Between your souls and hell ;
And the next breath you may be swept
Where endless horrors dwell.
- 4 And when you take your wretched flight,
Your earthly joys must cease ;
Your souls in everlasting night,
Far from the realms of peace.
- 5 O that you knew in this your day,
What to your peace belongs !
You would not throw your souls away
For a few carnal songs.

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.*

*The sinner convinced of, and groaning under a
load of sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD God of grace, I feel I see
My soul a stranger now to thee ;

A desert world I wander round
With chains of guilt and darkness bound.

2 Ten thousand foes with all their rage
Against my naked soul engage ;
And O ! unless thy grace employ,
They will O God my soul destroy.

3 I hear thy precious blood was spilt,
For to remove a world of guilt ;
Then let my soul thy goodness plead,
Till I from chains of death am freed.

4 Draw nigh, O blessed God, draw nigh,
And save my soul before I die ;
A wretched sinner at thy door,
One drop of mercy doth implore.

5 O Lord I cannot easy be,
Until thy grace hath set me free ;
Come O thou mighty Jesus, come,
And call the trembling rebel home.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **T**O God the great, the good, the wise,
I'll go with all my guilt and shame ;
To heaven I'll lift my heart and eyes,
And plead the blood of Christ the Lamb.

2 O Jesus take my guilt away,
And wash me in thy precious blood ;
Give me one glimpse of heav'nly day,
That I may know the living God.

- 3 A happy hour I ne'er shall see
 Until I view thy smiling face ;
 O let me find my help in thee ;
 Lord save me by thy boundless grace.
- 4 I know thou would not me deny,
 Nor spurn me from thy gracious throne,
 If I could on thy grace rely,
 And cast my soul on Christ alone.
- 5 But O ! this harden'd heart of mine,
 Rejects thy boundless sea of love ;
 My stubborn will, will not resign,
 And thus in darkness still I rove.

HYMN XXV. *Long Metre.*

Against any separation about non-essentials of religion among converted souls.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry soul Redeem'd from death,
 Keep near to their Redeemer's arms
 And never spend their time and breath
 In warm debates for outward forms.
- 2 One man esteems one day to God,
 Another ev'ry day alike ;
 Yet he that wash'd them in his blood
 Doth in their names no diff'rence make.
- 3 One man eats herbs, another meat ;
 And who his brother dares condemn,
 Since ev'ry christian is complete,
 And all as one in Christ the Lamb ?
- 4 The Saviour's cause is never spread
 By a Sectarian name or zeal ;

No modes nor forms can raise the dead
Nor to poor souls a Christ reveal.

5 Cease then ye happy heirs of heaven,
From a sectarian zeal or war ;
Your sins are all by Christ forgiv'n,
And it is love fulfils the law.

6 O think how soon the day will come,
When you shall reach the realms of peace,
And find the same eternal home,
Where discords shall forever cease.

HYMN XXVI. *Common Metre.*

The complaint of an awakened sinner.

1 **O** WHAT a state my soul is in !
Nor can I e'er be blest,
Without release from death and sin,
Or find a moment's rest.

2 I hear that Christ is passing by,
Poor sinners to relieve ;
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believe.

3 My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chains down my soul to death,
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.

4 O God, for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit ;
Unlock, unlock this prison door,
And bring me from the pit.

- 5 Pull down the pride within my heart ;
From blindness set me free ;
May I with ev'ry idol part,
And give myself to thee.
- 6 O let me feel thy love divine,
And hear thy healing voice ;
Until I know that thou art mine,
I never can rejoice.

HYMN XXVII. *Long Metre.**Desiring a portion among the saints.*

- 1 **O** WAS my lot among the saints,
And I might all their glories share ;
Soon should I loose these sore complaints,
Nor earth, nor hell would make me fear.
- 2 God is their portion and their rest,
And they are safe beneath his shade ;
In him they are forever blest,
Though earth and hell their peace invade.
- 3 Though they are scorn'd while here below
By those that do their Lord despise,
Yet soon the wicked world shall know
They have a friend that never dies.
- 4 Soon will they with their Jesus reign
In love on heav'n's immortal shore ;
While in the gulph of endless pain
The wicked sink forevermore.
- 5 O God, give me my portion too,
Among the followers of the Lamb ;

Then will I bid my fears adieu,
And sound their everlasting fame.

HYMN XXVIII. *Common Metre.*

An aged sinner awakened.

- 1 **O** WRETCHED soul ! I now begin
To feel my woeful case ;
Ah ! wretch ! what days I spent in sin,
Rejecting God's free grace !
- 2 My precious days are almost gone
In the broad road to death,
And now which way can I return
In my declining breath ?
- 3 So long with sinners I have trod,
And disregarded heav'n,
How can I think to call on God ?
Or seek to be forgiv'n.
- 4 Yet if I here remain I die,
And surely sink to hell ;
Therefore I am resolv'd to try
While there's a who can tell.
- 5 They say his mercy yet is free,
To all that will return ;
It surely then would reach to me,
If unbelief was gone.
- 6 'Tis now with me the latest hour,
And I in darkness dwell ;
O Jesus, manifest thy pow'r,
Or soon I sink to hell.

HYMN XXIX. *Common Metre.*

An awakened sinner resolved to cast all on Christ.

1 **O** WHAT a burden'd soul I be,
A stranger to my God!

Yet since I hear his grace is free
On him I'll cast my load.

2 His name is love I often hear,
And gracious is his throne ;
Who knows but he may yet appear
Before I am undone ?

3 He is all goodness ; or in hell
I'd sunk, ah ! long ago ;
But O ! it is his blessed will
To save my soul from woe !

4 Since long he's kept me from the grave,
And still holds out my days,
I must believe he's free to save
If I would trust his grace.

5 I'll go with all my load of guilt,
And fall before his throne ;
Believe his blood for me was spilt,
And trust in him alone.

6 Help my belief, almighty God,
And set my spirit free ;
O wash me in the Saviour's blood,
And let me live with thee.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*

The world held up by God's incarnation.

- 1 **W**HEN paradise was sunk by sin,
Swift ruin must ensue
That instant had not God step'd in,
The rage for to subdue.
- 2 But God that hour incarnate came,
And in his love appear'd ;
And thus became a slaughter'd Lamb,
That man might be restor'd.
- 3 Now earth appears with all her forms,
To hold the sinking race ;
Each one surrounded with his charms
Of heav'n's unbounded grace.
- 4 All those are sav'd that hear the call,
And let the Saviour in ;
While they that will reject must fall
In their own hell and sin.
- 5 And when four thousand years were past
This God to bleed and die,
Assumes a body of the dust,
And 'pears to mortal eye.
- 6 Press'd as a cart is press'd with sheaves !
Behold the Saviour dies !
And soon triumphantly he leaves
The grave, and mounts the skies.
- 7 Ten thousand praises to thy name,
O Jesus, for thy love !

And we shall found thy glorious fame
Through all the realms above.

HYMN XXXI. *Short Metre.*

For Children.

1 **T**EACH me, O God I pray,
To fly from sin and death,
And lead my soul in wisdom's way
Now in the days of youth.

2 Convert my soul to thee,
By thy redeeming grace,
And give me faith where'er I be,
To run the Christian race.

3 Ten thousand snares attend
My feet from earth and hell ;
But if thou stand my constant friend
I'm safe, and all is well.

4 Let love divine inspire
My heart with sacred flame ;
And make it all my heart's desire
To love and spread thy name.

5 Not all the joys on earth,
And grandeur here below,
With countless years of carnal mirth
Can ever bless me so.

HYMN XXXII. *Short Metre.*

The awakened sinner.

1 **H**AVE mercy on me Lord,
Remove my unbelief

That I may feel the living word,
And lose my fear and grief.

2 My wretched soul doth lie
Undone without a friend ;

But O ! if thou art passing by
Thine arm of love extend.

3 O Lord how can I bear
That most unhappy doom
Of everlasting sorrows, where
Thy grace can never come !

4 Come, blessed Saviour come
And take my guilt away ;
And let me find that happy home
Of everlasting day.

5 But O it is this heart of mine
That keeps me from thy love ;
When will my stubborn will resign,
And all these mountains move !

HYMN XXXIII. *Short Metre.*

An awakened youth.

1 **L**ORD let me never go
The way the wicked tread,
Their steps take hold on endless woe,
And they among the dead.

2 O call me home to thee,
Now in my youthful days
And let my life and portion be
In the Redeemer's ways.

3 It is thy grace I want ;
O let me taste thy love ;
Methinks, O God, my soul doth pant
For pleasure from above.

4 O Jesus let me know
Thy kingdom in my soul ;
Thy grace can save from endless woe,
And all my fears controul.

5 O shall I ever be
Among the christians blest ?
O Jesus take me now to thee,
And give my spirit rest.

6 Then in the realms above,
My God I shall adore ;
Forever solace in his love,
But grieve and sin no more.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*

The Same.

1 **O** THOU that sloop'd from realms of light,
Whose name is life and truth,
Pluck me from chains of death and night,
While in the bloom of youth.

2 I'm born O God, an heir of death,
Condemn'd by my own sin ;
Time fleets away, and not a breath
Will e'er return again.

3 O God, redeem me by thy grace,
While life is in its bloom,
That I may run the christian race
'Till death commands me home.

4 Without thy love I am undone,
And all my life is vain,
And when these fleeting hours are gone
I land in endless pain.

5 Have pity on me, blessed God,
And take my heart to thee,
And set me by thy precious blood,
From all my bondage free.

H Y M N XXXV. *Long Metre.*

The sinner's complaint and confession.

1 **O** WHAT a harden'd wretch am I !
Will nothing melt my harden'd mind ?
I hear that Christ is passing by,
But know it not, for I am blind.

2 His bowels yearn o'er wretched man,
And I am call'd to taste his love,
And yet my heart's so hard in sin
I neither feel, nor melt nor move.

3 Long has he waited at my door,
And I a wretch as long despis'd ;
And now if he should call no more,
In endless death I close my eyes.

4 And yet how careless am I still,
Surrounded with important scenes ;
O Jesus turn my rapid will,
Remove my guilt and break my chains.

H Y M N XXXVI. *Long Metre.*

An aged sinner awakened.

1 **W**HAT heart can think or tongue can tell
How much expos'd my soul doth stand

Condemn'd, and on the brink of hell,
With threat'ning foes on ev'ry hand.

2 My fleeting hours are almost gone,
And soon I must resign my breath ;
The way admits of no return ;
No hopes beyond the gates of death.

3 If once the cords of life are broke,
And I without a Saviour found,
My wretched soul must bear the stroke
Of death through one eternal round.

4 How can I rest another day,
Condemn'd in this unguarded state !
Good Lord appear, appear I pray,
And save me though my sins are great.

5 Make bare thine arm, extend thy grace
Before death strikes the fatal blow ;
And let me see thy smiling face,
Or I shall sink in endless woe.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The sinner convinced of his blindness.

1 **L**ONG have I trod the downward road,
And pray'd, but to an unknown God,
And careless wasted every breath,
Condemn'd to everlasting death.

2 I vainly thought that all was well,
When posting down the road to hell ;
But now methinks in part I see
How vile, and how expos'd I be.

3 Yet tho' so far I've rov'd from God,
And with his enemies have trod,
Who knows but he may yet display
His love and take my guilt away.

4 His love is great, his grace is free,
Who knows but it may reach to me ?
I yet may sing of joys divine,
And tell the world that Christ is mine.

5 O should I ever be so blest
To find that everlasting rest
I'd leap for joy and God adore,
And fear the rage of hell no more.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

For Children.

1 **L**OOK down O God, from realms above,
And blest me with redeeming love ;
While I am young, O let me know
A taste of heav'n while here below.

2 I know that I am born to die,
O may I now to Jesus fly !
Lord stamp thine image on my heart, !
Nor from thy ways let me desert.

3 Fain would I spend my early days
To walk with God in wisdom's ways
Led by the Lord where'er I rove
To tell the wonders of his love.

4 And if thou dost on me bestow,
Long life and strength while here below,

Still let thy grace inspire my tongue,
And praises be my dying song.

5 Then bring me to my father's home,
With all thy saints in youthful bloom ;
To drink thy love and sing thy praise,
Rejoicing in eternal days.

HYMN XXXIX. *Long Metre.*

Against drinking and profane swearing.

1 **B**OLD wretch indeed ! that dares presume
Against the laws of God and man,
Who belches out blasphemous fume,
And hurries down to endless pain.

2 Where will such guilty wretches flee,
When death shall strike the fatal blow !
How will they bear that God to see
Whom they blasphem'd and would not know.

3 The drunkard now fills up his bowl,
And drinks till all his sense is drown'd ;
But little thinks his precious soul,
Is to infernal regions bound.

4 O did they know how deep they wound,
The wretched poor immortal souls,
Soon would they leave th' enchanted ground,
Their carnal mirth and jolly bowls.

5 Rouse them, O God, to seek thy face,
Now while there is a who can tell,
But they may find redeeming grace,
And 'scape the endless pains of hell.

HYMN XL. *Short Metre.*

1 **O** WHAT a load of sin,
Hangs on my guilty soul !
In darkness all my days I've been,
And sin'd without controul.

2 And now my sins arise,
To drive me to despair ;
But O I hear that Jesus dies,
And there is pardon there.

3 Lord Jesus pardon me,
And give my soul thy grace ;
Expel these clouds and set me free,
That I may see thy face.

4 Give me immortal light,
And save my soul from hell ;
Or banish'd to eternal night
I must forever dwell.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.*

On death.

1 **S**OON I must hear the solemn call
(Prepar'd or not) to yield my breath ;
And this poormortal frame must fall
A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look my soul, look forward now,
And anchor safe beyond the flood ;
Bow to the Saviour's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu ;

And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too.
4 Then welcome death with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave ;
Jesus my God, my last resource,
Will reach his arm my soul to save.
5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour ;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And chearful leave this mortal shore.

HYMN XLII. *Long Metre.*

The groans of an awakened sinner.

1 **A** SINNER, Lord, condemn'd to die,
Would to thy grace for refuge fly ;
To thee I groan with trembling breath,
O save me from eternal death.

2 My foes, my fears, and sins unite,
To chain me down to endless night ;
But O ! I cannot think to dwell
In endless darkness, death and hell !

3 Look down, O God, with pow'r, I pray,
And drive those awful fears away ;
O vanquish this infernal crew,
And all my soul by grace renew.

4 Then would my soul delight to tell
What goodness doth in Jesus dwell ;
Since I a sinner found thy door,
I'd stand and call ten thousand more.

HYMN XLIII. *Common Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **O** LORD, how dang'rous is the place
Where my poor soul doth stand,
With all my sins, without thy grace,
And death on either hand !
- 2 Time, like a torrent, swift doth hurl,
And steals my breath away,
And drives me to the nether world,
Without the least delay.
- 3 Soon will these mortal cords be broke,
And I shall lose my breath ;
Soon must I feel the fatal stroke
Of an all conqu'ring death.
- 4 Then would it tear my bleeding heart,
And fill me with despair,
If Christ should bid my soul depart,
Where hope is known no more.
- 5 Extend, extend O Lamb of God,
Thy blessed arm of pow'r,
Speak to my soul one saving word,
In this distressing hour.
- 6 O let me now redemption know,
And taste immortal love ;
And let me with the people go,
To the bright realms above.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.**The trembling sinner.*

1 **O** HOW I shudder on the brink,
 And groan at ev'ry breath ;
 My soul each hour expos'd to sink,
 In everlasting death.

2 I cannot bear to take my flight,
 With devils down to hell,
 And banish'd from eternal light,
 In endless night to dwell.

3 O save me thou indulgent God,
 From everlasting pains ;
 And let it still be known abroad,
 A god of goodness reigns.

4 Did not the blest Redeemer die
 Upon the cursed tree ;
 Then why, O blessed Jesus, why,
 Why is it not for me.

5 O let me know the Saviour's death,
 And feel his rising pow'r :
 When shall I feel that word of faith,
 And see the happy hour ?

6 Unveil my heart, thou Lamb of God,
 To see thy grace is free ;
 And let thy precious, precious blood,
 Bring life divine to me.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.**For a funeral.*

1 **S**WIFT has th' immortal spirit fled,
 From this poor senseless clay ; D

And past the portals of the dead,
To endless night or day.

2 Ah how amazing was the view,
That stole each active thought ;
If to angelic realms it flew,
Or sunk to endless night !

3 Small are the earth's amusing toys,
Or frowns and trials now,
If she had reach'd those perfect joys,
Where heav'nly armies glow.

4 Or if to awful paths of death,
She has herself inclin'd ;
How vain those grandeurs of the earth,
Or joys she left behind.

5 Spare us O God, and give us grace,
From that black gulph to flee ;
That when we end our mortal race,
Our souls may rest with thee.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.*

A sinner convinced of a hard heart.

1 **W**AS e'er a wretch so hard as I
My heart will neither melt nor cry,
I'm griev'd because no more distress'd,
And wonder I so easy rest.

2 My stubborn will, will not relent ;
Nor my obdurate heart repent ;
O might some pow'r of love divine,
E'er melt this rocky heart of mine !

3 Come mighty God, these foes subdue,
Form my benighted soul anew ;
O let me taste the joys above,
And join to sing redeeming love.

4 Give me one spark of heav'nly day,
To scatter all those clouds away ;
Nor shall I ever happy be,
Till from these chains I am set free.

HYMN XLVII. *Long Metre.*

Man's miserable choice and condition.

1 **H**IGH was the crime, great was the fall,
And fatal was the darling blow,
When man with paradise and all,
Plung'd in a labarinth of woe.

2 Deep did the damning poison seize,
The num'rous throng of human race ;
Beyond all help for their disease,
But by Jehovah's arm of grace.

3 And when redeeming love comes down,
By the incarnate son of God ;
How many disregard the crown,
While others think to spill his blood !

4 Where God his boundless grace has spread,
Ten thousand souls sink deeper still ;
Beneath the curse, among the dead,
Against the Saviour's love and will.

5 While life is sounding in their ears,
And heav'nly floods spread all around ;

They turn their backs, and drown their fears,
And thus of choice to hell they're bound.

6 How many sinners sit and hear,
The glorious gospel trump in vain ;
Sleeping in sin, they rest secure,
Till they awake in endless pain.

7 Thousands and tens of thousands more
Pretend to love the gospel sound,
Who hold the form but hate the pow'r ;
Despise the cross, and lose the crown.

8 And thus of all the sinking race,
O shocking thought ! there is but few
Who e'er obtain that work of grace
That forms the inmost soul anew.

9 O pity Lord, these heirs of death
That lay condemn'd to endless night ;
Breathe O immortal spirit breathe
And make them children of the light.

HYMN XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

The awakened sinner groaning for help.

1 **L**ET me no longer go,
LO God without thy grace ;
My soul is bound with guilt and woe
Among the vilest race.

2 Death threatens all around,
From which I cannot flee :
No help, no help O God, is found,
But what is found in thee.

- 3 If I ne'er taste thy love,
Nor thy salvation know,
In anguish through this world I rove,
Then sink in endless woe.
- 4 My life itself, O God,
Is like a troubled sea,
Unless I taste immortal food,
For there's no joys but thee.
- 5 Lord, lift me from this gulph
Of darkness and of death,
And manifest thy blessed self
Before my parting breath.

HYMN XLIX. *Short Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **L**ORD I begin to see
How dang'rous is my case ;
O what a wretched soul I be,
A stranger to thy grace !
- 2 My sins O God, are great,
My days are almost gone ;
I tremble on the brink of fate,
Expos'd to endless pain.
- 3 Ten thousand seas invade,
For my unguarded soul ;
And many unseen snares are laid
And rage without controul.
- 4 O pity, mighty God,
And give me living faith ;

And wash me in the Saviour's blood,
Before I'm lost in death.

HYMN L. *Particular Metre.*

*On a storm of thunder ; when two trees were
struck with lightning not far from where I sat.*

1 SEE, see what heavy clouds arise,

And veiling the refulgent skies,

They spread a midnight shade !

Like angry bulls with rapid force

Spread o'er the hills with mutt'ring voice,

Doth all our tents invade.

2 Impetuous streams their floods disperse

The meads, and vallies soon immerse

In the o'erspreading flood ;

Tempestuous blasts their strength engage,

Augmenting the rapacious rage

Spread awful scenes abroad.

3 Hark ! hark ! what thunders rend the sky,

While sheets of liquid nitre fly,

And burn the sulph'rous air !

Beneath me shakes the solid ground,

An awful bell'wing all around,

While clouds in flames appear.

4 What threat'ning dangers now resound,

And gaping graves spread all around,

To seize a helpless worm,

What scenes of night, and arms of death,

Pursues me now at ev'ry breath

Amidst this fiery storm !

5 A blazing bolt now rolls with strife,
And points to my unguarded life,
From which I cannot flee ;
But heav'n's almighty arm of care
Now bids the threat'ning bolt forbear,
And strike some neighboring tree.

6 The rugged elm now feels the stroke,
A stately trunk in shivers broke,
While I securely stand ;
O may the scene effectual prove,
To fill my soul with thanks and love,
To God's indulgent hand !

HYMN LI. *Common Metre.*

A sinner groaning for the knowledge of Christ.

1 **O** HELP a sinner, Lord I pray,
Before I am undone ;

My unbelief O take away,
And make the Saviour known.

2 I've heard thy name, but do not know
Thy love, nor who thou art ;
O let me live no longer so,
But enter in my heart.

3 O shall I ever taste thy love,
And know that thou art mine ?
Shall I e'er find this mountain move,
And sing of joys divine ?

4 Millions of worlds would not rejoice
My wounded spirit so,
As the Redeemer's heav'nly voice
To save me from my woe.

4 Then would I tell the world thy name
 Long as I drew my breath ;
 And thy unbounded grace proclaim
 Till life expir'd in death,

HYMN LII. *Particular Metre.*

The conduct of most sailors.

WHILE sailors blest with wind and tide
 Do safely p'er the ocean ride,
 Careful they spend their hours in mirth,
 But when the raging tempests blow,
 And yawning graves invade below,
 They tremble on the verge of death.

2 Then to their knees the wretches fly
 To seek a friend ; they mourn and cry,
 Confess their sins, and help implore,
 And while distress'd to heaven they vow
 If God will help and save them now
 They'll tread their sinful ways no more.

3 But when he stills the foaming main,
 And calms the furious winds again,
 Soon they forget the vows they made ;
 " Come on they say, ye merry souls,
 " We'll drown our grief with jolly bowls,
 " Good luck has all our fears allay'd.

4 O poor returns for grace so great
 To wretches on the brink of fate !
 Good Lord, forgive th' unhappy crew,
 O may they now by grace reform,
 Before the great and dreadful storm
 Prove their eternal overthrow.

HYMN LIH. *Common Metre.*

*An awakened sinner convinced of the emptiness of
all his earthly joys.*

1 **T**OO long my soul has fed on toys,
And gasp'd for airy good !
Too long despis'd substantial joys,
And stole the serpent's food !

2 And now I know not where to go
To find a quick relief ;
What can I say, what can I do,
When bound with unbelief ?

3 My pride is strong, my heart is hard,
My eyes with sins are blind ;
I feel myself in prison barr'd ;
No freedom can I find.

4 But since thy grace is boundless still,
O God I cannot cease
To hope in thee ; for 'tis thy will
To give poor sinners peace.

5 O Jesus, touch my stubborn heart,
With love and life divine ;
My soul from all my idols part,
Then shall my soul be thine.

6 O raise me from this grave of death,
And be my only friend ;
Then to thy name I'll spend my breath
Till time with me shall end.

HYMN LIV. *Common Metre.**For a funeral.*

1 **H**OW happy was the stroke of death,
That struck the fatal blow,
That seiz'd the poor remains of breath
And bid the spirit go !

2 How active did the soul awake
Soon as it left the clay ;
Envelop'd in the dusky lake,
Or stretch'd in heav'nly day.

3 Ah ! now she soars her happy round
Within the blissful shore ;
Or else in chains of darkness bound,
Where hope is known no more.

4 Ah soon, ah ! soon we must pursue
That soul so lately fled ;
And soon of us they may say too,
Ah such an one is dead.

5 Lord God awake poor sinners now,
That they from death may flee ;
That when death strikes the fatal blow
They may awake with thee.

HYMN LV. *Short Metre.**The sinner feeling some thing of his state.*

1 **O** WHAT a heart have I !
How stubborn is my will !
I cannot melt, I cannot fly,
Nor dare I here be still.

- 2 My soul is bound with chains,
The gulph of ruin nigh ;
I'm threaten'd with eternal pains,
Yet have no heart to fly.
- 3 Good Lord look down I pray,
And raise me from the dead ;
O take my idols all away
And give me living bread.
- 4 O might the moment come
When I might taste his love !
Call blessed Lord the wand'rer home,
And make my guilt remove.

HYMN LVI. *Long Metre.**To profane swearers.*

- 1 **Y**OU that profane your maker's name,
And curse and swear without controul
O think in time what guilt and shame
You're heaping on your naked soul.
- 2 Why will you sink your soul so far,
And choose in hell your wretched doom ;
Why will you dwell forever where
One spark of hope can never come ?
- 3 Soon will you plunge in endless pain,
And groan beneath your load of sins ;
And wish to die but wish in vain ;
Your torment but anew begins.
- 4 O That you would be wise to day,
And risk your wretched souls no more,

Return and fly without delay ;

God's goodness hath no bound nor shore.

HYMN LVII. *Common Metre.*

Souls desiring to know their state in Christ.

1 **O** COULD I once but really know,
The blessed Christ was mine !

Or could I now leave all below,
And all to God resign !

2 Ah ! could I sing of joys above,
And feed on angel's food,
Methinks my soul would never rove
For all created good !

3 O Jesus lend thy hand to me,
And enter in my heart ;
And bend my soul so fast to thee,
That I may never part.

4 Ten thousand years of earthly bliss,
I should esteem but small,
If Christ was mine and I was his,
For he is all in all.

5 Redeem my soul, O God from woe,
That I may love thy name,
And spread (with joys) where'er I go,
Thy love and bleeding fame.

HYMN LVIII. *Common Metre.*

A reproof of the open profane.

1 **Y**E poor unhappy souls that dare
Blaspheame against the heav'ns,

Will you improve to curse and swear,
Breathe for repentance giv'n ?

2 Why will you give your tongues the rein,
To sin without controul,
And in eternal death and pain,
Plunge an immortal soul.

3 O think what loads of guilt and wrath,
You now are heaping up !
And what eternal pangs of death
Is in your bitter cup.

4 Why will you make such fatal chains,
And choose the road to hell ?
Why will you choose in endless pains,
With wretched souls to dwell ?

5 O turn unhappy mortals turn,
Forsake your slipp'ry way ;
No longer at Jehovah spurn,
But turn without delay.

HYMN LIX. *Common Metre.*

The sinner's cry when much awakened.

1 **T**O thee, to thee O God I call
In this distressing hour ;
A beggar at thy feet I fall,
And plead the Saviour's pow'r.

2 I dare not plead my worthiness,
Or that my hands are clean ;
But the Redeemer's righteousness,
Can cleanse my soul from sin.

- 3 Great is my sin, O God I know ;
But since thy love is great,
Why should eternal death and woe
Be my unhappy fate ?
- 4 O help me with redeeming love ;
Display thy grace divine ;
My guilt and darkness, Lord remove,
And let my soul be thine.

HYMN LX. *Long Metre.*

The same.

- 1 **T**O thee O God, I fain would cry,
And to thy grace for refuge fly ;
Beneath my load of guilt I groan ;
O make thy boundless mercy known.
- 2 My heart is bound with chains of sin ;
O what a guilty wretch I've been !
Lord let me in thy goodness find
Relief for my distressed mind.
- 3 Though I have sin'd, thou canst forgive ;
Though I am dead, Lord make me live ;
Though I am wounded, heal my wound
And though I'm lost, let me be found.
- 4 Then will I spread thy name abroad,
And tell the goodness of my God ;
Sinners may come and taste the same,
And join to praise thy worthy name.

HYMN LXI. *Long Metre.**A sinner beginning to see his sins.*

1 **L**ONG have I strove my flesh to please,
 And slept in sin and carnal ease;
 Wasting my moments, life and breath
 In the broad road to endless death.

2 But now my sins begin to rise
 Like guilty mountains to the skies!
 And all I see is death and woe;
 O whither, whither shall I go.

3 They say the Saviour's grace is free;
 And like an overflowing sea,
 Therefore I'll rise and sleep no more,
 So nigh the black infernal shore.

4 I'll go to God with all my shame;
 And cast myself upon the Lamb;
 Who knows but he may mercy show,
 And save me from eternal woe?

HYMN LXII. *Short Metre.**The same.*

1 **G**OOD Lord what shall I do
 With this hard heart of mine?
 Where shall a blinded sinner go
 To find some help divine?

2 No mortal arm can give
 My dying soul relief:
 Without thy grace I cannot live,
 Nor find a moment's peace.

- 3 I was not made in vain ;
Nor can I bear to be
Consign'd to everlasting pain ;
Since I was made for thee.
- 4 I stand upon the brink
And know not where to fly ;
Lord help my soul before I sink ;
O save or else I die.
- 5 Thy grace no limits knows,
Nor hath thy love a bound ;
I cannot from thy footstool go
'Till I have mercy found.
- 6 O come thou blessed Lamb,
Redeem my soul from hell ;
That I may learn thy glorious name,
And in thy bosom dwell.

HYMN LXIII. *Long Metre.*

The awakened sinner enquiring after Christ.

- 1 **T**ELL a poor soul that I may find,
Where is the saviour of mankind ?
And let me see his smiling face
That I may know and sing his grace.
- 2 Ye foll'wers of the heavenly Lamb,
Who're bound to spread his bleeding fame,
O, if you can I pray you tell
Where doth your blessed Jesus dwell ?
- 3 O let me know that I may flee ;
To him, and your best friend may see ;

Nothing can make my soul rejoice
Until I hear his saving voice.

4 O could I find his blessed feet,
There would I choose a humble seat ;
There would I choose to spend my days,
Enjoy his love and spread his praise.

5 O thou that passest by my door,
To give salvation to the poor,
Since thou dost blessings freely give,
O speak that my poor soul may live.

6 I cannot bear to let thee pass,
Without a portion in thy grace ;
O let my soul no longer rove,
A stranger to redeeming love.

HYMN LXIV. *Common Metre.*

The sinner's lamentation.

1 **O** WHAT a poor benighted mind,
And harden'd heart have I !
Where shall I go for help to find ?
I know not where to fly.


2 The foll'wers of the Lamb declare,
They once in chains were bound ;
But now in sacred joys they share,
For Jesus they have found.

3 They ask my soul to share a part,
In their Redeemer's love ;
But O this hard, this wretched heart,
Will not believe nor move.

- 4 And must I waste my moments so,
 Without one moment's peace,
 Like an abandon'd wand'rer go,
 Till praying days shall cease !
- 5 Must I ne'er have a moment's rest,
 Nor see a joyful day ?
 Or will the Lord e'er make me blest,
 And take my fears away ?
- 6 O thou whose grace I've long refus'd,
 For my deliverance come ;
 O let that goodness long abus'd,
 Yet call the mourner home.

HYMN LXV. *Long Metre.*

The sinner groaning after Christ.

- 1  JESUS shall I ever be
 Redeem'd from death, bound up in thee
 Shall I e'er see thy smiling face,
 And feel thy love and sing thy grace ?
- 2 O might I ever see the day,
 When these black clouds were chas'd away,
 And I should feel a voice divine
 But tell me that the Lord was mine ;
- 3 Thou sinner's friend, O ! speak the word,
 And manifest thou art my Lord ;
 Give me one taste of sacred love,
 Then will I sing of joys above.
- 4 Lord with thy children let me be,
 In boundless love made one with thee ;

With sweet delight I should adore
My God where sin is known no more.

HYMN LXVI. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **H**OW long shall I in darkness go,
Through shades of death & storms of woe !
How long shall I a stranger be,
Unto myself, O God, and thee ?

2 I feel so bound with chains of death,
I mourn, and groan at ev'ry breath ;
Can neither love, nor pray, nor praise,
And thus I waste my fleeting days.

3 O will the Saviour ever come.
And call a wretched sinner home ?
Will he e'er take these clouds away,
And turn my midnight into day ?

4 I long the happy hour to see,
When from these chains I shall be free ;
When I shall find a heav'nly peace,
And all my guilt and sorrow cease.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.*

The distressed soul.

1 **O** WHAT a heart, a heart of stone,
And load of guilt I bear,
Seeking for help but finding none,
And bord'ring on despair !

2 I mourn beneath my heavy load,
And think I want release ;

But something keeps me from my God,
And bars my soul from peace.

3 It's hard to bear these pangs of death,
And lug these heavy chains ;
And yet for want of acting faith
My burden still remains.

4 O might I never, never rest
Unless I find relief ;
Lord pity me a soul distressed,
And cure my unbelief.

5 O take me, take me from this gulph,
And set the pris'ner free ;
Lord give my soul thy blessed self,
And take my soul to thee.

6 Methinks ten thousand thanks would rise
From my poor flamm'ring tongue ;
And when all mortal vigor dies,
Still Christ would be my song.

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The danger and vanity of the world

1 **A** DIEU vain world, with all your gain,
And your amusing toys ;
Thousands have plung'd in endless pain
For your deceitful joys.

2 Though long I've hugg'd your dang'rous mirth,
Your charms I now disdain ;
Your pleasing scenes lead down to death,
And ev'ry joy's a chain.

- 3 You cannot give a moment's peace
In a distressing day,
O might your strong delusion cease,
And sweep no more away !
- 4 Divorce my heart O God of love,
From all these earthly charms ;
And while this desert world I rove,
Secure me in thy arms.
- 5 My mortal life, O God engage
To love thee as my all ;
And when I quit this mortal stage,
My soul to glory call.

HYMN LXIX. *-Long Metre.**On death.*

- 1 **S**OON shall I feel the pangs of death
Rack all my frame and stop my breath ;
Prepar'd or not my soul must go
And bid adieu to all below.
- 2 Think O my soul, where shall I land,
In hell, or heav'n at Christ's right hand ;
Soon shall I sink in keen despair ;
Or in angelic glories share.
- 3 Fly now my soul while time doth last
Into the ark, the glorious Christ ;
Then welcome death, he can but come,
And call the mourning pilgrim home.

HYMN LXX. *Common Metre.*

Determined (and encouraging others) to see the heavenly shore.

1 **C**OME ye that are resolv'd to see
The blest immortal shore,
Christ will our strength and leader be
Till ev'ry storm is o'er.

2 And when all earthly joys shall cease,
And mortal life shall fail,
In oceans of eternal peace
Our happy soul shall sail.

3 O happy, happy realms of love,
Where we with God shall be,
And all the glorious scenes above
In Christ for you and me.

HYMN LXXI. *Particular Metre.*

The sinner sensible of his need of help.

1 **O** I am bound with iron chains !
How can I endure my pains ;
Conscience like a troubled sea ;
I a stranger Lord to thee.

2 Come thou sinners friend I pray,
Come and take these chains away ;
Hills of guilt O God remove,
O dissolve my heart with love.

3 Since thou didst for sinners die,
Save a wretch so vile as I ;
Wash me in redeeming blood ;
Be my Saviour and my God.

4 Let me not in darkness rove,
 Since thou art all light and love ;
 Since thy boundless grace is free,
 Let one drop extend to me.

HYMN LXXII. *Particular Metre.*

The same.

1 **W**HAT a wand'ring wretch am I,
 Lost but knows not where to fly !
 Yet they say that grace is free
 Offer'd by the Lord to me.

2 O it is my stubborn will
 Bars me from salvation still !
 Jesus help me to believe,
 Grant my soul a quick reprieve.

3 O my soul, go not to hell,
 Since I may in glory dwell ;
 Jesus for me spent his breath,
 Has no pleasure in my death.

4 Other souls his love have felt,
 Will it not my hardness melt ?
 O that I might ever know
 Joys that christians have below !

5 Lord I'll cast myself on thee,
 Give thy glorious self to me ;
 Stay no longer from my heart,
 Enter in and never part.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

The misery of living without God in the world.

1 **U**NHAPPY souls that never knew,
 The blest Redeemer and his love ;

They are condemn'd and starving too,
Whate'er they do, where'er they rove.

2 This mortal world with all its joys
Compar'd with food and joys divine,
Are all but shades and empty toys,
And all their glories soon decline.

3 But Jesus is a lasting feast,
And solid joys that will endure :
And those that of these riches taste,
Will thirst for other streams no more.

HYMN LXXIV. *Long Metre.*

A confession of living without God.

1 **A** GUILTY starving wretch I be,
Wasting my days without the Lord ;
No happiness on earth I see,
Nor can I find immortal food.

2 Lord point me to the living way,
And let me taste of joys divine ;
And let my soul no longer stray,
To feed on husks among the swine.

3 Too long with sinners I have trod,
And yet I thought that all was well ;
O save me now almighty God,
Before my soul awakes in hell.

HYMN LXXV. *Long Metre.*

*Not willing to live without a real knowledge of
an interest in Christ.*

1 **L** ORD how unhappy is my state,
Not knowing if in thee or no !

My hopes are small, my fears are great,
And thus I wade through seas of woe.

2 O break my hand then heav'nly Lamb ;
Remove my fears my sins forgive ;

O let me feel thy sacred name,
And know that thou dost in me live.

3 I long to find thee in my heart,
And feel my soul from bondage free ;

O might I live (and never part)
With thee, O blessed God, with thee !

HYMN LXXVI. *Common Metre.*

No happiness without Christ.

1 **N**O peace O Jesus ! but in thee,
For my distressed mind ;

Then O how wretched must I be,
If I no Saviour find !

2 Millions of years of earthly bliss,
Is but an empty toy ;

And all created good will cease,
To give one drop of joy.

3 But O I hear that in the Lord
Is all my soul doth need ;

Lord let me taste that living food,
And from my chains be freed.

4 Give me that life, or I must be
In everlasting pain ;

But if I am brought home to thee,
In glory I shall reign.

HYMN LXXVII. *Short Metre.**Desiring the spirit of God to redeem from death.*

1 **T**HY spirit Lord, alone,
 Can my poor soul release ;
 O make thy boundless goodness known,
 And give my conscience peace.

2 Come heav'nly dove, I pray,
 And melt my harden'd heart ;
 O break these fatal bars away,
 And bid my fears depart.

3 O might thy healing pow'r
 Once give me life divine ;
 Lord hasten on the happy hour,
 When I shall know thee mine.

3 Then in thy boundless grace
 I would forget my pains ;
 And while I run the christian race
 Would join the heav'nly strain.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Short Metre.**The pleasing thought of being once among the
sons of God.*

1 **O** CAN it ever be
 That I shall be so blest,
 To find myself from bondage free,
 And with God's people rest !.

2 Christ is the joy of heav'n,
 And life of saints on earth ;
 Lord since this life is freely giv'n,
 Redeem my soul from death.

3 I feel myself in chains,
But groaning to be free ;
Yet none can e'er remove my pains,
Almighty God, but thee.

HYMN LXXIX. *Particular Metre.*

The groans and confession of a convicted sinner.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, gaze and wonder,
That the Lord so long doth wait,
To redeem my soul from under
Countless sins enormous weight ;
Jesus calls me, Jesus calls me, Jesus calls me,
Yet to fly to mercy's gate.

2 But thou know'st, almighty Saviour,
I'm so blind I cannot see ;
Unbelief still flights thy favor,
When thy grace is offer'd free ;
O relieve me, O relieve me, O relieve me,
From this death and misery.

3 I begin to see my danger,
Tell me, Lord, what shall I do ;
To thy love I am a stranger,
Whither, whither shall I go ?
O redeem me, O redeem me, O redeem me,
Save my soul from endless woe.

4 I have long thy gospel slighted,
And rejected all thy pow'r ;
When thy love my soul invited,
Unbelief hath bar'd the door ;
Jesus help me, Jesus help me, Jesus help me,
In this most distressing hour.

HYMN LXXX. *Long Metre.**Thirsting after a knowledge of Christ.*

1 **W**HEN shall I know my soul doth stand
Secure in the Redeemer's hand ?

When shall I taste of Joys divine,
And know the Lamb of God is mine !

2 My fleeting hours without delay
Are hurling my poor soul away ;
My mind is dark, my sins are great ;
O wretched, wretched is my state !

3 Have pity, O ! almighty God,
And speak but one confirming word ;
O ! let me know, and let me see
My life is his with Christ in thee.

HYMN LXXXI. *Short Metre.**The sinner groaning to God for help.*

1 **O**WHEN will Jesus come,
And my poor soul relieve ?
When shall I find that heav'nly home,
And make his name my theme ?

2 I must away to God,
And plead his boundless grace ;
O ! let me leave the sinners road,
And run the christian race.

3 O ! could I find the way,
I'd dwell where Jesus is ;
I'd soar to everlasting day,
And drink immortal bliss.

HYMN LXXXII. *Short Metre.*

- 1 **H**OW long, Lord, must I wade
Through these dark scenes of woe ?
O ! be my Saviour, and my aid,
Let me thy goodness know.
- 2 Thy bleeding hand alone
Can give my spirit peace ;
O take and keep me near thy throne,
Till mortal life shall cease.
- 3 Then on the verge of death,
When I must take my flight,
To thee I'd yield my gasping breath,
And leave these shades of night.
- 4 Then mourning hours shall cease,
And storms of death be o'er,
And I shall find a lasting peace,
On the immortal shore.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The vanity of the world.

- 1 **N**O longer will I seek for Joys,
Among the scenes of time,
Your highest summit are but toys ;
There's nothing here sublime.
- 2 In all my friends, though near and dear,
No comfort can I find ;
Nor all the kingdoms far and near,
Can fill my hungry mind.
- 3 O let me then away to God,
Tis he alone can feed,

My starving soul with heav'nly food,
And that is all I need.

4 Lord Jesus be my friend and joy,
And life, where'er I be ;
Ten thousand worlds I'd count a toy,
If I could live with thee.

5 Ah ! could I climb for solid bliss,
I'd reach the courts above ;
To dwell in light where Jesus is,
And solace in his love.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Common Metre.*

A reproof to the carnal.

1 **A** WAKE, arise, ye carnal souls,
No longer waste your breath
In carnal joys, and sensual bowls,
So near eternal death.

2 Ye little think those hours you spend
In laughter and in mirth,
Will bring all pleasures to an end,
And close in endless death.

3 Then he that made you will detest,
Your nature and your name ;
Who might have been forever blest,
With heav'ns immortal fame.

4 O turn ye poor deluded men,
And seek for joys above ;
Why will you choose eternal pain,
Before eternal love ?

HYMN LXXXV. *Common Metre.**The groans of an awakened sinner.*

- 1 **W**ILE wretch I am, where shall I flee,
To hide my guilty bead ;
My sins I feel and here I be
In regions of the dead:
- 2 O Jesus hear the rebel cry,
And speak one word of peace ;
To thee with all my sins I fly,
And plead thy boundless grace.
- 3 I come before thy mercy seat,
My guilt with shame confess ;
O help a beggar at thy feet,
Thou son of righteousness.
- 4 There's none but Jesus can relieve,
With his almighty pow'r ;
O help me, help me, to believe,
In this distressing hour.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre.**On death.*

- 1 **W**HILE the swift wings of time doth fly
Rouse up my soul, stretch ev'ry tho't,
This world with all its joys must die,
And every mortal scene be short.
- 2 Soon must I leave this house of clay,
And instantaneous take my flight
To the bright realms of endless day,
Or down to everlasting night.

3 O for a blessed Saviour nigh,
To help in that important hour,
To waft my soul above the sky,
By his almighty arm of pow'r !

4 But if no Christ how dark the day,
When shudd'ring o'er 'th' important brink !
Helpless and guilty hurl'd away
In everlasting pains to sink.

5 Lord help me now to take my flight
From darkness and the charms below ;
O seal my life in realms of light,
Before death strikes the fatal blow.

6 Then welcome death to call me home,
To heav'nly joys with God my friend ;
Where storms and sins can never come,
And all my fears shall have an end.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

An awakened sinner.

1 **O** FOR some hand that can relieve,
A soul from everlasting pains !

O could I but in Christ believe,
To loose me from these heavy chains.

2 But O these bars they chain me down,
While guilt torments my wounded breast ;
Ten thousand foes beset me round,
And I without one moment's rest.

3 Thus bound with unbelief I go,
Just on the brink of endless death ;
Without-a friend and do not know
But I must sink at the next breath.

4 I pray, I cry, but's all in vain,
No help nor refuge can I find ;
There's nothing doth remove my pain,
Nor ease my poor distressed mind.

5 O Jesus give my soul relief,
And bid the rage of hell to cease ;
Remove these bars of unbelief,
And give my guilty conscience peace.

6 O might I once rejoice in thee,
As my chief good, my only friend,
How blest in time my soul would be !
And blest when mortal days shall end.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

The Same.

1 **L**ORD what a wretched soul I am,
Without a knowledge of thy grace !
A stranger to the bleeding lamb,
And wand'ring in a wilderness.

2 Loaded with guilt I mourning go,
Trembling with fear a' ev'ry breath
O God redeem my soul from woe,
Before I close my eyes in death.

3 O touch my heart with love divine,
Subdue my heart, and turn my will ;
That I may find salvation mine,
And Soar away to Sion's hill.

4 Let me once see the happy hour,
When these strong bars of death shall move

I will rejoice, and sing thy pow'r,
And tell the wonders of thy love.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

On man's first rebellion.

1 **N**O more we'll talk of Adam's sin,
Imputed to his son's,
Since all the num'rous race have been
Once active in his loins.

2 Once they were all in Eden too,
To stand or fall of choice ;
And all that Adam did or knew
Was all his children's voice.

3 Freely they acted all as one,
And struck the fatal blow ;
What Adam did they all have done,
Thus all were plung'd in woe.

4 One man an actor was not made,
For uncreated men ;
But breath of lives in him were laid
The countless millions in.

5 O God forgive th' unhappy crew ;
Repair the fatal stroke ;
The second Adam can renew,
What the first Adam broke.

HYMN XC. *Common Metre.*

The awakened sinner.

1 **O** WHAT a poor unhappy soul,
Beneath a gloomy veil !
My guilt like storms of fury roll,
And all my pleasures fail.

2 I feel my soul bound down with chains,
And bars of unbelief ;

I mourn in darkness and in pains,
But cannot find relief.

3 Long have I sought a better frame
To fit my soul for God,

But still as dark and vile I am,
And nothing moves my load.

4 O could I now with all my guilt,
But venture, Lord, on thee,

Soon would that blood for sinners spilt,
Redeem, and set me free.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.*

The sinner groaning for help.

1 **O** WHAT a load of guilt I feel !

Just on the verge of death and hell !

Who can relieve from this distress,

And bring me from this wilderness ?

2 Created arms are all in vain

A dying sinner to regain ;

Mountains refuse to hide my woe

While endless ruin yawns below.

3 O mighty God, extend thy pow'r,

To help in this distressing hour ;

My storms of grief can never end,

Until I know thou art my friend.

4 Jesus I'd come with all my guilt,

To the rich streams which thou hast spilt ;

Help me to venture on thy name,

That I may know and love the Lamb.

5 O give me sight that I may see
A friend at hand, whose grace is free ;
O ! that I did this Jesus know,
To save me from eternal woe ?

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.*

The sinner convinced of his blindness.

1 **F**REELY I hear the Son of God,
For wretched sinners spilt his blood ;
But I no Christ can feel or see,
For other sinners or for me.

2 In midnight darkness here I dwell,
While other souls of glory tell ;
They say they feast on joys above,
But I'm a stranger to their love.

3 O could I think it ne'er would be,
When I such mysteries should see ;
Methinks it would expel my fear,
And dry my eyes from ev'ry tear.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

H Y M N S,
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

B O O K II.

*Chiefly consisting of gospel invitations, and
free salvation.*

HYMN I. *Particular Metre.*

A free salvation by the death of Christ.

1 **Y**E sons of Adam lift your eyes,
Behold how free the Saviour dies,
To save your souls from hell !

There's your creator and your friend ;
Believe and soon your fears shall end,
And you in glory dwell.

2 Doubt not his word his grace is free ;
Believe he died and calls for ye,
And your poor souls shall live :

Can free salvation be deny'd,
When in his dying groans he cry'd
“ *Father their sins forgive.* ”

3 Believe and feel his boundless love ;
It soon will bear your souls above,
To peaceful realms on high ;
He swears as certain as he lives,
His hand a free salvation gives

Why sinner will ye die ?

4 Will you despise the vast renown,
And choose despair before a crown ?

O have eternal joy !

Receive a kingdom in your heart,
Of life and joy, that ne'er will part :
Nor earth or hell destroy.

HYMN II. *Particular Metre.*

*Acknowledging the goodness of God in a free sal-
vation.*

1 IMMORTAL honors to the King,
Who did a free salvation bring ;
Let the whole world receive his grace,
Immortal crowns are freely giv'n ;
The joys of heav'n, the joys of heav'n,
Are free for all the fallen race.

2 Let all the world salvation know,
Eternal blessings freely flow,
From the Redeemer's dying love,
Freely he bore the sinner's weight,
His love so great, his love so great,
To bring us to the realms above.

3 All glory to his name be giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n,
To the eternal Prince of Peace !
Let anthems through the realms above,
Resound his love, resound his love,
In strains divine that never cease !

HYMN III. *Common Metre.*

When met for worship.

1 O MIGHT our souls this day enjoy
The presence of the Lord !

- Then would it be our sweet employ
To spread his grace abroad.
- 2 Lord Jesus let us find thee near,
And hear thy charming voice ;
Let the immortal Dove appear,
And make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 O may the gospel feast be spread
This day for ev'ry soul ;
Come heal the sick ; come raise the dead,
And make the wounded whole.
- 4 O come thou heav'nly shepherd, come,
To this small flock of thine,
And call the wand'ring people home,
To drink of streams divine.
- 5 Expel the shades, O God, we pray,
From ev'ry weary mind ;
And a small glimpse of heav'nly day,
Let ev'ry mourner find.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **O** COME thou Lamb of God, we pray,
And meet us with thy grace ;
Take all these clouds of death away,
And let us see thy face.
- 2 Without thy light we cannot see
The wonders of thy love ;
O set us from our sorrows free,
And bear our minds above.

3 Thy spirit with its healing flame,
Can all our woes destroy,
And the sweet wonders of thy name
Fill ev'ry heart with joy.

4 Melt ev'ry heart, loose ev'ry tongue,
By thy redeeming grace,
And ev'ry tongue shall raise a song
To thine eternal praise.

HYMN V. *Common Metre.*

A society rejoicing in the power of God.

1 **B**EST be the name that's poured forth
As ointment to our wounds !
This day the Lord descends to earth,
And ev'ry foe confounds.

2 We've found it happy to attend
The worship of our God ;
He like a father and a friend,
Has fed us with his word.

3 Our souls have known the joyful sound
And seen the Saviour's face ;
And every hungry heart has found
The sweetness of his grace.

4 Jesus remembers all his saint's
And feeds them with his word :
He knows their sorrows and complaints
And will relief afford.

5 His bowels with compassion yearns,
O'er ev'ry mourning soul ;
And when the trembling soul returns,
He makes the wounded whole.

HYMN VI. *Long Metre.**The gospel call.*

1 **O** TURN ye prisoners of hope,
That feel the weight of unbelief,
Lo the strong hold can bear you up,
And give your captive souls relief.

2 He came in love to help the poor,
And pities sinners in distress ;

He opens wide the prison door,
By his incarnate righteousness.

2 The jubilee trumpet now doth sound,
Go ev'ry soul from bondage free ;
Believe what other souls have found,
Is offer'd now poor soul to thee.

4 Down to your door the Saviour came,
And freely doth his pity move !

Eternal goodness is his name,
His nature is unbounded love.

HYMN VII. *Common Metre.**A call to the careless.*

1 **W**HY will ye die, O wretched man,
And choose the way to hell ?

Jehovah offers you a crown,
And you with him may dwell.

2 Turn, turn unhappy souls return, }
Accept eternal peace,

Why will you at the Saviour spurn,
Who offers you his grace ?

3 Why will you hug your cruel chains,
And load your souls with guilt ;

Jesus has come to bear your pains,
For you his blood was spilt.

4 Will you reject eternal joy,
And love divine despise ;
Or why will ye yourselves destroy,
When Jesus for you dies ?

HYMN VIII. *Particular Metre.*

For the spreading of the gospel.

1 **R**ISE O thou bright and morning star,
And spread thy kingdom near and far,
That nations may thy name adore ;
Let millions of the fallen race,
From heathen lands thy love embrace,
To sound thy fame forevermore.

2 O may the conquests of thy word,
Call kings and nations round thy board,
To feel and praise thy lovely name !
Let ev'ry mortal own their king,
Thy goodness taste and join to sing ;
All worthy, worthy is the lamb.

3 Roll on, O God the happy hour,
When all that will shall feel thy pow'r,
And know thy freedom to redeem ;
We long to see whole nations throng,
And ev'ry land and ev'ry tongue,
Make thine eternal love their theme.

HYMN IX. *Particular Metre.*

The gospel trumpet.

1 **A**LL hail ! all hail ! methinks a fear
The gospel sound the jubilee year ;

Behold the great Messiah's come ;
 He comes with pity in his eyes,
 And bows and groans and bleeds, and dies,
 To bring poor wand'ring sinners home.

2 Rouse all ye careless souls attend
 The call of your eternal friend ;
 His bleeding hands are stretch'd for you ;
 He'll wash you in his precious blood,
 And bring your wretched souls to God,
 Heal all your wounds and love you too.

3 Now is the time the prince of peace,
 From chains and darkness gives release,
 And sets the guilty pris'ner free ;
 O sinners hear the saviour's voice,
 Rejoice ye mourning souls rejoice,
 Come and believe he died for ye.

4 O think he died that you may live,
 His lib'ral hand free pardons give,
 To ev'ry poor returning soul ;
 Sinners awake, why will ye die ?
 Fly to the blest Redeemer, fly,

Before your moments cease to roll.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

An invitation to the gospel feast.

1 **T**URN ye dying sons of men,
 And bid your fears adieu ;
 The lamb of God endures your pain,
 And bleeds and dies for you.

2 To-day he spreads the gospel feast,
 For ev'ry hungry soul ;

O come and welcome, come and taste,
Its free without controul.

3 He'll feed you with immortal bread,
And give you living wine ;
Come ev'ry soul who would be fed,
The banquet shall be thine.

4 His bowels with compassion yearns ;
And bids your soul rejoice ;
O come ye welcome souls return,
And make a glorious choice.

5 O come enjoy eternal bliss,
And with this Jesus reign ;
Say wretched sinner will not this
Be glory, and your gain ?

HYMN XI. *Common Metre.*

Met for worship.

HERE in the presence, of our God,
We've met to seek thy face ;

O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour
To ev'ry mourning soul ;
Display thy love make known thy pow'r,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heav'nly fire
Each stupid soul enflame
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

- 4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
 And taste his love divine ;
 And every heart forever be
 United Lord with thine.

HYMN XII. *Long Metre.**Sinners invited to Christ.*

1 **S**INNERS behold the Saviour stands,
 With pardons in his bleeding hands,
 To court you from the jaws of hell,
 That you in perfect bliss may dwell.

2 His spirit, with its healing pow'r,
 Stands knocking pleading at your door ;
 He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

3 O stifle not the heav'nly voice,
 But hear and in his name rejoice ;
 Attend the call, his love embrace,
 And taste the sweetness of his grace.

4 He'll be your father and your friend,
 Your heart shall sing your sorrows end ;
 He'll feed you with immortal love,
 And bring you to his courts above.

HYMN XIII. *Long Metre.*

The goodness of God calls upon sinners, and declares his grace is free.

1 **A**WAKE ye sons of Adam's race,
 And the Redeemer's call embrace ;
 His bowels doth with pity yearn,
 His goodness calls you to return.

2 He keeps you from the pains of hell,
And in his arms would have you dwell ;
You daily live upon his hand,
While mercy lengthens out your span.

3 O do not slight his grace no more,
Nor drive his goodness from your door ;
Return or soon in hell you'll rue,
Your utter loss and folly too.

4 Can you despise the realms above,
And trample on Jehovah's love ?
O turn ye wretched souls from sin,
While heav'n invites, and enter in.

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre,*

Christ's love displayed in his death.

1 **W**HO can, or dares refuse to love,
The bleeding lamb of God,
That from the glorious realms above,
Displays such grace abroad ?

2 He dies, he dies, and bows his head
Upon the fatal tree,
To raise poor sinners from the dead,
And set the pris'ners free.

3 O was there ever love like this
To rebels doom'd to hell !
Or was there ever grief like his !
His pain no tongue can tell.

4 'Wake ev'ry soul with sweet surprise,
And bid your fears adieu ;

The mighty Saviour freely dies

For you poor souls, for you.

HYMN XV. *Long Metre.*

A call to the careless.

1 **A** WAKE unfeeling souls, awake,
Your dang'rous bed of sloth forsake;
And fly to Jesus while there's hope,
Or soon in endless pain you'll drop.

2 The Saviour's come, his bowels yearn,
And bids your dying souls return;
He bleeds, he groans, and dies for you;
His name and nature calls you too.

3 O think before you lose your breath,
How can you bear eternal death?
Just on a precipice you dwell,
And all beneath is death and hell.

4 Jesus the Lord yet waits to give
Eternal life, O turn and live;
There yet remains a *who can tell*,
But you may yet in glory dwell.

HYMN XVI. *Common Metre.*

The call of the gospel.

1 **S**INNERS arise, you're call'd away,
By your eternal friend;
Come and receive his grace to day,
And all your fears shall end.

2 The Son of God is at your door,
And knocks with bleeding hands;
O do not slight his grace no more,
Can you such love withstand?

- 3 O rouse ungrateful mortals rouse,
And let the Saviour in ;
O think the great Jehovah bows,
To bear your load of sin.
- 4 O hear that soul-transporting voice,
" I WILL YOUR SINS FORGIVE,
" IN ME BELIEVE, IN ME REJOICE,
" AND YOU WITH ME SHALL LIVE."

HYMN XVII. *Common Metre.**A call to mourning sinners.*

- 1 **H**O ! all ye wand'ring sons of men,
Who grieve without the son,
Who feel your danger and your sin,
And find yourselves undone ;
- 2 Forget your grief behold the Lamb
Is come to bear your load ;
He'll cleanse your souls from guilt and shame,
And make you sons of God.
- 3 Fear not, fear not you mourning souls
For Jesus is your friend ;
He's come to make your spirits whole,
And cause your grief to end.
- 4 Though earth and hell against you rage,
Yet if you trust this love,
His mercy will for you engage,
His word shall never move.

HYMN XVIII. *Particular Metre.**A free salvation proclaimed.*

- 1 **A**LL hail, all hail ye sons who dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell ;

Behold your mighty Saviour's come ;
To day he spreads his arms abroad,
Inviting sinners home to God ;

Come mourning souls, with Jesus dwell.

2 Unbounded goodness waits for you,
To heal your wounds and feed you too ;

With life and joys that are divine ;

Come ev'ry soul attend the call,
The Lamb of God invites you all ;

O hear, and Jesus shall be thine.

3 He's bid his servants all declare
His grace is free and you may share

In joys beyond what tongue can tell ;

No longer hug your unbelief,

Believe in him and find relief ;

He's come to set the pris'ners free.

4 Sinners no more reject his call ;

He's life, he's peace, he's all in all ;

O come and share his boundless love ;

If once you knew the glorious theme,

And drank of the delightful stream,

You'd choose your all in realms above.

5 O hear the heav'nly charmer's voice,

Now is the time to make your choice,

And reign eternal ages blest ;

No longer court your earthly bliss ;

There is no joy compar'd with this ;

O come and have eternal rest.

6 Why will you to destruction go ?

Say will you have this Christ or no !

This day he calls and waits for you ;

He'll lead you to the realms above,

And feed you with immortal love,

And give you joys forever new.

HYMM XIX. *Long Metre.*

An advice to a young convert.

1 **A**RISE O youth, with all thy soul,

And spread your dear Redeemer's name ;

Nor cease while fleeting moments roll,

To sound his well deserved fame.

2 Go in the name of Christ your God,

Shake off the world, and bear the cross ;

Jesus will be thy sure reward ;

Nor shall your labors e'er be lost.

3 He's bought thee with his precious blood,

And wrote thy name above the skies ;

He'll be thy father and thy God,

When sun and stars dissolve and dies.

4 Then ev'ry pow'r, and ev'ry thought,

May shout through all the realms above ;

But then you never can exhort

Poor sinners to your Savjour's love.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.*

A reproof for the profane swearers.

1 **H**OW daring is the wretch profane,

Whose tongue doth heav'n defy,

To give aloose, his hellish reign

In oaths of blasphemy !

- 2 Soon would destruction be their fate,
And they among the dead
If only what they imprecate
Should fall upon their head.
- 3 Where will those daring wretches flee
Their naked souls to hide ;
When that eternal God they see,
Whom they so long defy'd.
- 4 Spare them, O God, nor let them fall
On the dire sword they draw,
Or soon those weighty sins will gaul,
And loss forever gnaw.
- 5 O turn ye cruel souls return,
And to the Saviour fly,
Before in your own sins you burn,
Where pains can never die.

HYMN XXI. *Short Metre.**Christ dying for sinners.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Lamb
Who gave his life so free !
He groan'd beneath my guilt and shame,
Nail'd to the painful tree.
- 2 His body rack'd and torn,
His soul beneath the load,
Press'd like a cart, ah ! hear him groan,
“ *Why am I left my God ?* ”
- 3 Yet while he bleeds and dies,
To take our guilt away,
With groans unto his father cries,
“ *Forgive them Lord I pray.* ”

4 O break my rocky heart !
The bars of death remove !
Adore his name, and ne'er forget
Such most amazing love.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.*

Astonished at Christ's love.

1 **M**Y soul amaz'd, sees the blest Lamb,
From his bright realms above,
Come down to bear my guilt and shame,
And feed me with his love !

2 O can it be that Jesus dies
For such a wretch as I !
And now he'll raise me to the skies,
Where I shall never die.

3 O tell me, Jesus, can it be,
That thou hath borne my guilt,
O yes, my soul it was for thee
His precious blood was spilt.

4 O Lord, methinks I feel thy love,
And long to love thee more ;
Long as I live where e'er I rove,
Let me thy name adore.

5 Let me be seal'd upon thy breast,
And ravish'd with thy name,
And in the realms of glory rest,
Where I shall praise the Lamb.

6 Far as I know my sinful heart,
I think I want no more,
Bound up with thee and never part,
While endless years endure.

HYMN XXIII. *Short Metre.**On the name of JESUS.*

1 **J**ESUS we love thy name,
 And thee we will adore ;
 And when we feel this heavenly flame,
 We long to love thee more.

2 Thy name is all our trust ;
 Thy name is solid peace ;
 Thy name is everlasting rest,
 When other names shall cease.

3 There ravish'd with thy name,
 We never more shall rove ;
 There sound thy everlasting fame,
 And solace in thy love.

4 Thy name shall be our praise ;
 Thy name shall be our joy ;
 Thy name through everlasting days,
 Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.**The Prince of Peace riding victoriously.*

JESUS thy gospel armour gird,
 To spread abroad thy gracious fame,
 Ride in the chariot of thy word,
 And teach the dying world thy name.

2 Triumph in mercy through our land,
 And cause the poor dry bone to move ;
 Display thy love, make bare thine hand,
 And teach immortal souls thy love.

- 3 Here's some immers'd in shades of night,
And some involv'd in deep distress ;
O send some rays of sacred light,
And ev'ry mourning sinner bless.
- 4 Here's some that's deaf, and some that's blind,
And some that's wounded with their sins ;
They mourn and rove some help to find,
Yet do but more increase their pains.
- 5 Here's some that feeds their heavy chain,
And others senseless of their woe ;
Some captive souls where satan reigns,
Some lost and knows not where to go.
- 6 Some much in debt, with nought to pay,
Condemn'd and into prison cast,
And wall'wing in their filth they lay,
All hopes and helps but thee are lost.
- 7 Here's some that mourns a stupid mind,
And some that's lame, and some that's dead ;
Some sick, and can no comfort find,
While others beg for crumbs of bread.

P A U S E.

- 8 Come in, thou great Physician, come,
Thou that delight'st to help the poor ;
Get to thyself a glorious name,
At thy expence work ev'ry cure.
- 9 " I come, saith Jesus, lo, I come,
" To help the poor is my delight ;
" Love is my nature, love my name ;
" My help is free both day and night.

10 " Bring all your money now to me,
" Your weak, your wounded, bound and poor
" Rebels and pris'ners I will free,
" The worst of all diseases cure.

11 " I'll labour at my own expence,
" Cancel all debts and pay the cost ;
" And give my bond for their defence,
" That not one patient shall be lost.

12 " I'm bound by my own love to be,
" Physician and a father too ;
" A friend to all eternity,
" What more can I propose, or do ?"

13 Enough, O Lord, and we adore
Thy wisdom, pity, and thy love,
Thou giv'st thyself, we ask no more
Now we may reign with thee above.

14 Let all the sons of men rejoice,
And join to learn thy precious name ;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry voice
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

15 Let saints and angels join above,
The glories of thy name to sing,
While the sweet wonders of thy love,
Makes all the heav'nly arches ring.

16 Let all creation join as one,
Through endless years thy love proclaim,
While sacred echoes, cry Amen,
Amen, all worthy is the Lamb !

HYMN XXV. *Common Metre.**On the death of Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE how the great Messiah bleeds,
 Stretch'd on the cursed tree ;
 And in his dying groans he pleads
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 2 Hark how his dying groans resound,
 In cutting pangs of death !
 The sun, the rocks and solid ground,
 Feels his expiring breath.
- 3 Ah ! how he groans beneath my woe,
 Dress'd in a gore of blood !
 All nature feels th' enormous blow
 Of an expiring God.
- 4 But soon he conquers death and hell,
 Rides to the courts above ;
 Let all created systems tell
 The wonders of his love.
- 5 O lovely Jesus bleeding friend,
 Fain would my spirit soar,
 In shouts of praise that never end,
 Thy goodness to adore.

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.**A call to the youth,*

- A**WAKE, awake, O youth arise
 Behold thy friend, the Lamb of God,
 Hangs bleeding on the cross, and dies,
 To wash you in his precious blood.

- 2 For thee he left the realms of light,
And deign'd to clothe himself in clay,
To save you from eternal night,
And bring you to eternal day.
- 3 Long years of grief he's waded through,
And then concludes his days in pain ;
And all, O precious youth for you,
That you with him in heav'n might reign.
- 4 His dying groans calls thee away,
From all thy vain amusing charms ;
O fly dear youth, without delay,
Into his wide extended arms.
- 5 How can you tread the ways of death,
When Jesus groans beneath your sins ?
Can you despise his praying breath,
And load his wounded soul with pains ?
- 6 Will not his groans your spirit move,
Nor all his kindness reach your heart ?
Will you despise such bleeding love,
Before you will with Idols part.
- 7 Will you reject his boundless grace,
And choose the downward road to hell ?
Or join with that redeeming race,
Who will with him in glory dwell ?
- 8 Fain would he make you ever blest,
And feed you with immortal love,
And give you everlasting rest
In his eternal realms above.

P A U S E.

- 9 Now is the time to make your choice,
 Reject and sink in endless night ;
 Or hear the waiting Saviour's voice,
 And dwell in everlasting light.
- 10 O think how shocking is the doom,
 Of those that choose the way to hell ;
 But O how blest are those that come
 To Christ, and in his glory dwell !
- 11 What are the greatest joys on earth,
But empty shades, and treach'rous toys ?
 Then be intreated, precious youth,
 To leave them for eternal joys.
- 12 If you embrace the Saviour's love,
 You'll find his ways are paths of peace ;
 And reign in the sweet realms above,
 Where songs of joy shall never cease.
- 13 But if you choose the way to hell,
 And still despise that precious name,
 With endless curses you must dwell,
 Cloth'd with eternal guilt and shame.
- 14 The Saviour waits now at your door,
 Say, sinner whither will you go,
 To bliss or pain forevermore ?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

HYMN XXVII. *Common Metre.*

When met for worship.

- 1 **J**ESUS let not thy grace delay,
 To meet us with thy love ;

Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with pow'r to ev'ry soul,
O thou immortal dove ;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
“ *My Lord my God is mine.*”

4 What do we hear without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God ?
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

5 Here's some that pants, O God to see
Thy face, and taste thy love ;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

6 Jesus inspire each heart and tongue,
To learn thy precious name ;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

HYMN XXVIII. *Particular Metre.*

On the death of Christ.

1 **W**HAT solemn groans are those I hear,
It's like some bleeding victim near ;
From Golgotha methinks they rise ;
Ah ! tis the Saviour bleeds for me,
For me, for me, for me, for me,
He bows his head and groans and dies.

2 Angels, behold your maker God,
 Nail'd to the tree now dress'd in blood,
 That he might spread his boundless grace;
 Adam with all your sons behold
 Behold, behold, behold, behold,
 The Saviour of your guilty race.

3 All dress'd in purple gore he hangs,
 In agonies, and dying pangs;
 And praying gasps th' expiring breath;
 Freely the great Messiah dies,
 He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
 To save immortal souls from death.

4 Think O my soul, how can it be,
 The king of glory bleeds for thee!
 Behold, behold thy Jesus die!
 How great thy goodness, O my God!
 My God, my God, my God, my God,
 To bleed for such a wretch as I!

HYMN XXIX. *Particular Metre.*

Met to hear the gospel.

1 **J**ESUS, with thy gospel sword,
 In the chariot of thy word,
 Raise thy boundless grace to spread;
 Heal the sick, and raise the dead.
 2 We have come to seek thy love;
 Without thee we cannot move;
 Lord we cannot be deny'd,
 Come and we shall be supply'd.

3 Heav'nly king our foes destroy,
Turn our grief to sacred joy ;
Make our guilt and death remove,
Fill us with redeeming love.

4 We can never happy be,
Till thy blessed face we see ;
We shall find no solid rest,
Till we lean upon thy breast.

5 Lovely Jesus let us be,
Heart and soul bound up in thee ?
Then with joy we will proclaim,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb.

HYMN XXX. *Long Metre.*

Giving God speed to his heralds.

1 **G**O forth ye heralds of the Lord
Your master's worthy name to spread
Gird on the armour of his word,
To heal the sick and raise the dead.

2 Go tell the world that Jesus reigns ;
Let Jew and Gentile nations know
The Saviour's come, and teach the strains
That angels sing to worms below.

3 Defy the frowns of earth and hell,
Disdaining all created bliss ;
Your portion doth in Jesus dwell,
And you by solemn vows are his.

4 Lean on your master as you go ;
Your heart and tongue, and life engage,

Nothing but Jesus Christ to know,
Long as you tread this mortal stage.

5 The great Jehovah is your friend,
And bound to lead you on your way,
Till all your labors here shall end,
Then bring you to eternal day.

6 May thousands by your faithful hands,
Be led to that immortal shore ;
Possess with you the promis'd lands
Where storms of death shall beat no more.

7 A glorious crown you then shall wear,
With heralds on the blissful plains ;
And we with you in glory share,
Amen, amen, our Jesus reigns !

HYMN XXXI. *Long Metre.*

The waters troubled.

1 JESUS the Lord is passing by
Gird with his sword upon his thigh ;
Look like a prince in grandeur tread,
His sword a flame, his garment red.

2 " I die the mighty Saviour cries,
" A willing and full sacrifice ;
" Behold the blood my vesture stains,
" Tokens of love from all my veins.

3 " With joy I came from realms above,
" To teach the world redeeming love ;
" And freely groan'd upon the tree,
" To set the world of rebels free.

- 4 " And now behold I'm passing by,
 " My grace is free my power is nigh ;
 " I ever was, and still the same,
 " My nature love, and love my name.
- 5 " Now gather all your needy race,
 " And point them to my courts of grace,
 " Tell them it is my soul's delight,
 " To save them from eternal night.
- 6 " They shall find help that come to me,
 " The deaf, shall hear the blind shall see,
 " The lame shall leap, the dead shall raise,
 " And sighs and groans be turn'd to praise.
- 7 " Your greatest foes I will destroy,
 " And slaves releas'd shall leap for joy ;
 " Poor souls that long were bound in chains,
 " Shall rise and sing immortal strains,
- 8 " My name it is the Prince of Peace,
 " I love to make all sorrows cease ;
 " I love to do the sinners good,
 " And wash the guilty in my blood."

HYMN XXXII. *Long Metre.*

*Thanks for earthly blessings, and improving them
 in the cause of Christ.*

1 **C**OME pilgrims let us praise the hand
 That leads us through this barren land.
 The strength he gives our earthly frame,
 Must all be spent to spread his name.

2 Our earthly blessings we'll improve,
 And heart and tongue to spread his love ;

And while we tread this mortal road,
He'll still go on to do us good.

3 Then when we quit this mortal shore,
And we shall want this earth no more,
He'll bring us all around his board,
To feast upon eternal food.

4 O then ten thousand thanks shall raise,
Where glory shines in perfect blaze ;
To him that gave his life so free,
For you, O pilgrims, and for me.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.*

The pilgrims rejoicing.

1 **C**OME pilgrims lift your joyful strains,
Remember your Redeemer reigns ;
He has descended from above,
And fed us with immortal love.

2 Our mourning souls have seen his face,
And felt the power of gospel grace ;
He is our friend, and always nigh
To raise our souls with joy on high.

3 Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
With joy unite the heav'nly song ;
Praise him who spilt his blood so free,
But gave his life for you and me.

4 'Twas freely he sustain'd our loss,
And nail'd our sorrows to his cross ;
And groan'd and died beneath our load,
To give our souls a life with God.

5 O let us mount to realms above,
And sing the wonders of his love ;
Let ev'ry soul unite as one,
To shout his praise with loud Amen.

HYMN XXXIV.. *Long Metre.*

For a revival of religion.

1 **O** JESUS, come, thy kingdom spread,
Through these dark regions of the dead,
Cause senseless souls to hear thy voice,
And in thy boundless love rejoice.

2 O cause the triumph of our king,
Through all our villages to ring ;
And with delight we'll spread thy name,
Long as we feel the heav'nly flame.

3 Poor souls long bound in iron chains,
Shall hear the echo of our strains ;
And then we'll point them out to God,
On Calvary all dress'd in blood.

4 And may the heathen nations know,
The christians have a heav'n below ;
And monarchs bow and join to sing,
That Jesus is the only king !

HYMN XXXV. *Long Metre.*

At a marriage, when there is no carnal mirth.

1 **M**AY Jesus bless the mutual bands,
And heav'nly wisdom bind your hands,
By love divine make one in heart,
Till death all mortal ties shall part.

2 Then to the realms of perfect light,
May you both take your joyful flight ;

Find Christ your husband and your friend,
When earthly friends and lovers end.

3 There one you'll be with Christ in heav'n ;
None marry'd there, nor marr'age giv'n ;
But like the angels of the Lord,
To feast around his heav'nly board.

4 Then shall our joys be all divine,
The waters all turn'd into wine :
And each be found a welcome guest,
To join the everlasting feast.

HYMN XXXVI. *Common Metre.*

A prize to be obtained.

1 **L**ORD help me so to run the race,
That I may once obtain
A crown among the heirs of grace,
And with my Saviour reign.

2 O may I now by faith arise,
And find my sins forgiv'n ;
That I at least may share a prize,
In all the joys of hea'vn.

3 There let me once behold thy face,
O thou my only friend ;
And shout thy love, and share thy grace,
Where songs shall never end.

4 High wafted on the realms of light,
Beyond all sense of pain ;
Jesus shall be my whole delight,
And I with him shall reign.

HYMN XXXVII. *Common Metre.**Christ inviting sinners to his grace.*

- 1 **A**MAZING fight, the Saviour stands,
And knocks at ev'ry door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.
- 2 " Behold faith he, I bleed and die,
To bring poor souls to rest ;
Hear sinners while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.
- 3 Will you despise such bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ;
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell ?
- 4 Not to condemn your sinking race,
Have I in judgment come ;
But to display unbounded grace ;
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 May I not save your wretched soul.
From sin, from death and hell ?
Wounded or sick, I'll make you whole,
And you with me shall dwell.
- 6 Say will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiv'n ?
Or will you make a wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heav'n ?
- 7 Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain ?

Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign ?

8 Come now before I go,
While I am passing by ;
Say will you marry me or no ?
Say will you live or die."

HYMN XXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

The mourning soul answered by Christ.

1 **W**HERÉ, saith the mourner is this Christ,
That calls the hungry to a feast
Where is that grace proclaim'd so free ?
Say, herald, point the way to me,

2 If, as you say he spilt his blood,
To bring immortal souls to God ;
Then tell me, tell me where I'll go,
To find if this be true or no ?

3 " Well saith the Saviour here I be ;
Where is the soul inquires for me ?
I by my spirit now declare,
My grace is free and you may share."

4 O saith the soul I would receive ;
Speak, Lord, and help me to believe ;
Since thou declar'st thy grace is free,
O give one precious drop to me.

5 " I wait saith Jesus at your door,
With love that knows no bound nor shore ;
And far more free I am to give,
Than you are willing to receive.

6 " Freely I die, I mourn, I bleed,
I weep, I wait, promise and plead ;
Lab'ring for you all drefs'd in gore,
What can I do or offer more ?

7 " Say will you now my love abuse,
And all the joys of heaven refuse ?
Must I leave you ? Must I go ?
Will you choose eternal woe ?

8 O be besecch'd to hear my voice,
And make eternal life your choice ;
Say will you choose to sink in hell ?
Or else with me in glory dwell.

HYMN XXXIX. *Long Metre.*

Choosing nothing but Christ.

1 **I** CHOOSE the Lord for all my joy ;
His praise I count my best employ ;
His name my constant theme shall be ;
Lord I would follow none but thee.

2 Without my Lord I cannot rest ;
There's none but he can make me blest ;
In him I feel a solid peace,
And in him all my joys increase.

3 O let me never, never part,
From him the pleasure of my heart ;
Dear Jesus, keep me always near,
Till I with thee in heav'n appear.

4 O may I once at thy right hand,
Rejoice with all the glorious band :

The unveil'd glories then I'll see,
Of him that gave his life for me.

5 Transporting scenes ! ah, glorious sight !
Shall wrap my soul with sweet delight ;
And each immortal pow'r of mine,
Shall in exalted praises join.

HYMM XL. *Long Metre.*

A call to sinners.

1 **S**INNERS arise the Saviour's come,
And bleeds for wretched souls like you ;
His mercy calls the rebels home,
Forgives their sins and loves them too.

2 Come to the feast without delay,
Before the gospel call is o'er :
Embrace the blessed Lord to day,
Lest he should go, and call no more.

3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
And found a feast of love divine ;
Come then poor souls with all your sins,
And the Redeemer will be thine.

4 Those happy souls that's gone before,
Were once in sin as vile as you ;
O doubt the Saviour's love no more,
But come and taste his goodness too,

HYMN XLI. *Common Metre.*

The spreading of the gospel.

1 **L**OOK on the sinking world. O God,
And make thy goodness known ;
Let sinners feel thy gospel sword,
And bow before thy throne.

- 2 O send thy heralds far and near,
To spread the gospel feast;
And let the farthest corners hear
Of thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Why should poor dying souls be lost,
And plunge in endless death,
Since Jesus for them on the cross
Gave his expiring breath?
- 4 Since boundless love hath stoop'd so low,
And still remains the same,
O let poor starving sinners know,
The goodness of thy name.

HYMN XLII. *Common Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **L**ONG has the world in darkness dwelt,
Though the incarnate God
His precious blood has freely spilt,
To spread his light abroad.
- 2 O shake them mighty Jesus now,
By thy redeeming word,
That wretched souls, to thee may bow
And own their bleeding Lord.
- 3 O send ten thousand to proclaim
Thy gospel far and near,
That heathen lands may know thy name,
And ev'ry nation hear.
- 4 Pity the souls, O God, that lie
Without the gospel light,

And send them life before they die
And sink in endless night.

5 Since thy great love no limits know,
Nor thy free grace abound,
O let thy blessed gospel go,
And sinners hear the sound.

HYMN XLIII. *Long Metre.*

For the morning.

1 **O** HOW kind the heav'nly powers
Guarded my unguarded hours !
Through the dangers of the night
Led me to the morning light.

2 Now my soul awake with joy,
Make his praise thy whole employ ;
All thy future moments spend
To adore thy heav'nly friend.

3 When this life is cold in death,
I with angels shall break forth,
In my blest Redeemer's praise,
Morning songs, seraphic lays.

HYMN XLIV. *Particular Metre.*

Free grace, the gospel call, and salvation by faith.

NATIONS attend, let ev'ry mortal hear,
The gospel trumpet sounds the jubilee
year ;

The Saviour's death declares unbounded grace
To every soul of Adam's guilty race ;
Sinners behold your friend and Saviour bleeding,
Fly to his arms while he is interceeding.

2 No more attempt to cleanse the guilty soul,
Or work to make your wounded spirits whole ;
But hear and let the waiting Saviour in,
His rising pow'r will cleanse from all your sins,
Fly, mortals, fly, fly ev'ry town and nation,
While the Redeemer stands with free salvation.

3 " I want no works, saith he, to make you whole,
I came to save the vile polluted soul ;
My grace is free, I am the mighty God,
My arms of love for you are stretch'd abroad,"
Sinners behold the great incarnate Saviour,
And fly for refuge to his lasting favor.

4 Behold, behold his wounded hands and side,
And then believe it was for you he dy'd ;
He waits in love the sinners to receive,
And will you not his dying groans believe ;
He waits and calls O sinner hear him pleading,
And then believe for you the Lamb is bleeding.

5 " How long, saith he, will you my love abuse ;
How long will you my boundless grace refuse ;
How long poor sinners, will you shut the door ?
Or must I leave and call on you no more ?
Say wretched mortal, must my love be slighted ?
Or will you come to God while now invited ?

P A U S E.

6 " Behold, behold, I am the sinners friend ;
Believe my word and all your grief shall end,

Or lack your faith, 'tis faith I freely give ;
Look up to me poor dying souls and live,
The great Jehovah offers you a kingdom ;
Come ev'ry soul, come as you are and welcome.

7 Your heart is hard, my love can melt away
Both rocks and hills ; why will you longer stay ?
Once more I ask poor souls I'm loth to go,
Say dying sinners, will you live or no ?
Your sins though great, they shall be all forgiv'n,
And you shall live and reign with me in heav'n.

8 With all my countless hosts in realms above,
Your souls shall share in everlasting love ;
I'll be your father and your portion too,
And you shall swim in joys forever new ;
Say now poor souls, why are you unbelieving ?
Or what, say what, doth keep you from receiving ?

9 I'll conquer death and hell beneath your feet,
Behold my great salvation is compleat ;
I've drank your bitter cup, and bore your load
Of sin and death, to bring you home to God,
I'll change your heart, and take away your blind-
ness ;

How can you now abuse such loving kindness ?

10 Eternal riches shall be to you giv'n
And a blest mansion in the seats of heav'n

Unbounded glory I will freely give,
If you will but consent with me to live ;
Say, wretched sinner will you have a kingdom ?
Now is the time, consent and come and welcome.

HYMN XLV. *Particular Metre.*

On the death of Christ.

1 **B**EHOLD the friend of sinners dies,
With love and pity in his eyes,
To save a guilty soul from death !

O sinners hear his dying groan,
Your load of sin he bears alone,
And yields for you his life and breath.

2 Down to the grave amongst the dead,
Behold he bows his glorious head ;
All earth and hell against him too !

For rebel men, he prays he cries ;
For rebel men he groans, and dies ;
All this, O wretched souls, for you.

3 And now with mighty power to save,
Behold he triumphs o'er the grave ;
To conquer death and save from hell ;
And still he doth for sinners plead,
His spirit with them intercede,
Intreating them in heav'n to dwell.

4 Now they may dwell upon his breast,
Dwell in his love forever blest ;
O sinners bow and love his name ;

Come now and taste his dying love,
 And ever live in realms above,
 To love and praise the slaughter'd Lamb.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.*

A gospel call to sinners.

1 **O** HASTE away ten thousand souls,
 With all your guilt, with all your grief,
 To Jesus whose compassion rolls
 For you, and comes for your relief.

2 Jesus your friend, the Lamb of God,
 Rides in triumph over death and hell ;
 And now extends his arms of love,
 Inviting you with him to dwell.

3 To day he calls the hungry round,
 And spreads a feast before their eyes ;
 With healing balm for ev'ry wound,
 And life divine that never dies.

4 " Come now saith he with all your wants,
 Behold I have a large supply :
 The soul that for salvation pants,
 May freely drink and never die.

5 I love to give the weary rest,
 And feed the poor with living bread ;
 Tell ev'ry soul that would be blest,
 The Saviour loves to do them good.

HYMN XLVII. *Particular Metre.*

The heavenly pilgrims.

1 **F**ELLOW pilgrims let us join
 Heart and voice in songs divine ;

Our beloved passes by,
Calls aloud for you and I.

2 Like the warriors let us rise,
Carnal pleasures we despise ;
Storms and frowns we will defy,
With our maker live and die.

3 Earthly friends we bid adieu,
Unless they will be pilgrims too ;
We must not our Jesus leave
For the nearest earthly love.

4 Jesus is our only friend,
He alone makes sorrows end ;
He will give us lasting peace,
When all other friends shall cease.

5 Soon we shall his love enjoy,
Where no trials can annoy,
O the joyful sweets above !
Ev'ry joy is fill'd with love.

6 Think O pilgrims, can it be,
This is all for you and me !
Have we found our sins forgiv'n ?
Is our treasures now in heav'n ?

7 Ah ! we've found redeeming grace ;
We will run the Christian race ;
Till with shouting we shall rise,
With our Jesus to the skies.

8 O with what delight we'll see,
Him that died for you and me !

This shall be our joyful theme,
Amen, worthy is the Lamb!

HYMN XLVIII. *Long Metre.*

Free grace proclaimed.

1 **C**OME trembling souls forget your fear,
For your eternal friend is near;

O bow your souls before his face
And share in his redeeming grace.

2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet behold he calls again;

Once more in love he's come to try,
Say, sinners will you live or die?

3 Though long you have his grace abus'd,
And all his calls for love refus'd;

Yet even now he will forgive,
O sinners hear his voice and live.

4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call no more?

Then think, O souls, how can you bear,
To sink in death and long despair?

5 O sinners hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;

Leave all and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heav'nly charms.

HYMN XLIX. *Short Metre.*

The name of Christ worthy to be spread.

1 **R**OUSE all ye saints of God,
And tell the world his love:

Not cease to sound his name abroad,
Till you awake above.

2 Sweet is the Saviour's name,
To all that ever taste ;
His love will mourning souls enflame,
His mercy is a feast.

3 No mortal tongue can tell,
How sweet his graces be,
But those that in his bosom dwell,
Who often taste and see.

4 O that poor sinners knew,
The sweetness of his name !
They would become the foll'wers too,
Of this despised Lamb.

5 And is this Jesus mine ;
Have I e'er known his love
Then let me live on themes divine,
Till I shall soar above.

HYMN L. *Common Metre.*

For the spreading of the gospel.

1 **O** SPREAD thy saving name abroad
Thou blessed prince of peace ;
Bring dying sinners home to God,
And make their sorrows cease.

3 Since thy compassion still doth yearn,
O'er wretched men so free,
Help them O Jesus to return,
And find their help in thee.

3 O let them taste the Saviour's love
And drink immortal joy ;
Let starving souls no longer rove
To seek an empty toy.

4 O let thy blessed gospel run
Through all these shades of night,
Let souls in darkness feel the son
That brings immortal light.

5 Then in the beams of grace divine
Their cheerful souls will sing ;
Ten thousand praises shall be thine,
O thou immortal king !

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.*

The strong persuasions of free grace,

1 **O** SINNERS fly to Jesus' arms,
Enjoy his everlasting charms ;
He calls you to a heav'nly feast,
O come poor starving souls and taste.

2 Say will you be forever bless'd,
And with the heav'nly Jesus rest ?
He'll save you from all sin and pain
And you shall in full glory reign.

3 Say now poor souls, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
Make now the choice and halt no more,
For Christ is waiting at your door.

4 He waits, he woos, he's loth to leave,
And will you not his word believe ?
Why will you let this Jesus go,
Say will you have this Christ or no ?

5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same)
Will you be sav'd from endless woe ?
Say will you have this Christ, or no ?

HYMN LII. *Common Metre.**When met for worship.*

1 **G**LAD news to men the prince of peace
 Has in his triumphs rose ;
 From death and hell he takes release,
 And tramples on his foes.

2 Lord may thy saints this day likewise,
 Some heav'nly strength attain ;
 From earthly clogs and darkness rise,
 And some new conquests gain.

3 Give us the quickning of thy grace,
 To chase our sloth away ;
 And may the smiling of thy face,
 Make this a joyful day.

4 O come thou heav'nly spirit come,
 With thy inspiring word ;
 Call ev'ry wild affection home,
 To love and praise the Lord.

5 Come in with us, thou bleeding Lamb
 With blessings from above ;
 And every mourning heart inflame,
 With thy redeeming love,

6 Let starving sinners hear from thee,
 And taste of food divine ;
 O set them from their bondage free,
 And let their souls be thine.

HYMN LIII. *Long Metre.**The same.*

1 **B**LESS us this day O Lord our God ?
 And shed redeeming love abroad ;

O comfort ev'ry mourning soul,
And make the wounded spirit whole.

2 Let those that unconcern'd appear
Some thund'ring word from Sinai hear,
That they may fall before thy face,
And share in the Redeemer's grace.

3 Pity thy children that attend
Mourning the absence of their friend ;
O raise their drooping souls above,
And cheer them with their father's love.

HYMN LIV. *Particular Metre.*
The gospel call to saints and sinners.

1 **A**RISE O all ye saints and sing
The conquests of your bleeding King,
Who bled and died, and rose for you ;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And bid your sorrows all adieu.

2 Come all ye mourning souls attend
The call of your eternal friend,
Receive his grace and him adore ;
Say if you will his love partake,
Awake, awake, awake, awake,
From death and live forevermore.

3 Come guilty mortals as you be,
He sets the worst of rebels free,
From fear and darkness, death and hell ;
His charming voice O sinners hear,
Draw near, draw near, draw near, draw near,
Now while he calls and with him dwell,

4 O fin-sick sinners come away,
Let not your sins make you delay,
But come with all your wounds and grief;
Come to this Jesus as you are
O come, O come, O come, O come,
With all your grief and find relief.

HYMN LV. *Particular Metre.**The same.*

1 **G**OOD news for you, O Adam's race !
From heav'n descends unbounded grace
The great Messiah now appears ;
A mortal frame I AM assumes ;
He comes, he comes, he comes, he comes,
And to the world his love declares.

2 Sinners behold the great God-man,
Your friend an infant of a span,
Has stoop'd to dwell below the skies ;
Ye mourners bid your fears adieu,
For you, for you, for you, for you,
The mighty Saviour freely dies.

3 And now from door to door he goes
A man of sorrow, and of woes,
Lab'ring to save poor souls from hell ;
Mortals behold your Saviour near,
O hear, O hear, O hear, O hear,
His voice, and in his glory dwell.

4 Let ev'ry nation know his name,
And ev'ry tongue his love proclaim ;
Your sorrows may forever cease :

Lift up your hearts with cheerful voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And praise the glorious Prince of peace.

HYMN LVI. *Common Metre.*

A call to sinners.

- 1 **A** WAKE ye dying souls, awake,
Behold the Saviour stands,
Now at your door and oft doth knock,
With pardon in his hands.
- 2 Why will you die when Jesus bleeds
To save your soul from hell?
And now he waits, and woos and pleads,
That you would with him dwell.
- 3 O hear ye mourning sinners hear,
And now receive his grace :
Immortal glories now is near,
Come and these glories taste.
- 4 The great Jehovah calls you home,
To everlasting day ;
Come O ye wretched sinners, come,
And make no more delay.
- 5 There's room enough in Jesus' arms,
For ev'ry mourning soul ;
And if you're sick his heav'nly charms,
Will make your spirits whole.
- 6 He freely died that he might save
You from eternal woe ;
Say now poor mortals, will you have
The blessed Christ or no ?

HYMN LVII. *Particular Metre.**Christ's death declares his grace is free.*

1 **A** WAKE, O guilty world awake,
Behold the earth's foundations shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you!
His death proclaims to all your race,
Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace,
To all the Jews and Gentiles too.

2 Come guilty mortals come and see
The Saviour on the curfed tree,
For you all drefs'd in purple gore ;
His weight of woe has veil'd the sun,
'Tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done,
That man might live forevermore.

3 See how the wounded Lamb of God
Extends his bleeding arms abroad
To save a fallen world from death !
Behold him in his agonies,
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields the last expiring breath.

4 He dies and triumphs over death
To give the dead immortal birth,
And spread the wonders of his name ;
Shout mortals, shout, with cheerful voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN LVIII. *Short Metre.**A call to sinners.*

1 **W**HAT more could Jesus do,
To make poor sinners blest ? L 2

O sinners bid the world adieu,
And have eternal rest.

2 His blood was freely spilt,
To save your souls from death ;
And to remove your load of guilt,
Gave up his life and breath.

3 And can you now refuse
Such grace and dying love ?
Will you his goodness all abuse,
And slight the joys above ?

4 No pow'r can e'er relieve
Your souls from hell but he ;
Believe, O wretched men believe,
And happy shall you be.

5 His goodness knows no bound,
Nor will his love forbear ;
What other wretched souls have found,
Your mourning souls may share.

6 His golden sceptre waits,
With grace and pardon free ;
O touch and though your sins are great,
Yet pardon'd you shall be.

7 Behold the King of kings,
Is waiting yet for you ;
And ev'ry word glad tidings brings.
To all the guilty crew.

8 Behold the purple gore,
Which from his wounds did flow,

A sea of grace without a shore,
To save your souls from woe.

9 O cast your guilty souls
In this unbounded sea ;
His love will make the wounded whole,
And set the pris'ner free.

HYMN LIX. *Particular Metre.*

On the birth of Christ.

1 **G**LAD tidings to our world is come !
Mortals prepare your Saviour room ;
Lift up your heads forget your fears ;
The great Messiah from above,
With boundless love, with boundless love,
Within your guilty realm appears.

2 Ten thousand seraphs round him bow,
And angels and archangels glow,
From the bright climes of heav'nly day ;
Shouting they hail the happy morn,
The Saviour's born, the Saviour's born,
To take the sinners guilt away.

3 Let kings and nations all attend,
The birth of their eternal friend ;
Let ev'ry land the tidings know,
Heathens forsake your wood and stone,
For there is none, for there is none,
But Christ can save from endless woe.

4 Hail, dying souls, your friend is nigh,
Believe and you shall never die ;
O come and reign with Christ the Lord ;

Ye mourners bid your fears adieu,
 He calls for you, he calls for you,
 For you his arms are stretch'd abroad.

HYMN LX. *Common Metre.*

On the death of Christ.

1 **H**ARK ! O ye sons of Adam, hear
 Your Saviour's dying breath ;
 And all ye nations far and near,
 Attend your Saviour's death.

2 On Calvary behold he hangs,
 And bleeds and dies for you ;
 Crush'd with the weight of dying pangs
 In soul and body too.

3 This is th' eternal Son of God,
 That spills his blood so free ;
 See how he bears the heavy load,
 O guilty world for ye !

4 Mortals can you refuse his grace,
 And all his love despise ?
 Or will you join the happy race,
 With him that never dies ?

HYMN LXI. *Long Metre.*

On the name of Christ.

1 **S**WEET is the name of Christ the Lamb,
 To all that have his love enjoy'd ;
 They tasting thirst still for the same,
 Their souls with love can ne'er be cloy'd.

2 This is the life of ev'ry saint,
 And strength of ev'ry wounded soul ;

When they are sick, or sore, or faint,
The name of Jesus makes them whole.

3 This name their dying souls will save,
When ev'ry other helper fails ;
And lift them from the threat'ning grave ;
O'er death and hell this name prevails.

4 This name will ev'ry foe destroy,
And give the helpless sinners rest ;
This name will be eternal joy,
And make the saints forever blest.

5 O may this name my soul inflame,
Long as I walk this mortal shore ;
Then will I make this glorious name,
My joys and theme forevermore.

HYMN LXII. *Short Metre.*

*An invitation to sinners ; and the vanity of all
things but Christ.*

1 **S**INNERS, the Lord would save
Your souls from death and hell ;
And joys in him your souls may have,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

2 In vain you search the earth,
Through all its good to find,
Some lasting joy or solid mirth
To cheer the hungry mind.

3 All pleasures dwell in Christ,
For none but him is good ;
Come starving sinners, come and taste
Of this immortal food.

- 4 He is the living bread,
And sea of perfect bliss ;
His life and love can raise the dead,
And make all sorrows cease.
- 5 O sinners hear his voice,
While he is at your door ;
In perfect bliss you'll soon rejoice,
In life forevermore.

HYMN LXIII. *Long Metre.*

Christ's work, and love, and success in the gospel.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the chariot of thy word,
Ride forth with pow'r thy name to spread
Give speed unto thy gospel sword,
Through these dark regions of the dead.
- 2 " Lo, saith the Saviour, here I am,
With all my vesture dip'd in blood ;
The *Free Physician* is my name,
Seeking to do the needy good.
- 3 I love to feed the hungry poor,
To heal the sick and raise the dead ;
I love to see them crowd my door,
That I my boundless love may spread.
- 4 I love to set those pris'ners free,
That are in debt with nought to pay ;
No guilty soul that comes to me,
Shall ever go condemn'd away.
- 5 Now where's your guilty, weak and poor,
Your sick, your deaf, your dead your blind ?

Call each by name around my door,
 "And they shall all a helper find."

6 *Lord, saith the poor and trembling soul,
 I come with all my wants to thee ;
 My sins forgive, my wounds make whole,
 And from my bondage set me free*

7 "Then, saith the Lord the work is done,
 It was for you I bled and died ;
 Cast all your wants on me alone,
 And all your wants shall be supply'd."

8 *O, saith the soul, my Christ is mine !
 I feel thy grace, I love thy name,
 And I will be forever thine,
 O Lord, to sound thy worthy fame.*

9 Hosanna ! let the christians join,
 A soul is added to our band ;
 And welcome soul, the prize is thine,
 To reign with us at Christ's right hand,

10 Amen, with joy our souls shall sing,
 And let the fame resound abroad ;
 Amen, all glory to our king,
 A soul is born to Christ our God.

HYMN LXIV. *Common Metre.*

Worthy is the Lamb.

1 **A**MAZING love, unbounded grace,
 Through the Redeemer's name ;
 Let mortal and immortal race
 Cry "*Worthy is the Lamb.*"

2 The mighty Saviour from the skies,
Comes down to bear our shame ;
Beneath our guilt he bleeds and dies,
“ *All worthy is the Lamb.*”

3 Ten thousand thousand thanks is due,
O Jesus to thy name ;
Let saints above and angels too,
Cry “ *worthy is the Lamb.*”

4 And we on those immortal plains,
Inspir'd with sacred flame,
E'er long shall raise the highest strains
Of “ *worthy is the Lamb.*”

H Y M N LXV.

Christ and a youth in a dialogue.

1 **J**ESUS from the bright realms above ;
Stoops to display his boundless love ;
Calling the worst of sinners home,
And courting children in their bloom.

2 “ Return saith he, thou precious youth,
To me the way, the life the truth ;
Partake my grace enjoy my love,
And set your hearts on things above.

YOUTH.

3 *Lord, I would hear thy gracious voice,
And in thy service might rejoice ;
But I am chain'd to things below,
And cannot let my pleasure go.*

CHRIST.

4 Your earthly joys afford no peace,
“ And all those pleasures soon must cease ;

Why will you then pursue such toys,
And lose my everlasting joys ?

YOUTH.

5 *I know my joys are mix'd with fear,
And soon they all must disappear ;
But I no other pleasures know,
Therefore I cannot let them go.*

CHRIST.

6 Nor can you greater pleasures find,
While to these earthly joys inclin'd
But if you'll hear my gracious voice,
You soon shall find superior joys.

YOUTH.

7 *But should I now attend thy call,
And think to make the Lord my all,
Ten thousand foes would soon engage
Against my soul with all their rage.*

CHRIST.

8 What mighty foes are those you see,
That makes you dread to follow me ?
Point them to me, I can destroy,
Or chain them that they can't annoy.

YOUTH.

9 *The loss of pleasures, earth's esteem,
The fear of man, reproach, and shame ;
Hard trials in this christian flight,
And conflicts with the pow'rs of night.*

CHRIST.

10 More than my love dost thou esteem,
Vain man's applause, and call it shame
To bear my cross, fear pow'rs of hell ;
Yet choose forever there to dwell ?

YOUTH.

11 *My pleas are vain O God forgive ;
What can I do, how can I live,
Chain'd down with twice ten thousand fears,
Surrounded with ten thousand snares ?*

CHRIST.

12 *If you from such small trials shrink
How will you bear e'er long to sink
In all the fears, and pains of hell,
Where you are justly doom'd to dwell ?*

YOUTH.

13 *Truth Lord, but I am now so deep
In blindness, darkness, death and sleep,
Those further scenes do all but seem,
An empty sound, an idle dream.*

CHRIST.

14 *Then more you need my call to hear,
Who sees, your wretched doom so near ;
And if you're dark, and dead and blind,
The more you need relief to find.*

YOUTH.

15 *Lord what thou sayst I can't deny,
And O I fear my doom is nigh ;
I now begin to feel my woe,
What shall I do where shall I go.*

CHRIST.

16 *Arise dear youth, you need not fear,
If you will but my spirit hear ;
Accept my grace and follow me,
And happy days you soon shall see.*

YOUTH.

17 *I would, O God with joy attend,
If I was sure thou was my friend ;
But unbelief and darknefs reigns,
And I am bound with heavy chains.*

CHRIST.

18 *Though darknefs reigns, and you now dwell
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Yet fear them not, I'll be thy friend,
Trust me and all thy fears shall end.*

YOUTH.

19 *O God I am undone I see,
And dare not stay but cannot flee :
How can I have my sins forgiv'n ?
How shall I find the way to heav'n ?*

CHRIST.

20 *I am the way, the heav'n, the prize,
The life, the strength, the ears, the eyes,
I'll be thy portion and thy guide,
And all thy wants shall be supply'd.*

YOUTH.

21 *Then helpless, Lord, to thee I come,
With all my wants just as I am :
Thy face in love O let me see,
And take my wretched soul to thee.*

CHRIST.

22 *In love behold thy Saviour's face ;
Believe my word, receive my grace ;
Enjoy my love ; I'll be thy God,
And thou art mine redeem'd with blood.*

YOUTH.

23 O God my God, I feel thy voice I
 Thy love makes all my soul rejoice ;
 Ah ! joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 Now I have found doth in thee dwell.

24 O Lord my soul belongs to thee,
 And now I know thou died for me
 All things in Jesus now is mine,
 And all the glory shall be thine.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre.

An awakened sinner.

1 I WANDER like a captive slave,
 In shades of death and night
 No friend nor happiness I have,
 Nor glimpse of cheering light.

2 Ten thousand snares beset my way,
 And storms of fury roll,
 And foes like cruel beasts of prey,
 Are thirsting for my soul.

3 Nor do I wish for rest or peace,
 But from the realms above ;
 O Jesus make my sorrows cease,
 With thy redeeming love.

4 O Jesus let me hear thee say,
 " Fear not thou art my friend ;"
 Give me a glimpse of heav'nly day,
 And joys that never end.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.**Desiring to spread the name of Jesus.*

1 **O** COULD I tread from pole to pole,
With my redeemer's name,

How gladly would my active soul

The joyful news proclaim !

2 My life and strength I'd freely spend,

Through years of grief and woe,

If Jesus would with pow'r attend,

The gospel trump to blow.

3 To dying sinners I would go,

And lead their souls to heav'n ;

That they might the Redeemer know,

And find their sins forgiv'n.

4 I'd bring my thousands round the feet

Of my eternal king,

Where they should find a happy seat,

And endless praises sing.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.**Desiring to be wholly for Christ.*

I WOULD be wholly for my God,

And hourly taste his love,

And spread his glorious name abroad,

Where e'er I rest or rove.

2 The Lamb who gave his life for me.

My soul would so enjoy,

That his redeeming love should be

My life and whole employ.

3 Then should my soul one day be found

Within the peaceful shore,

M 2

Where I shall with arch angels sound
His name forevermore.

4 There I of love would drink my fill,
Within my Saviour's arms ;
Complete in joy, and growing still
By his attracting charms.

HYMN LXVIII. *Long Metre.*
The same.

1 **O** WHEN dear Jesus shall I be
Devoted life and soul to thee ?
In wisdoms ways O may I tread,
By thy unerring spirit led.

2 O let me often see thy face,
And feast upon redeeming grace ;
And by thy word teach me to know
My Saviour's will where e'er I go,

3 O never, never let me rove ;
From thee my Father and my love ;
But fix my heart on things above
My constant theme shall be thy love.

4 Where e'er I go I'll always tell
What goodness in my God doth dwell,
That other starving souls may know
Thy name, and taste thy goodness too.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.*
To the profane.

1 **W**HY mortals, will you thus blaspheme
That name which all the heav'ns adore ?

And for a short delusive dream,
Torment yourselves forevermore.

2 O think, poor souls, how near you stand
To an eternal gulph of pain !

Your fleeting days are but a span,
And certain death comes on again.

3 Soon will you feel the fatal blow,
And shudder on the verge of death ;
With what reluctance will you go,
When drawing your expiring breath ?

6 O rouse, unthinking mortals rouse ;
And flee those gaping jaws of hell ;
How can you bear, why will you choose,
In everlasting pains to dwell ?

5 The gospel sounds the Saviour's grace,
Go bow before that worthy name ;
Go spread your wants before his face,
And plead his love and own your shame.

6 Who knows but love so long refus'd,
May stretch an arm of grace for you,
And that sweet name so much abus'd
May yet forgive, and bless you too !

HYMN LXX. *Particular Metres.*

The thoughtful sailor's confession.

1 **H**OW oft unthinking sailors feel,
The stagg'ring ship like drunkards reel
And tremble o'er the wat'ry graves !

And yet how many soon forget,
The horrors of the gaping pit,
And that almighty arm that saves !

2 When trem'bling o'er the eternal state,
Our hopes are small our fears are great ;
Then we lament the distant shore ;
When flaming sulphurs through the sky,
Like sheets of liquid fire doth fly,
And bell'wing thunders round us roar.

3 Then we expect immediate death,
And sigh and groan at ev'ry breath,
O for some mighty pow'r to save !
We vow in that distressing hour
To God for his deliv'ring pow'r,
To save us from the gaping grave.

4 The Lord looks down with pitying eye,
He hears the trembling sailors' cry,
And comes to make his mercy known !
He bids the threat'ning storms subside,
And calms the swellings of the tide,
And makes the thund'ring clouds return.

5 Then we rejoice to see the shore,
Our trembling sighs and cries are o'er,
And glad we tread the solid land ;
But O our cries are soon forgot,
We made our vows but paid them not,
And thus abus'd the heav'nly hand.

6 Returning to our sins again,
Forget his kindness and our pain,
Long as we feel a carnal peace,

Good Lord forgive the wretched crew,
 Before that storm which doth pursue,
 Roll on our heads and never cease.

HYMN LXXI. *Short Metre.*

The christian surpris'd at Christ's love,

1 **A**ND didst thou die for me,
 O thou blest'd Lamb of God ?
 And hast thou brought me home to thee,
 By thine own precious blood ?

2 How could'st thou stoop so low ?
 O what amazing grace !
 He saves me from eternal woe,
 And gives me heav'nly peace.

3 My soul how can it be,
 That Jesus freely bore
 The pangs of death and hell for me
 And yet I love no more !

4 O let me now arise,
 And soar to realms above,
 And shouting grace, with sweet surprise,
 On such amazing love !

HYMN LXXII. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **I**S that the Son of God who cries,
 Upon the bloody tree ?
 O can it be the Saviour dies
 For such a wretch as me !

2 He groans, he dies, and yields his breath,
 And gives his life away,

To bring me from eternal death,
To everlasting day.

3 O must his heart, his wounded soul,
The pond'rous load sustain,
To make my guilty conscience whole,
And save from endless pain !

4 How can my heart refuse to melt
When Jesus dies for me !
No pains, nor grief was ever felt
As felt, O Lord, by thee.

HYMN LXXIII. *Common Metre.*

The gospel call by Christ's ambassador.

1 **G**LAD tidings to the world is come,
O wretched sinners hear ;
Good news from Jesus I proclaim ;
The sinner's friend is near.

2 Hark how he calls and calls for you ;
O hear his charming voice ;
Bid all your carnal joys adieu,
And in his name rejoice.

3 Cast all your righteousness away ;
And come with all your guilt ;
Jesus will be your help and stay,
For you his blood was spilt.

4 If e'er you think to land in heav'n
And share the joys above,
Come now and have your sins forgiv'n,
And taste redeeming love.

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **O** SINNERS make the Saviour room,
And let your bars remove ;
To day with boundless grace he's come,
And courts you with his blood. -
- 2 Free grace the christians all declare,
And Christ declares the same ;
Free grace we've found and you may share,
Fly sinners to the Lamb.
- 3 Eternal life is worth your choice,
Why will you go to hell ?
O hear this day the Saviour's voice,
And in his bosom dwell.

HYMN LXXV. *Common Metre.**The same.*

- 1 **O** SINNERS hear the gospel call,
And have your sins forgiv'n ;
Receive the Lord and share in all,
The life and joys of heav'n.
- 2 To day the Saviour calls for you,
And offers you his love ;
Say, will you bid your gods adieu,
And reign with Christ above ?
- 3 Why sinners will you disbelieve,
When Jesus dies so free ?
O come and you shall grace receive,
For Jesus dies for ye.

HYMN LXXVI. *Particular Metre.**Met for worship.*

- 1 **A**LL hail thou lovely Lamb of God,
 This day with us make thine abode,
 And cheer our spirits with thy love ;
 We long to see thy smiling face,
 And run with thee the christian race,
 To thine eternal realms above.
- 2 O heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And feed us with immortal bread ;
 Warm ev'ry heart, loose every tongue ;
 O let thy love our souls inflame,
 We shall rejoice to feel thy name,
 And make redeeming love our song,
- 3 We love thy name, and long to feel
 More of thy love and thirsting still,
 Our souls for larger draughts would soar :
 Nor would we e'er contented be
 Till all our souls are made like thee,
 And safely reach'd the heav'nly shore.
- 4 We almost long to quit this stage,
 That all our pow'rs might once engage
 To love and praise without annoy ;
 Then as immortal stars we'll shine,
 In glory, Lord forever thine,
 And solace in unmingled joy.

HYMN LXXVII. *Long Metre.**The christians inviting sinners.*

- 1 **S**INNERS attend, the Saviour's come,
 To bring the worst of rebels home ;

O'er dying souls his bowels move,
His grace is free, his name is love.

2 We've seen his face, and heard his voice,
Enjoy'd his love, and must rejoice,
And can but court you to his name,
O sinners come enjoy the same.

3 Against the rage of earth and hell,
We have all vow'd with Christ to dwell ;
He's gone before, and we'll pursue,
O sinners follow Jesus too.

4 Our names are with the sons of God,
Eternal life is our reward ;
Christ fights the battle winds the race,
While we believe and sing free grace.

5 To gain the crown Jehovah dies
While we look on and share the prize ;
The more we gaze the more we have,
The more we get the more we love.

6 Come sinners share a glorious part,
One view of Christ will melt your heart ;
And you with all the saints may rest,
And reign eternal ages blest.

7 Soon by our Prince the field is won,
All fightings and our sorrows done ;
And we shall with archangels share,
O sinners have a mansion there.

8 There we shall sail in seas of love,
And soar through all the realms above :

Millions of systems join as one,
In one eternal song, Amen.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

Free salvation.

1 **T**WAS God himself became the Lamb,
To bear the sinner's guilt and shame ;
'Tis God who offers grace to me ;
Sure then his mercy must be free.

2 It is a God who cannot lie,
Who offers grace to you and I ;
O let us all his word believe,
And we shall all his love receive.

3 Let none presume his grace to bound,
And make his oath an empty sound.
For he's confirming by an oath,
He has no pleasure in our death.

4 Now ev'ry wretched soul who will
May come and have their sins forgiv'n,
And ev'ry soul who goes to hell,
Are of their choice shut out of heav'n.

HYMN LXXIX. *Particular Metre.*

Early piety.

1 **J**ESUS is my youthful bloom,
Take me to thee as I am ;
Life and soul I now resign,
And will be forever thine.

2 Since thou gave thy life for me,
Lord I'll give my soul to thee,
Wash me in thy precious blood,
Fit me to enjoy my God.

3 Guard my feet from ev'ry snare,
Make my life and soul thy care ;
Often let me see thy face,
Feel and sing redeeming grace,

4 Let my heart, my life and tongue,
Make thy blessed name my song ;
Bid all other loves adieu ;
Only thee I would pursue.

5 I must never think it shame,
For to own thy worthy name ;
Lest one day thou me despise,
And at last reject my cries.

6 But if thou wilt give me grace,
I will run the christian race ;
Then receive me to thy home,
Where reproaches never come,

7 There from all the storms of hell ;
With my Jesus I shall dwell ;
He will own my worthless name
In his bright records of fame.

8 O for that immortal crown !
Jesus send the tokens down ;
Tell me Lord, shall I be there ?
O let me with angels share !

HYMN LXXX. *Particular Metre.*

The happy youth.

• **W**HILE I am blest with youthful bloom
I will pursue that sacred Lamb
Who bled and died for me :

If God inspire my heart with grace,
And let me see his smiling face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave the world with all its toys,
And seek those far superior joys
That doth in Jesus dwell ;
If Jesus be my God and King,
Immortal triumphs I will sing
O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
And all its flatt'ring charms deny,
If Jesus stands my friend ;
Not long have I the storm to stand,
Of this ensnaring barren land ;
My conflicts soon will end.

4 Jesus, my friend, my cause will plead,
Conduct my steps, supply my need,
And never let me fall ;
Jesus will all my foes destroy,
Will be my life, my strength, my joy,
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
To sound abroad my Saviour's praise,
And tell the world his love ;
And when I quit this mortal stage
I shall in sacred strains engage,
With all the saints above.

6 There I shall with my Jesus dwell,
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
On that immortal shore ;

Jesus my love shall be my joy,
His praises be my sweet employ,
And part from him no more.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

The wonders of redeeming love.

1 **O** HOW unbounded was that love
That bled to save a guilty race !
The Saviour stoops from realms above,
To spread abroad his boundless grace.

2 Behold the great Messiah hangs,
And bleeds upon the shameful tree,
And there he drank death's bitter pangs,
That we from death might all be free.

3 Fain would my soul arise and tell,
My Saviour's love from shore to shore,
That millions might return and dwell
With Jesus, and his name adore.

4 But O ! I mourn beneath my chains,
And can but lift a faint desire ;
Impatient for those lofty strains,
Where angels burn with sacred fire.

5 O all ye disentangled saints,
This glorious theme belongs to you !
When death dissolves my long complaints,
I'll strike the highest praises too.

HYMN LXXXII. *Long Metre.*

A call to sinners.

SINNERS behold your Saviour God,
With his extended arms abroad ;

For you, for you, his bowels move,
And calls you to redeeming love.

2 Why will you die when Jesus stands,
With life eternal in his hands?
His goodness knows no bound nor shore,
O taste and live forever more.

3 Let not his pity wait in vain;
Do not reject his love again?
O hear his most endearing charms,
And fly for mercy to his arms.

4 Then shall your souls forever know,
What blessings from his goodness flow,
Nor will he ever leave you more,
Till safe you've reach'd the heav'nly shore.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Short Metre.*

Desiring of Christ.

1 **O** LORD how can I live,
Or ever happy be,
Except thou doth thy spirit give,
To bring me home to thee!

2 I want thy love to taste,
And know thou art my God,
O bring me to the gospel feast,
And feed me with thy word,

3 Ten thousand worlds won't do,
To make a sinner blest,
O could I bid the world adieu,
And find eternal rest,

4 My life itself is woe,
- My joys are mix'd with grief,
Where but to thee shall sinners go,
O God to find relief?

5 To thee my soul would look,
And plead the Saviour's blood ;
'Twas the sinner's burden took
To bring them home to God.

6 O let my soul be one
Who shall enjoy thy grace,
That I may worship at thy throne,
And see thy smiling face.

7 O may I know thy love,
And spend my days in peace,
Then sound thy name in realms above,
When death and sin shall cease.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

Praying for the salvation of sinners.

1 **L**ORD why should sinners go to hell,
And in eternal darkness dwell,
When Jesus spilt his precious blood
To bring the worst of souls to God ?

2 O God of love thy grace display,
And take their chains of death away ;
That they may know that thou art love,
And reign with thee in realms above.

4 Though they are dead, yet call them forth,
From the strong pow'rs of sin and death ;
And let them feel a life divine,
And be, O God forever thine,

HYMN LXXXV. *Common Metre.**The pilgrims' song.*

1 **Y**E foll'wers of the heav'nly king,
 Who think your journey long,
 Come as we journey let us sing
 A note of Sion's song.

2 We will forget all things behind,
 And ev'ry idol dear,
 We're to the heav'nly lands inclin'd,
 And that blest land is near.

3 Away from earthly charms and friends,
 We'll bid you all adieu,
 Unless you join the pilgrims hands,
 And be a pilgrim too.

4 We're bought with the Redeemer's blood,
 And must forsake you all ;
 Our master calls us home to God,
 And we'll obey the call.

5 Soon we shall see the happy day,
 And walk the peaceful shore ;
 Our doubts and fears be done away
 And we shall mourn no more.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre.**Christ calling for sinners.*

1 " **C**OME, saith the Lord, O sinners come,
 And make my kingdom your blest home
 " And you shall leave all death and pain,
 " And in eternal glory reign.

2 " My arms of love are stretch'd for you,
 O come and bid your fears adieu ;

“ From foes and storms I’ll give you rest,

“ And make your souls forever blest.

3 “ Say, will you with my people go,

“ And be redeem’d from endless woe ?

“ O come and have your sins forgiven,

“ And taste the boundless joys of heav’n.”

HYMN LXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

Desiring Christ above all things.

1 **M**ETHINKS I long to see thy face,
O thou indulgent God,

To taste the sweetness of thy grace,

And spread thy name abroad.

2 Jesus let thy heav’nly arms,

Encircle me around,

And lift my heart above the charms,

Of this enchanted ground.

3 Let lofty themes my soul inspire,

To soar for joys above ;

My heart inflame with the sweet fire

Of thine ‘immortal’ love.

4 O let the glories of thy name,

My life and breath employ,

And ev’ry pow’r of thought inflame

With pure seraphic joy.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Longing for meekness and humility.

1 **O** FOR the spirit of the Dove,

To bow this heart of mine !

Lord let my soul enjoy thy love,

And find a peace divine.

2 O for the meekness of the Lamb,
To walk with thee my God !
Then should I feel thy lovely name,
And feed upon thy word.

3 Jesus, I long to love thee more,
And life divine pursue ;
I love thy worship, name adore,
In songs forever new.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Long Metre.*
God's grace is free.

1 **F**REE is the mercy of our God,
And free the Saviour spilt his blood ;
And now, O mourning souls for ye,
His boundless grace is offer'd free.

2 You are surrounded with his love,
And courted to the joys above ;
There's no excuse ; why will you die ;
O fly, poor souls, to Jesus fly.

3 Immortal crowns are freely giv'n ;
The worst of souls may go to heav'n ;
If they will now to Jesus go,
They shall all taste of heav'n below.

HYMN XC. *Common Metre.*
The same.

1 **L**ONG has the Saviour call'd for you
O sinners, but in vain ;
And yet his goodness doth pursue
He calls for you again.

2 And will you still abuse such love,
And disregard his call ?

Say, will you go to realms above,
Or into ruin fall ?

3 O let the Saviour enter in,
And wholly rule your heart ;
He'll save you from your death and sin,
And never from you part.

4 He'll give your wounded spirits rest,
And save your souls from woe ;
He'll make your souls forever blest ;
What more can Jesus do ?

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.*

Heaven begun on earth.

1 **O**N earth I know immortal love,
And taste of all the joys above ;
My soul enjoys the great I AM ;
And there's no pleasure but in him.

2 My light is but a feeble ray,
Yet it is from eternal day ;
Nay joys are by my Jesus giv'n,
And he is all the joys of heav'n.

3 Though in myself I am but death,
Yet Christ in me the word of faith,
Lifts up my heart in realms above,
And feeds me with immortal love.

4 O when shall I be wholly free ?
I want no joys, O God but thee ;
Thou art my all, my life my peace,
In thee my joys shall never cease.

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.**The vanity of all but Christ.*

O WHAT are all these earthly toys,
 Compar'd with heav'n's immortal joys,
 The world is all an empty sound ;
 But O ! in Christ true joys abound.

2 Why will the world for shadows rove,
 And turn their backs on Jesus' love ?
 Why will they choose the road to hell,
 When they might in full glory dwell ?

3 In Jesus is immortal love,
 In him is all the joys above ;
 In him is everlasting peace,
 Nor will his glories ever cease.

4 Arise ye sons of fallen earth,
 To life, by an immortal birth ;
 The God of all the hosts above
 Surrounds you with eternal love.

HYMN XCIII. *Common Metre.**Longing to feel the name of Christ.*

O FOR the name of Christ impress'd
 With grace and love divine,
 As seals O God, upon my breast,
 To be forever thine.

2 O may thy name my soul inspire,
 To reach the realms above ;
 I long to feel that heav'nly fire,
 And drink immortal love.

3 My soul would live in Jesus' name,
 And know no other good ;

Where'er I go his love proclaim,
And feast on angels food.

HYMN XCIV. *Short Metre.*

Free grace.

1 **T**HE Saviour's grace is free,
And flows without a bound ;
Come starving sinners taste and see
What countless souls have found.

2 The Saviour's passing by
This day and calls for you ;
Why will you sink, why will you die,
And endless pain pursue ?

3 The great Jehovah's come
With his unbounded love,
To call you to his heav'nly home,
The joyful realms above.

4 O will you not be blest,
With everlasting joy ?
Or will you lose eternal rest
For but an empty toy.

HYMN XCV. *Common Metre.*

The mourning sinner.

1 **O** HELPLESS, wretched soul am I,
Without a heav'nly friend !
What shall I do ? where shall I fly ?
When will my sorrows end ?

2 Wand'ring I spent my days in grief,
And through long nights complain ;
O shall I ever find relief,
From darkness guilt and pain ?

- 3 Or must I waste my moments so,
Without the smiles of heav'n ;
O must I never, never know
My numerous sins forgiv'n !
- 4 Since Jesus bled, and groan'd and died,
To save the vilest race ;
Why must I, must I be deny'd,
A share in his free grace ?
- 5 But ah ! the Lord will ne'er deny
My wretched soul relief ;
And if in sin at last I die,
It's by my unbelief.

HYMN XCVI. *Common Metre.*

The pilgrim's parting hymn.

- 1 COME cheerful pilgrims let us join
To sing a parting song ;
Our notes shall be on themes divine,
From ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 The son of David is our friend,
Is rose and gone before ;
Where all the pilgrims' sorrows end,
And doubts are known no more.
- 3 And there we trust e'er long to be,
And with our Jesus reign ;
From all our sins and trials free,
And never part again.
- 4 There sacred joys, and themes divine,
Shall ev'ry soul inflame ;

Each one shall say "*the Lord is mine,*"
And "*worthy is the Lamb.*"

HYMN XCVII. *Common Metre.*

To the youth:

1 **O** HAPPY youth that in the bloom,
Is found in wisdom's ways !

Let death or desolations come,
They may rejoice and praise.

2 Jesus for them will here engage,
With his kind arms of love ;
And when they quit this mortal state,
Receive their souls above.

3 O then awake while vigour reigns,
Dear youth from earthly charms,
Ye that are yet in death and chains,
Fly to the Saviour's arms.

4 Believe and soon your souls shall rest,
And find your sins forgiv'n ;
'Tis his delight to make you blest,
With all the joys of heav'n.

5 In bliss you shall forever dwell.
In perfect joy and light ;
While the despisers sink to hell,
In everlasting night.

HYMN XCVIII. *Long Metre.*

Souls invited to heav'n.

1 **A**S boundless as the realms above,
Is the Redeemer's dying love ;
And the eternal joys of heav'n
Is to the vilest sinners giv'n.

2 Impartial grace is spread abroad ;
There's none excluded by the Lord ;
And ev'ry soul enjoys the feast,
But those that will refuse to taste.

3 This goodness knocks at ev'ry door,
And what can Jesus offer more ?
His blessed life to sinners giv'n,
And he is all the joys of heav'n.

3 O sinners, from destruction flee,
Whilst Jesus waits and calls for ye,
Bid other lovers all adieu,
And life eternal is for you.

HYMN XCIX. *Long Metre.*

Jesus expostulating with sinners.

1 **W**HY saith the Lord, O sinners why
Will you refuse my grace and die,
Why will you waste your life and breath,
In the broad road to endless death.

2 Freely for you I spilt my blood,
And will you not come home to God ?
Why will you plunge yourselves in hell,
When you in perfect bliss might dwell.

3 I enter'd in your world of sin,
To save you from eternal pain ;
And when I groan'd upon the tree,
It was poor dying souls, for ye.

4 And will you still despise my love,
And never see the realms above ?
Why will you choose eternal night,
Before the glorious realms of light ?

5 O turn poor sinners, turn I pray,
And I will take your guilt away ;
Bid all your idol gods adieu,
And I will be a God to you.

HYMN C. *Long Metre.*

*The stupidity of the world, and the goodness of
God.*

1 **O** THE dead state of Adam's race,
Surrounded with redeeming grace,
Wasting their days, their life and breath
For shades that lead to endless death.

2 While Jesus bleeds and dies for them,
And waits and woos to get them home,
They choose in darkness still to dwell,
And laugh the downward road to hell.

3 Where e'er they go, what'er they do,
The Lord doth still in love pursue,
Intreating them to turn and live,
With all the blessings he can give.

4 But still for some poor empty sound,
They rush on still to ruin bound,
And risk an everlasting mind
While they pursue their chaff and wind.

5 Thus millions lash their wand'ring chase,
Till they conclude their mortal race,
Then 'wake as wand'ring stars to dwell
In their own blackness death and hell.

6 O sinners leave the enchanted ground,
God's love is still without a bound ;

O bid the charms of earth adieu,
The Lord is waiting yet for you.

7 O come and taste immortal love,
And ever reign in realms above ;
There shine in everlasting fame,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

H Y M N S,
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.

B O O K III.

Chiefly confisting on the new birth, and the knowledge and joys of that glorious work.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

The soul's discovery of its lost condition, and its glorious deliverance.

- 1 **D**ARK and distressing was the day,
When o'er the dismal gulph I lay,
With trembling knees and flutt'ring breath,
I shudder'd on the brink of death.
- 2 Destruction yawn'd on every side,
I saw no refuge where to hide,
Ten thousand foes beset me round,
No friend nor comforter I found.
- 3 I groan'd and cry'd, while torn with grief,
But none appear'd for my relief,
Till Christ the Saviour passing by,
Look'd on me with a pitying eye.
- 4 His love did all my fears controul;
Subdu'd my foes and heal'd my soul;
His goodness wip'd my tears away,
And turn'd my darkness into day.

5 He brought me from the gates of hell,
The wonders of his grace to tell :
O may he now inspire my tongue
To make his lovely name my song.

6 Fain would I live to speak his praise,
And always point to wisdom's ways ;
That other souls his love may know,
And speak his boundless goodness too.

HYMN II. *Long Metre.*

Acknowledging the great love of Christ.

1 **H**OW great O Jesus was thy love !
To leave for me the realms above !
And to this wretched world descend,
To be my Saviour and my friend !

2 It was for me thou freely bled,
And bow'd thy great majestic head ;
Then gave the last expiring breath,
To save me from eternal death.

3 My soul, and did the Son of God,
Give up his life and spill his blood,
To give to me his joy and rest,
With him as one forever blest.

4 Then let ten thousand praises be
To thee O blessed Lamb to thee !
And in those strains with all my heart,
May I forever bear my part !

HYMN III. *Common Metre.*

The effects of faith.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord increase my faith,
And fill me with thy love ;

That I may break the bars of death,
And make these rocks remove.

2 There's nothing else that can suffice,
Or make my heart rejoice ;
Tis faith that all my wants supplies
And lifts my cheerful voice.

3 When e'er I feel that faith divine
I climb to realms of bliss ;
I feel the blessed Lord is mine,
And know that I am his.

4 When I have faith, I feel and hear
Good tidings from above ;
Faith bids my soul with joy appear,
In the sweet realms of love.

6 Then mount my soul on wings of faith,
Stretch ev'ry pow'r away ;
And leave the clogs of sin and death,
To reach eternal day.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre.*

Under a sense of God's goodness.

1 GREAT was thy love, O God, to me,
When ev'ry helper fail'd !
And had not thou have set me free,
My foes had soon prevail'd.

2 O may I ne'er forget thy grace,
Long as I draw my breath !
But tell how free thy goodness is,
Till voice is lost in death.

3 Then, then, with all thy saints above,
I shall forever reign,

And sound thine everlasting love,
In one immortal strain.

4 One I shall be with that blest Lamb,
That bled and died for me ;
Enjoy his love, that sacred flame;
To all eternity.

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*

On the day of esphusals.

1 SWEET was the day, and great the joy,
When Jesus spoke the saving word,
Which did my fears and foes destroy,
And told my soul he was my Lord.

2 Then drank my soul of living streams,
And fed upon redeeming love ;
This world appear'd like shades and dreams,
While I with rapture soar'd above.

3 Ah ! then I thought no more to stray
For pleasures round this mortal shore,
And when my soul was drawn astray,
The earth supply'd my wants no more.

4 But he that lov'd my soul at first,
Smil'd and reviv'd my joys again ;
On him my cheerful soul could trust,
And lost my sorrows and my pain.

HYMNM VI. *Long Metre.*

Sion comforted, or religion reviving.

1 DARK was the day, our fears were great,
And mournful was our captive song,
When wandering our captive state,
And all our threat'ning foes were strong.

- 2 *Sing us a song of Sion now,*
They laughing in derision said;
Our harps were hung, our hopes were low,
And all our souls a prey were made.
- 3 'Twas hard to speak of Sion then,
And hard to think our God would fail,
How could we hear that cruel men
Should triumph, and at last prevail!
- 4 Then did the pow'rs of hell blaspheme,
Because our broken walls were low,
Saying "*Where is your boasted fame?*
And where's your mighty saviour now!"
- 5 But in the midst of all our grief,
Our God made known deliv'ring power;
His arm appear'd for your relief,
And brought the long-desired hour.
- 6 Soon he expell'd the gloomy shade,
Our hopes, and strength, and joys restor'd,
The lambs which from his fold had stray'd,
He call'd, and fed around his board.
- 7 'Tis now we'll sing the Victor's song,
And learn our heav'nly Captain's name;
Eternal praise to him belongs,
While all our foes are cloth'd in shame.
- 8 All glory be to Sions King,
Whose love redeem'd us from our woe!
Let saints above his praises sing,
And we with humbler notes below.

HYMN VII. *Short Metre.**Wondering at God's grace.*

- 1 GREAT was the Saviour's love,
 When for my soul he came!
 For me he left the realms above,
 And blessed be his name!
- 2 My soul had soon despair'd
 In that distressing hour,
 If Christ had not my friend appear'd
 With his almighty pow'r.
- 3 He spoke the healing word,
 And bid the storm to cease;
 He told me he would be my God,
 And give me lasting peace.
- 4 O what a feast divine,
 My soul did then enjoy!
 Then I could say my God was mine,
 Nor could my foes destroy.
- 5 Now let my cheerful soul
 On earth thy love proclaim,
 And when these hours shall cease to roll,
 Sound thine eternal fame.

HYMN VIII. *Long Metre.**A miracle of Grace.*

- 1 HOW distressing was the scene,
 When soon I thought to take my flight,
 With but a flutt'ring breath between
 My soul in everlasting night.
- 2 My wasting body rack'd with pain,
 And ling'ring on the verge of death;

All helps to save my soul were vain,
Or yet to lengthen out my breath.

3 But in that most distressing hour
When all my soul was torn with grief,
Jesus with his almighty pow'r
Appear'd in love to my relief.

4 O what a friend did he appear
To my despairing guilty soul !
His goodness banish'd all my fear,
And made my wounded conscience whole.

5 Ten thousand tongues can ne'er express,
The greatness of his love to me ;
He brought my soul from deep distress,
And bid me drink of pleasures free.

6 O Jesus let me ne'er forget
The scenes of that important hour ;
I love redemption from the pit,
But O ! I love thy goodness more.

HYMN IX. *Common Metre.*

Amazed at the stoop of Jehovah.

1 **W**HY did Jehovah think on me,
And save my soul from hell ?
Could he come down to bleed so free
That I with him might dwell !

2 O pleasing thought ! a truth divine !
I've heard the joyful sound ;
My soul has drunk of heav'nly wine,
For Jesus I have found.

3 Ten thousand praises, O thou Lamb,
 Unto thy name is due ;
 And I shall sound thy worthy fame
 In raptures ever new.

HYMN X. *Particular Metre.*

A Pilgrim's song.

1 **W**ITH God's people let us go,
 Heart and hand while here below ;
 Run with joy the christian race,
 Tell and sing redeeming grace.

2 He that lov'd us soon will come,
 Wipe our tears and call us home ;
 Then we'll see the peaceful shore,
 Where the pilgrims part no more.

3 Soon we'll reign with Christ above,
 Solace in his boundless love,
 'Tasting scenes bear us away,
 Raptures of eternal day.

4 Shout ye pilgrims, lift your voice,
 Jesus lives, let us rejoice ;
 Travel on a few steps more,
 Then your weary days are o'er.

HYMN XI. *Long Metre.*

Christ's Ambassadors inviting of sinners.

1 **S**INNERS this day the Saviour stands,
 With crowns and pardons in his hands ;
 O be intreated to receive,
 What the Redeemer waits to give.

2 All those that have embrac'd the call,
 Have found this Jesus all in all ;

And O ! he stands as free for you,
Come sinners share his goodness too.

3 He pluck'd us from the jaws of hell :
In paradise he makes us dwell ;
O bid your idols all adieu,
And go with us to glory too.

4 He wash'd us in his precious blood,
Seats us among the sons of God ;
And you with us may have a seat,
And with us all in glory meet.

5 His blessed ways are ways of peace,
Nor will his goodness ever cease ;
O come, poor sinners, taste and see
How happy all his children be.

6 Come now and have your sins forgiv'n,
And walk with us the road to heav'n ;
We've bid all other loves adieu ;
O come and love our Jesus too.

7 Say will you with us pilgrims join,
And seek those joys which are divine ;
Immortal glories are for you,
If you will be a pilgrim too.

HYMN XII. *Long Metre.*

For the Evening.

LORD I lay me down to rest,
Let me lean upon thy breast ;
Watch my pillow while I sleep,
Thou my soul and body keep.

2 If in death I close my eyes,
May I 'wake above the skies;
Reach with joy the peaceful shore,
Where I'll need this sleep no more.

3 Ah ! might I with Jesus 'wake,
All my sins, and clogs forsake,
O how happy should I be,
Blest to all eternity !

HYMN XIII. *Long Metre.*

A miracle of grace.

1 **N**O mortal tongue can ever tell,
The horrors of that gloomy night,
When I hung o'er the brink of hell,
Expecting soon my wicked flight !

2 I felt my burden waste my life,
While guilt did ev'ry hope devour,
Trembling I stretch'd with groans and strife
For to escape the dreadful hour.

3 But in the midst of all my grief,
The great Messiah spoke in love ;
His arm appeared for my relief,
And bid my guilt and sorrows move.

4 He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
With his almighty arm of power ;
And O ! no mortal tongue can tell,
The change of that immortal hour !

5 Then I enjoy'd a sweet release,
From chains of sin and power's of death,

My soul was fill'd with heav'nly peace,
My groans are turn'd to praising breath.

6 How did my tongue rejoice to tell,
The goodness of the Lord to me !
And O my soul with him shall dwell
Ere long from all my sorrows free.

7 O may I live to spread his name,
While mortal life with me remains
Then will I sound his lasting fame
And glory with immortal strains.

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre.*

The happy state of christians.

1 **B**LEST are the souls who ever knew
The great Redeemer's name ;
Sure they may bid their fears adieu,
And trust and praise the Lamb.

2 Although ten thousand foes beset
Their souls on ev'ry side,
Jesus securely guides their feet,
On him they may confide.

3 He feeds them from his table free,
And holds them in his hand,
And soon their happy souls shall see
The blest and heav'nly land.

4 There they shall solace in his love,
Releas'd from ev'ry pain ;
Reign with the Lord in realms above,
And never sin again.

HYMM XV. *Long Metre.**Remembering the day of espousals.*

1 **O**NCE on the brink of endless death
I stood expos'd at ev'ry breath;
Trembling I saw the gulph below
Yawning with everlasting woe.

2 But in the most distressing hour,
When ruin threaten'd to devour,
The sinners friend came passing by,
And look'd on me with pitying eye.

3 To him I freely gave my will;
He bid mount Sinai's roar be still;
He made my fears and sorrows cease,
And blest me with a heav'nly peace.

4 I felt his arms of love abound,
His cheering grace heal'd ev'ry wound,
With his own blood he wash'd my soul,
And made my wounded spirit whole.

5 Then while I walk'd in heav'nly light;
No more I fear'd the shades of night
But ah! how soon I turn'd from God,
And lost the sweetness of his word.

6 Yet blessed be his worthy name,
His love to me was still the same:
And when upon my soul he smil'd,
His love reclaim'd his wand'ring child.

7 I'm griev'd to think how far I'd been
From Jesus in the ways of sin,

And pray'd and vow'd no more to rove
From my Redeemer and his love.

HYMN XVI. *Common Metre.*

The pilgrim's song.

- 1 **C**OME ye that know the blessed name
Of Christ our bleeding friend,
We'll all as one pursue the Lamb,
Till mortal notes shall end.
- 2 Although we walk through desert lands,
Where storms of sorrows fly,
We're led by the Redeemer's hand,
To brighter climes on high.
- 3 We will not think our journey long,
Nor call our trials great ;
We'll cheer our spirits with a song,
Through all our mortal state.
- 4 Soon shall our sorrows be no more,
For we shall soar above,
And walk with joy that blissful shore,
Where nothing reigns but love.

HYMN XVII. *Short Metre.*

The vanity of all things but Christ.

- 1 **T**HIS world with all her joys,
Would starve a hungry mind,
But when I hear my Saviour's voice,
Substantial joys I find.
- 2 When I can taste his love,
And hear my Saviour say,
That I shall reign with him above,
It takes my fears away.

3 Then I can bid adieu
To ev'ry threat'ning storm ;
With joy my Jesus I pursue,
And sing his lovely name.

4 O then my soul is blest,
With peace and joy divine ;
Then I begin eternal rest,
And know that heav'n is mine.

HYMN XVIII. *Particular Metre.*

A song of praise to Christ.

1 **S**HOUT all ye armies of the sky,
The praises of the Lord most high,
And sound his blest incarnate name,
Let all your heav'nly arches sound,
With joy resound, with joy resound,
All glory to the heav'nly Lamb !

2 A God, O think descends to dwell
Among the wretched heirs of hell,
And bleeds a rebel world to save ;
A God an infant of a span,
The son of man, the son of man,
Come to subdue death and the grave.

3 O mortals bid your sloth adieu,
The God himself has come that you
Might in his glorious kingdom dwell ;
Behold he groans in agonies,
And freely dies, and freely dies,
To save your wretched soul from hell !

4 Let ev'ry mortal join the song,
Ten thousand thanks to him belong,
All hail thou blest incarnate name :

Let old and young, and rich and poor,
This God adore, this God adore,
Who dies to rear our lasting fame.

HYMN XIX. *Long Metre.*

Remembering the espousals to Christ.

1 **C**AN I forget that dreadful day
When wall'ring in my sins I lay,
And ev'ry moment, ev'ry breath,
Expecting everlasting death.

2 Long nights of grief I waded through,
With earth and hell against me too ;
With threat'ning foes and storms around,
My naked soul no refuge found.

3 I groan'd and cried, but all in vain,
Nothing remov'd my guilt and pain,
'Till Jesus spoke the saving word,
And brought my guilty soul to God.

4 He fill'd me with his love divine,
And told my soul that he was mine ;
He wip'd my tears of grief away,
And turn'd my darkness into day.

5 Then while I felt his cheering voice,
I leap'd, I prais'd, and I rejoic'd ;
And long'd to tell the world around
What a blest friend my soul has found.

HYMN XX. *Long Metre.*

The christian's request.

1 **O** MIGHT I always feel thy pow'r
Of that eternal life divine !

Then could I say at every hour,
That I was his and he was mine.

2 Then happy days I should enjoy,
While feasting on my Saviour's love,
His praises should my tongue employ,
And o'er his beauties I would rove.

3 I should despise the joys of earth,
And glories which the world admire,
For all their grandeur and their mirth
Is far too low for my desire.

4 I'd bid adieu to all their dreams ;
Their pleasures would not do for me ;
Redeeming love shall be my theme,
And God my only portion be.

5 Long as I felt the heav'nly charms,
And tasted the immortal food,
I would not leave my Saviour's arms,
For countless years of earthly good.

6 I count the sweetness of his grace
More than a thousand worlds to me ;
O may I see him face to face,
And where he is there let me be.

HYMN XXI. *Particular Metre.*

A pilgrim's song.

1 **T**HEN thousand praises to the hand
That leads us through this barren land,
Safe from the pow'rs of hell and death ;
O let us love his worthy name,
And join to spread his lasting fame,
Until our last expiring breath !

2 We'll praise him for his kindness past,
And trust him still while time shall last,
And love and sing our journey through ;
Soon we shall hear our masters say,
“ *Arise ye pilgrims haste away,
And bid your sorrows all adieu.*”

3 Then in those peaceful realms of rest,
Among the saints forever blest,
Eternal anthems we shall sing ;
There shall our happy spirits rove,
O'er the unbounded sea of love,
And reign with our immortal King.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.*

All is vanity and sorrow without Christ.

1 **T**HIS world is but an empty sound
With all its best delight ;
The brightest days that e'er is found,
Is but a tedious night.

2 Lord leave me not to wander here
Without thy smiling face ;
O let me find thee always near
To cheer me with thy grace.

3 Where shall my weary soul retire,
To find a moment's rest ?
Or where for happiness aspire,
But to my Saviour's breast.

4 Dear Jesus, fill my soul I pray,
With thy redeeming love ;
O take all unbelief away,
And bear my heart above,

5 Then might I live to praise thy name,
 And walk, O God with thee ;
 And tell the world of that blest Lamb,
 Who gave his life for me.

HYMN XXIII. *Common Metre.*

Acknowledging God's grace.

1 GREAT was thy goodness, O my God,
 To such a wretch as me !
 'Twas love that spread thy grace abroad,
 And brought me home to thee.
 2 Long as I live O let me tell
 The wonders of that grace
 That brought me from the jaws of hell
 Unto the heav'nly feast.
 3 O could I through all nations rove,
 With the Redeemer's name ;
 I'd tell the wonders of his love,
 And his free grace proclaim.
 4 And O when I shall leave this shore,
 For brighter worlds above,
 My raptur'd soul should still adore,
 This God of boundless love.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.*

On the happy hour of conversion.

1 O HAPPY hour, and sweet the place,
 Where first I knew redeeming grace ;
 'Twas then I drank of joys divine,
 And Christ the bleeding Lamb was mine.
 2 His arm has reach'd from realms above,
 And fill'd my soul with heav'nly love ;

And taught my flam'ring tongue to sing,
The conquests of my bleeding King.

3 Secure I sat beneath his shade,
While on his breast I lean'd my head ;
Wond'ring with joy, that ever he
Should look on such a wretch as me.

4 Ah happy, happy was the day !
My tears of grief were wip'd away ;
And I was brought from death and hell,
The goodness of the Lord to tell.

HYMN XXV. *Common Metre.*

The christian pilgrims.

1 COME let us join in heart and hand,
Ye fellow-pilgrims dear ;
We're hast'ning to the heav'nly land,
And the bright morn is near.

2 We must all earthly charms adieu,
If we pursue the Lord ;
We'll fight the storm of sorrow through,
And feed upon his word.

3 We must keep near our blessed Lord,
While trav'ling here below,
With joy we'll walk the heav'nly road,
And sing where e'er we go.

4 God is our friend we need not fear,
Our foes shall ne'er prevail ;
His arm of love is always near,
Nor can his goodness fail.

4 My grace attend your trying way,
And love inspire each breast,
To waft us on without delay,
To our eternal rest.

6 Soon we shall sing the victor's song,
On the celestial shore,
And join the vast angelic throng,
Then we shall part no more.

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.*

The christian's parting hymn.

1 **O**NCE more we'll join before we part
To sing with ev'ry voice and heart ;
Since Jesus is our God and king,
Sure we with humble joy may sing.

2 Our heart and voice belongs to God,
Who bought us with his precious blood ;
Then when we part, where e'er we rove,
Let each proclaim redeeming love.

3 And when our work is done below
We'll bid adieu to all our woe ;
Shall leave our fears, and take our flight
To climes of uncreated light.

4 There we shall with arch angels join
In themes of love and joys divine ;
And there with raptures we shall see
The Lamb that bled for you and me.

5 Then, then, dear pilgrims, we shall sing
Immortal strains to God our king ;
O the sweet realms of joy and peace,
Where joys divine shall never cease.

HYMN XXVII. *Particular Metre.**On the Saviour's love.*

1 **O** MY Jesus, live with me,
Take me, take me near to thee;

Where I stray, where e'er I rove,
Let me feast upon thy love.

2 Love alone can cheer my soul;
Love doth all my foes controul;
Love unites my soul to thee,
Sets my heart from sorrows free.

3 Love has brought my soul from hell;
Love makes me in safety dwell,
Makes me sing with cheerful voice,
Over death and hell rejoice.

4 Haste my blessed Lord I pray,
Take all things but love away;
Fill me with a love divine;
Love shall make me wholly thine.

5 Help me Lord where'er I rove,
To proclaim redeeming love;
Let me never leave my friend,
Till this mortal life shall end.

6 Then shall love my soul inflame,
I wrap'd up in Jesus' name;
There the God of love adore,
Love shall reign forevermore.

7 Sailing through the climes above,
Drink and sing immortal love;
Love shall all our lusts inflame;
All in love with Christ the Lamb.

HYMN XXVIII. *Particular Metre.**Choos'ing of Christ.*

1 **O** LORD I count all things but loss,
 And all the joys of earth but dross,
 Untill thy blessed self I find ;
 Give me my portion in thy love,
 A mansion in the realms above,
 For that alone can cheer my mind.

2 Dear Jesus shew thyself to me,
 And bind my heart all up in thee,
 Nor let me leave the ways of peace ;
 Feed me O thou life-giving word,
 And let me walk with thee my God,
 Till earthly climes with me shall cease.

3 Then will thou call my soul away,
 To brighter climes of heav'nly day,
 To dwell forever on thy breast ;
 But O my Jesus can it be,
 That I shall ever reign with thee,
 In boundless joys forever blest !

4 'Tis there beyond death and the grave
 My only portion would I have,
 And O I trust by grace I shall ;
 I have already found his love,
 And drank of the sweet joys above,
 And found my Jesus is my all.

HYMM XXIX. *Common Metre.**The heaven born soul.*

1 **T**EN thousand praises to thy name,
 O thou incarnate God !

'Twas thou that bore my guilt and shame,
And wash'd me in thy blood.

2 Once I hung o'er eternal death,
A stranger to thy love ;
Not all the joys and friends on earth
Could make my woes remove.

3 But thou beheld me on the brink.
Of blackness and despair :
Thou would not let the sinner sink,
But did thy love declare.

4 Thou rais'd my wretched soul from hell ;
And gave me joys above,
And taught my cheerful tongue to tell
The wonders of thy love.

5 And since I've known thy blessed name,
I've found the life is sure ;
My Jesus he is still the same,
So shall my rock endure.

HYMN XXX. *Long Metre.*

The happy state of christians.

1 **T**HINK, O my soul, how blest are they
Whose names and portions are above ;
Almighty goodness guards their way,
And feeds them with immortal love.

2 Safely they tread the desert through,
Held up by the Redeemer's hand,
And soon they'll bid all storms adieu,
And reach with joy the heav'nly land.

3 There they will rest in endless joy,
Where nothing can but love be known,
And ev'ry pow'r of thought employ,
To gaze on the eternal throne.

4 Lord may I be so happy too,
And find my lasting portion there ;
All earthly joys I'd bid adieu,
And with thy saints forever share.

HYMN XXXI. *Long Metre.*

The christian's choice.

1 **J**ESUS my soul would fain abide,
Forever humble at thy feet ;
I want no other place to hide,
Nor with a more exalted seat.

2 I want to have my all in thee,
United with unbounded love,
Nor other joys my soul would see,
Long as immortal pow'rs shall move.

3 With joy I'd tread this desert through,
And lean upon my Saviour's hand,
And love divine my strength renew,
To press towards the heav'nly land.

4 There blessed Jesus, would I dwell,
With thee above in perfect peace,
Far from the storms and pow'rs of hell,
Where life and joy shall never cease.

5 Lord thou wilt freely make me blest
With that immortal state of joy;
Nor would I lose that sacred rest
To chase this world's amusing toy.

HYMN XXXII. *Common Metre.**The work of conversion declared.*

1 **W**HEN I was trembling on the brink
Of death and long despair,
Ling'ring and fearing soon to sink,
Then Jesus did appear.

2 The Lamb of God (who died for me)
Beheld my helpless case ;
From endless ruin set me free,
By his unbounded grace.

3 He gave my soul a heav'nly peace,
And gave me strength divine ;
He made my cutting anguish cease,
And said that he was mine.

4 Ten thousand praises to thy name,
My Jesus and my God !
Who wash'd my soul from guilt and shame
In thy redeeming blood.

5 To you that love my God I'll tell
What he has done for me.
With you in glory I shall dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.**Desiring not only the name, but likewise the nature of a christian.*

1 **O** FOR a taste of life divine
To feed this hungry soul of mine !
I want the Son of God to know,
And taste of heav'n while here below.

2 If I were sure that I should have
A crown of joy beyond the grave,
Yet that alone won't do for me ;
I want while here with God to be.

3 What e'er I do, where e'er I go,
I want those joys of heav'n to know ;
I want the pow'rs of sin subdu'd,
And find my precious soul renew'd.

4 I do not want the christian's name,
Without the nature of the Lamb ;
I want to bid all loves adieu,
But Christ my Lord, and him pursue.

5 Dear Saviour, thou my all must be,
And give me strength to walk with thee ;
Without a rival rule my heart,
And never let me from thee part.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*

Thanks to the Redeemer.

1 **T**EN thousand thousand praises be,
To Christ the slaughter'd Lamb !
He gave his precious life for me,
And bore my guilt and shame.

2 He sav'd my soul from endless pain,
And gave me heav'nly rest ;
And O I-trust with him to reign,
And live forever blest.

3 He's wash'd me in his precious blood,
And his free spirit giv'n !
He is my father and by God,
Yea he is all my heav'n.

3 My soul would sing his dying love,
While this short life remains ;
Then in the glorious realms above
Shout forth in higher strains.

HYMN XXXV. *Long Metre.*

The christian's parting hymn.

1 **F**AREWELL ye happy saints of God,
Who are redeem'd with Jesus' blood ;
Where e'er you go the Saviour's nigh,
Your life in him shall never die.

2 Fear not your foes, though they are strong,
The conquest doth to you belong ;
The great Jehovah leads you on,
And by his strength your crown is won.

3 You're travelling through a world of woes,
Where clouds do often interpose ;
But soon you'll reach the happy shore,
Where clouds shall veil your souls no more.

4 Press on to the eternal day,
That wipes the christian's tears away ;
Your grief is short ; the hour is nigh,
When you shall soar to realms on high.

5 While here go leaning on your Lord,
He'll feed you with immortal food ;
May Jesus make your lights divine,
Where e'er you go as cities shine.

6 Farewell, now let our bodies part,
But still we'll be as near in heart ;
And if in time we meet no more,
We'll meet when parting all is o'er.

HYMN XXXVI. *Short Metre.**All glory to the Lamb.*

1 **T**O praise the bleeding Lamb,
Let every tongue employ !

This Jesus is the angels theme,
And all the seraphs joy.

2 He is the sinner's friend ;
He is the saints delight,
Then let our mortal notes ascend,
And with the heav'n's unite.

3 Sing how Jehovah came
To Bethlehem's vile ken,
Is born and Jesus is his name,
To save the sons of men.

4 Tell how he waded through
Long nights and years of grief ;
Mourners may bid their fears adieu,
He's come for their relief.

5 Tell how to Golgotha
He travels dress'd in blood ;
He dies to take our guilt away,
And brings us home to God.

6 O let him be ador'd,
By ev'ry heart and tongue !
Ye heirs of bliss by him restor'd,
O make his name your song.

7 ~~Let~~ crowds from pole to pole,
Enter his courts of grace ;
And cheerful join with voice and soul,
His well-deserved praise.

- 8 Ye heav'nly armies join,
To sing his bleeding love,
'Till we awake by grace divine,
To join our notes above.
- 9 There his all-worthy name
Shall be our sweet employ ;
There we shall sound his glorious fame
In everlasting joy.
- 10 Amen, our Jesus reigns,
And reigns a Prince of Peace,
Our love, our joy and cheerful strains,
O God shall never cease.

HYMN XXXVII. *Common Metre.**The travels of a doubting christian.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a wand'ring soul am I !
How crooked do I rove !
How soon my comforts rise and die,
As fears and hopes remove !
- 2 Once I presum'd I ne'er should see
Darkness and death no more ;
I thought the Lord had set me free,
And all my doubts were o'er.
- 3 I thought in joy to spend my days
Without a slavish fear ;
And always find a heart to praise,
That friend I love so dear.
- 4 But O ! I left my heav'nly friend,
And follow'd false delights ;
Soon did my joyful moments end
In long and tedious nights.

5 O then I said that 'twas for me,
As in past months of joy ;
When from those doubts my soul was free,
And praise was my employ !

6 O Jesus let me once more see
Those happy hours of love ;
Extend thine arm of grace to me,
And make those clouds remove.

7 Awake my heart with life divine,
And give my spirit rest ;
Unless I feel that thou art mine,
I cannot think I'm blest.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Short Metre.*

On the day of espousals to Christ.

1 **I**T was a happy hour
When I first knew the Lord ;
When God with all his saving pow'r
My sinking soul restor'd.

2 How did my heart rejoice,
In joys that were divine !
With joy I heard the Saviour's voice,
Declare that he was mine.

3 Then he subdu'd my foes,
And made my fears remove,
He brought me from a scene of woes,
And cheer'd me with his love.

4 I lean'd upon his breast,
And see him face to face ;
My soul enjoy'd a heav'nly rest,
And sung redeeming grace.

5 Then on the wings of love
 I bid the world adieu ;
 My heart was soaring far above,
 Where joys are ever new.

6 Ah what a scene of joy
 My soul was carry'd in !
 To praise the Lord was my employ,
 And I cry'd out Amen.

HYMN XXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Heaven on earth.

1 **S**OME happy days I find below
 When Jesus is with me ;
 Nor would I any pleasure know,
 O Jesus but in thee.

2 When I can taste immortal love,
 And find my Jesus near,
 My soul is blest where e'er I rove,
 I neither mourn nor fear.

3 Let angels boast their joys above,
 I taste the same below,
 They drink of the Redeemer's love,
 And I have Jesus too.

HYMN XL. *Long Metre.*

Longing to be kept near to Christ.

1 **T**HIS life's a blast, this world's a cheat ;
 Ten thousand dreams lead me astray ;
 O God controul my roving feet,
 And lead me safe in wisdom's way.

2 Jesus my God, my life my friend,
 Is all the joy my soul would know ;

O cheer my heart till time shall end,
With joys that from thy goodness flow.

3 O let me feel thy boundless grace,
And on the rock securely stand ;
And lead me on the christian race,
To reach with joy the heav'nly land.

4 Then shall I drop all grief and fear ;
My Jesus wipes my tears away ;
And with triumphant songs appear
In climes of uncreated day.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.*

A christian in the dark panting for light.

1 **L**ORD how it grieves my wounded heart,
That I should e'er from thee depart ;
And for some vain amusing toy,
Forfake my God, and lose my joy ;

2 Oft in a wilderness I rove,
Almost a stranger to thy love ;
Still I desire to see thy face,
And hope again to sing thy grace.

3 But still I find no solid rest ;
A storm still raging in my breast ;
Lord from this bondage set me free,
And let my soul rejoice in thee.

4 Haste for my help, dear Lord, I pray,
And chase these dismal clouds away ;
Lord may these mountains now remove ;
Let me once more enjoy thy love.

5 O happy hour when I shall sing,
 Beneath the sceptre of my king !
 Then shall I drink of streams divine,
 And know O God that I am thine.

HYMN XLII. *Common Metre.*

Wondering at God's grace.

1 **M**Y soul, O wonder have I known
 The saviour's boundless grace !
 Am I so blest, O am I one
 Of the redeemed race !

2 Shall I one day be call'd to reign
 In the bright realms above ?
 Live with my God ; nor sin again :
 But feast upon his love.

3 O what a wonder I shall be,
 To all the heav'n born race !
 Angels amaz'd may look on me,
 A miracle of grace.

4 Inflam'd with everlasting love,
 My Jesus I'll adore.
 My mansion in the realms above,
 Where death is known no more.

HYMN XLIII. *Long Metre.*

*The christian who has been in the dark, getting
 strength and feeling encouragement.*

1 **H**OW oft in exile paths I rove,
 And mourning as the widow'd dove ;
 Wand'ring in desert wiles below,
 Pursu'd with fear, oppress'd with woe.

2 I turn, I rove, I grieve I cry ;
But still I'm lost, where shall I fly ;
My friend's aloof ; and O in vain,
All earthly joys to move my pain !

3 But O my Jesus can relieve !
Lord give me faith I must believe,
Thou wilt not, cannot Lord pass by
And leave a helpless soul to die.

4 To thee I'll come and tell my woe.
Thou must not, will not leave me so ;
Thy bowels doth with pity move,
And thou wilt bless me with thy love.

5 No pleasure in the earth I crave ;
My portion here I will not have ;
No happy days I wish to see,
But what is found O Lord in thee.

6 Jesus I cast myself on thee ;
Nor will I e'er contented be,
Until I find these clouds remove,
And feel thy grace and sing thy love.

7 I must believe thou thought on me,
When thou hung bleeding on the tree ;
Nor would thou in thy glory dwell
And see my soul go down to hell.

8 Methinks O God I feel thy love,
And feel my chains of death remove,
And now with pleasure I can sing,
The Saviour is my God and king.

HYMN XLIV. *Long Metre.**Longing to be wholly for God.*

1 **O** FOR a heart my God to love !
 While through this desert world I rove !
 His name shou'd always rule my tongue ;
 Redeeming love should be my song.

2 Thine arm of love O God extend,
 Be thou my life, my God my friend ;
 And let thy name my soul engage,
 Long as I tread this mortal stage.

3 Ah ! Jesus may my portion be,
 Found in no glory but in thee ;
 And let me daily spend my breath,
 To tell my fellow men thy death.

4 A victor o'er the grave I sing,
 And say, "*O death where is thy sting,*"
 My heav'nly father calls me home,
 And glad I answer "*Lord I come.*"

HYMN LXV. *Common Metre.**The same.*

1 **O** COULD I find a humble place,
 But near the lowly Lamb,
 How would my soul extol his grace,
 And laud his precious name !

2 Lord bring my heart so near to thee,
 While through this world I rove,
 That I may every moment be
 Transported with thy love.

3 O let me walk with thee my God,
 And find me always nigh,

Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die.

4 I want that grace that may be felt,
That will my soul inflame ;
I want this harden'd heart to melt
At the Redeemer's name.

5 I want all self to be subdu'd,
And pride no more to reign ;
I want my soul O God renew'd,
And never sin again.

6 I want my will to be resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways ;
And ev'ry pow'r of thought inclin'd
My God to love and praise.

7 I want my soul bound up in God,
And feel his nature mine, -
To feast upon immortal food,
And drink of joys divine.

8 This, this O blessed God alone,
Is all that I implore
O let me and thy self be one,
And I shall want no more.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Mètre.*

The day of espousals, and following travels.

1 **M**Y soul reviews the happy day
When Jesus rais'd me from the dead ;
O my enormous load away,
And fed me with immortal bread.

- 2 Pluck'd from the jaws of death and hell,
On a firm rock he set my feet ;
Told me that I with him should dwell,
And with his children find my seat.
- 3 O happy moments I enjoy'd,
Beneath the mantle of his love !
I eat, I drank, but was not cloy'd ;
My panting soul still soar'd above.
- 4 So strong my faith, so great my joy,
And so unshaken felt my peace,
I thought no foes would e'er annoy
My sacred joys till time shall cease.
- 5 But ah ! too soon my flesh inclin'd
To court some vain amusing toy ;
When I indulg'd my carnal mind,
The scene was chang'd I lost my joy.
- 6 Mourning in exile then I went
With all my soul in deep distress,
And fear'd my days would all be spent
In grief without one moment's rest.
- 7 But O my Lord return'd again
And bid my doubts and fears remove ;
My soul with joy forgot her pain,
And sung aloud restoring love !

HYMN XLVII. *Long Metre.*

*The christian feeling a sense of removing from
Christ.*

- 1 **O** HOW unguarded Lord I am,
So much to wander from thy name !

Ungrateful wretch from thee to rove,
To wound my soul, abuse thy love !

2 When e'er I leave my heav'nly friend,
My fears arise and comforts end :
And yet for some amusing toy,
I leave him and pollute my joy.

3 Then wades my soul through hours of grief,
Till he appears for my relief ;
The joys that led my soul astray
Proves but a torment in my way.

4 And yet I think it grieves my heart,
That I should from my love desert ;
Nor do I find a moment's peace,
Till I again behold his face.

5 O could I see my friend again,
I'd tell him how my joys were slain ;
'Tis not his will that I should go
In storms of grief sunk down so low.

6 Come then my Jesus don't delay ;
Come take this unbelief away ;
One spark of thine immortal love
Will make my sorrows all remove.

7 Then will my cheerful tongue proclaim
The goodness of thy lovely name,
And never cease the sacred strains
While an immortal thought remains.

HYMN XLVIII. *Short Metre.*

The christian desiring to be nearer to the Lord.

1 **F**ROM the remains of sin,
O Lord I would be free,

Or keep them down by grace divine,
That I might live to thee.

2 Engage my heart and tongue,
To tell the world thy name ;
My soul would make thy love my song,
And triumph in the theme.

3 My soul would walk with thee,
While on this mortal shore ;
And then O God in heav'n I'll be
With thee forevermore.

4 Then in eternal bliss,
With my dear God I'll reign ;
If I can be where Jesus is,
Its all I want, Amen.

HYMN XLIX. *Long Metre.*

The christian in the dark.

1 **O** HOW I've left my Christ my God,
And with the 'musing world have trod !
And now I feel myself in chains,
Nor can I sing the heav'nly strains.

2 My mourning soul can find no rest ;
Nor all creation make me blest ;
Until I find the heav'nly dove,
And taste the sweetness of his love.

3 Could I once more my Jesus find,
And in him rest my weary mind,
Methinks I never more would rove,
To lose the presence of my love.

6 I long to fly into his arms,
And taste again those heav'nly charms ;
O Jesus set the mourner free,
And cause me to rejoice in thee.

HYMN L. *Common Metre.*

The christian's warfare with the old and new man.

1 **T**OO often, O my blessed God,
I have deny'd thy name ;
Have hid my light conceal'd thy word,
And crucify'd the Lamb.

2 When I have been in deep distress,
And all my helpers fled,
Jesus the Lord my righteousness
Has rais'd me from the dead.

3 Oft has he gave my spirit peace,
And bid my foes remove ;
Has caus'd my doubts and fears to cease,
And cheer'd me with his love.

4 Yet when my doubts began to rise,
I soon deny'd the Lamb ;
For unbelief steps in and cries,
“ *I never knew his name.*”

5 And then instead of standing firm,
Or flying to the Lord,
I unbelieving, doubt his name,
And give my foe the sword.

6 I ask for light and yet I choose ;
In darkness still to be ;
I plead for mercy yet refuse
His love held out so free.

- 7 I often promise if I see
One glimpse of light again,
I never more will faithless be,
But break through ev'ry chain.
- 8 I beg a freedom from my pains,
Yet when it would appear
I choose my prison and my chains,
And hug my slavish fear.
- 9 O what a roving soul am I !
How full of unbelief !
What shall I do, where shall I fly,
That I may find relief ?
- 10 Strengthen O Lord the inner man
The outward to subdue,
Nor let me tread the enchanted land,
But bid their snares adieu.

HYMN LI. *Common Metre.*

A soul between hope and fear.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew it was the case
My soul was born of God,
And found myself among that race,
Wash'd in the Saviour's blood !
- 2 The time has been, I thought I knew
The bless'd Redeemer's voice ;
I thought I lost my burden too,
And felt my heart rejoice.
- 3 I thought my will was then resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways,
And felt my inmost soul inclin'd
To tell the world his grace.

- 4 But O ! too soon the scene was turn'd,
 I lost that pleasing view ;
 I lost the sweetness once I found,
 Lost earthly pleasures too.
- 5 And ah ! if he was once my friend,
 Could I his presence leave ?
 Why can I not on him depend ?
 Why cannot I believe ?
- 6 This makes me doubt my state the more
 Because if he was mine
 I think these clouds would soon be o'er,
 And heav'n around me shine.
- 7 O Jesus wilt thou now appear
 With thine almighty arm ;
 These clouds expel my standing clear,
 And shew me what I am.
- 8 I cannot rest no longer so,
 My soul risk'd over hell ;
 O, blessed Jesus, let me know
 That I with thee shall dwell.

HYMN LII. *Long Metre.*

On the day of espousals to Christ.

- 1 **T**EN thousand praises to the Lamb
 Who freely bore my guilt and shame,
 And gave his life and spilt his blood
 To bring my sinking soul to God !
- 2 He took me from the Jaws of hell
 That I might in his bosom dwell ;
 Gave me a mansion in his love,
 And fed me with the joys above.

3 'Twas he that broke my chains away,
Gave me a glimpse of heav'nly day ;
My soul beheld him face to face,
And sweetly sung redeeming grace.

4 'Twas then I tasted angels food,
And on the rock of ages stood ;
His love did all my fears destroy,
And turn my sorrows all to joy.

5 Nothing O Lord can I return
To thee who hath my anguish borne ;
No compensation can I make,
Yet of thy love must still partake.

6 Ten thousand worlds a gift too small,
Yet I must give to thee my all ;
And when I've yielded all will say,
" *I've nothing paid and nought to pay.*"

HYMM LIII. Long Metre.

The pilgrims parting song.

1 **P**ILGRIMS with pleasure let us part,
Since we are all bound up in heart ;
No length of days nor distant space
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy we'll join to sing
The wonders of our bleeding king ;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine ;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 And now in love with Jesus' name
Let bodies part to speed his fame,
That other souls may leave their woe,
And share with us in glory too.

5 And O a few more days or years
Shall bring a period to our tears !
And we shall reach the blissful shore,
Where parting hours are known no more.

6 There shall our souls adore the hand,
That led us though this desert land ;
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMM LIV. *Common Metre.*

The awakened sinner.

1 **T**ELL me some friend, where shall I go
To find a quick relief ?
How shall I leave this gulf of woe,
And chains of unbelief ?

2 I'm lost, I'm dead, I cannot rise ;
No refuge can I see ;
I've neither heart, nor ears, nor eyes,
From this black gulph to flee.

3 My golden moments like a blast,
Are swiftly passing on ;
And should my day of grace be past
I am forever gone !

4 I cannot feel the name of God,
Nor love his blessed ways ;
I find no spirit in his word,
Nor sweetness in his grace.

5 O might my stubborn spirit bow,
At the Redeemer's feet !

They say his love I soon shall know,
And find a happy seat.

6 O could I once in Christ believe,
This mountain soon would move ;
My soul would his free grace receive,
And sing his boundless love.

HYMN LV. *Particular Metre.*
Longing to be with Christ.

1 **M**Y soul, O God aspires to be
From interposing darkness free,
Ravish'd with scenes divine !

I long to swim in boundless grace,
And see my Saviour face to face,
And know my God is mine.

2 I long to find my happy seat -
Where I might wash my Saviour's feet
In humble tears of love ;
To praise my God with all my heart,
And never from his love desert,
Till I awake above.

3 Millions of years of carnal joys ?
With earthly crowns, are empty toys,
Compar'd with Christ my friend ;
In him alone I can be blest ;
Tis he that gives me solid rest,
And makes my sorrows end.

4 O shall I, shall I ever be,
Where I this blessed Christ shall see,
And ev'ry storm blown o'er ?

On wings of the celestial dove
I'll soar and drink immortal love,
And leave my friend no more.

5 There I shall bask in sacred beams,
And solace in celestial streams
Of sweet unmingled joy ;
There I shall find my long abode
In perfect likeness of my God,
Where nothing can annoy

6 A palm of honor I shall wear,
With all the heav'nly armies share,
In all their joys divine ;
There I shall find eternal peace,
My songs of joy shall never cease,
And Jesus shall be mine.

HYMN LVI. *Common Metre.*

*The christian declaring his conversion, and
wondering at God's goodness.*

1 **H**OW could Jehovah stoop so low,
To think on me with love !
Must God himself assume my woe
To bear my soul above.

2 He saw me loathsome in the field,
And wall'wing in my blood ;
My guilt and shame all unconceal'd
Before a spotless God.

3 No feeling trav'ler passing by,
No arm with pow'r to save,
No friend to look with pitying eye,
No ransom to be gave.

4 At length behold a God appears,
And feels his bowels move,
Then heav'n itself lets fall a tear,
And spreads a skirt of love.

5 O boundless love ! what shall I say
To such a stoop as this !
What thanks O God, can I repay
For thine unbounded grace !

6 O God to praise thy worthy name,
Let all creation join ;
And when all creatures sound thy fame
The highest note be mine.

7 Amen let hallelujah's sound,
Through all the realms above !
Anthems of pleasure shall resound
The wonders of thy love.

HYMN LVII. *Particular Metre,*
Redeeming Love.

1 **P**ILGRIMS let us join to sing
Hallelujahs to our king,
While as pilgrims here we rove,
Tell and sing Redeeming love.

2 Tell how Jesus on the tree
Gave his life for you and me ;
Point to the incarnate dove,
Shew poor souls redeeming love.

3 Sinners see the Saviour dies,
See him in his agonies,
Can your hearts forbear to move ?
Open to redeeming love.

4 Thus expiring bows his head,
To the caverns of the dead ;
Then triumphant mounts above,
Sounding his redeeming love.

5 Still he labours on the earth,
Raising wretched souls from death ;
He at ev'ry heart doth move,
Offering redeeming love,

6 Sinners justly doom'd to hell,
If they would in heav'n might dwell !
Room enough in realms above,
Jesus courts them to his love.

7 Wretched souls by sin astray,
Owing much with nought to pay ;
Cease in foreign lands to rove,
Fly home to redeeming love.

8 Prodigals wipe off your tears ;
Banish all your slavish fears ;
Jesus feels his bowels move,
Runs to meet you with his love.

P A U S E.

9 Wounded hearts may now rejoice ;
Mourners hear the Saviour's voice ;
Hasten to the courts above,
There to sing redeeming love.

10 Christ extends his bleeding hand ;
Courts you to the sacred band ;
Come and with the pilgrims rove,
Share and sing redeeming love.

11 Soon from all these storms of night,
We to heav'n shall take our flight ;
Wing'd on the celestial dove,
Sailing in redeeming love.

12 With the countless throng we'll join,
Each may say "*This Christ is mine ;*"
Each enjoy a seat above,
Where there's nothing known but love.

13 Shining in immortal bloom ;
Hail ! all glory, this our home !
Shouts resounding all above,
Boundless is redeeming love.

14 Love shall be our lasting theme ;
Love shall ev'ry soul inflame ;
Always NOW in realms above ;
Ah ! Amen redeeming love !

HYMN LVIII. *Common Metre.*

The new-born soul rejoicing in Christ.

1 **H**OSANNA to the bleeding Lamb !
Praise him ye hosts above !

'Twas he that bore my guilt and shame,
And taught my soul his love.

2 Just like a lamb he freely dies
For such a wretch as I ;
And with his dying groans he cries,
"*Let not the sinner die.*"

3 Great love indeed ! O could it be
That he would bear my guilt !
Can I believe it was for me
His precious blood was spilt !

4 Yes Jesus knows I've found his love,
And long to love him more ;
And fain I would where e'er I rove,
His worthy name adore.

4 Let me be seal'd upon his breast,
And ravish'd with his name ;
Then in the realms of glory blest,
His love shall be my theme.

HYMN LIX. *Long Metre.*

In debt to everlasting love.

1 **D**OWN from the glorious realms above,
Descends the Saviour cloth'd with love,
Assumes a body (can it be ?)
To bleed and suffer death for me.

2 Freely he spent his life and breath
To save me from eternal death ;
And when no helper I could see
Made known his dying love to me.

3 He took me from the jaws of hell,
And told my soul that all was well ;
His love so great, his grace so free,
He said he spilt his blood for me.

4 O love amazing ! boundless grace !
To me the worst of mortal race ;
How could the Saviour die so free,
For such a worthless wretch as me.

5 What shall I do, what shall I say ?
What can my soul to him repay
Who spilt his precious blood so free
For such a guilty wretch as me ?

6 Lord all I have is double thine;
And I with pleasure will resign
My everlasting all to thee,
Who died for such a wretch as me.

7 This name shall dwell upon my tongue,
With joy I'll make his love my song;
I'll laud that name that sloop'd so free
To save a soul so vile as me.

8 Forever in the realms above,
Bound up in everlasting love,
I shall with joy and wonder see
That Christ who gave his life for me.

9 I'll sound with all the countless race
The wonders of redeeming grace;
And this shall be my lasting plea,
The highest notes belongs to me.

HYMN LX. *Short Metre.*

Panting after Christ.

1 **I** F I the Saviour know,
And have my sins forgiv'n,
Why then, O Jesus, should I go
Without the smiles of heav'n?

2 My soul can never rest
Without the love of God;
O let me lean upon thy breast,
And feed upon thy word.

3 There's nothing here can give
My wounded soul release;
But when I near my Jesus live
I find a solid peace.

4 O let me see thy face,
 Thou blest unspotted Lamb ;
 Then will I sing redeeming grace,
 And tell the world thy name.

5 O Jesus rule my heart,
 With beams of love divine ;
 And when this mortal life shall cease,
 I'll be forever thine.

HYMN LXI. *Long Metre.*

The daily experience of God's goodness.

GREAT is the grace of God to me,
 While thro' this wretched world I rove,
 How oft I feel, how oft I see
 The tokens of his boundless love !

2 Ten thousand hellish foes engage
 Against my poor unguarded soul ;
 But Christ secures me from their rage ;
 His love doth all my fears controul.

3 O may I ever trust his hand,
 And praise his name with ev'ry breath !
 By his free grace my soul doth stand
 Secure from everlasting death.

4 And when this mortal spirit dies,
 And time with me shall be no more,
 My soul where pleasure never dies
 Shall mount my Jesus to adore.

HYMN LXII. *Long Metre.*

Desiring to be strengthened with divine life.

BREATHE on my soul, O breath divine,
 And rouse me from this stupid frame ;

Give strength to this weak faith of mine,
And all my soul with love inflame.

2 O lead me all the desert through,
And let me be with vigor blest ;
Then will I bid the earth adieu,
And travel to eternal rest.

3 Soon shall my sorrows have an end,
And all the storms of hell shall cease ;
And I enjoy my heavenly friend,
In the eternal realms of peace.

HYMN LXIII. *Long Metre.*

For the Morning.

O COULD my soul this morning rise
And feel that life that never dies,
I'd praise that hand with all my pow'rs,
That guarded my unguarded hours.

2 'Tis he who gives me life divine ;
In him eternal joys are mine ;
Then rouse my soul, bid sloth adieu,
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.

3 Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep is known no more ;
There shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs in a sweet surprise.

4 Then will I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng ;
Sailing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

HYMN LXIV. *Long Metre.**Longing for more faith and love.*

O COULD I love the blessed Lamb,
 While here on earth with all my soul !
 I'd never cease to sound his name,
 Till fleeting moments cease to roll.

2 Then to the peaceful realms above,
 From these dark regions take my flight ;
 Wrapt up in everlasting love,
 A child of uncreated light.

3 There unbelief shall vex no more
 My soul from all her sorrows free ;
 Gaze on with wonder and adore
 The great I AM that stoop'd for me.

HYMN LXV. *Common Metre.**Desiring the heart to be wholly for GOD.*

C LEANSE me, O God, by grace divine,
 To love alone to thee ;
 My soul would be entirely thine,
 From other lovers free.

2 Let not this world's amusing toys,
 Find room within my heart ;
 But charm me with immortal joys ;
 Nor let me e'er desert.

3 Revive thy kingdom in my breast,
 By thy redeeming love ;
 Then I shall be forever blest
 With thee, O God above.

4 There will my soul rejoice in thee,
 My everlasting bliss ;

The Lord will mine forever be,
And I forever his.

HYMN LXVI. *Long Metre.*

The saint's portion.

1 **O** WHAT a portion have the saints,
God is their all, they know his love ;
And death will soon end their complaints,
And hand them to their realms above.

2 There they will reign in perfect light,
And drink uninterrupted joy ;
No pow'r of hell, or shades of night,
Their heav'nly raptures shall annoy.

3 A mansion there in perfect bliss,
Their souls forever shall possess ;
For they will be where Jesus is,
And he is all can make them blest.

4 O let that portion Lord be mine,
And give thy blessed self to me ;
If I might be forever thine,
It's all the joys I wish to see.

HYMN LXVII. *Long Metre.*

A christian's travel.

1 **N**ONE but the foll'wers of the Lamb
(Whose wrestling souls have felt the same)
Can ever tell or ever know,
What diff'rent scenes I'm carry'd through.

2 Some times I think of joys divine,
And sing, *Ah ! my belov'd is mine ;*
But unbelief returns again,
And loads my soul with fear and pain.

3 Some times I get a short release
From chains, and find a heav'nly peace ;
I leap for joy expecting soon
That all my sorrows will be gone.

4 But soon, ah ! soon my joys are fled,
And raging fears perplex'd my head ;
Ten thousand beasts of prey return,
And cause my bleeding soul to mourn.

5 Then like a captive I complain,
Till the blest star appears again,
Then heav'nly joys my fears controul,
My God transports my wounded soul.

6 Some times I'm like a wand'ring Jew,
That seeks a friend whom once he knew ;
Nor doth my weary foot-steps end
Until I find my absent friend.

7 Some times I'm like a thirsty plain,
Parch'd up with drought, thirsting for rain ;
And when I'm water'd from above,
Cheerful I drink the show'rs of love.

8 O when, dear Jesus, shall I be
From all these clouds and trials free ?
When shall I reach the peaceful shore
Where storms of grief are known no more ?

HYMN LXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The christian's safety.

1 **W**HEN I can find my Saviour nigh,
I feel my standing sure ;
I rest beneath his watchful eye,
And find my heav'n secure.

- 2 I lean my soul upon his breast,
 Encircled in his arms,
 And there I find my lasting rest,
 And drink immortal charms.
- 3 If death and hell my life invade
 With all their rage and pow'r,
 I'm safe beneath my father's shade
 In every trying hour.
- 4 Still spread thy kingdom in my heart,
 O Lord my loss repair ;
 Make every other lover part,
 And reign forever there.

HYMN LXIX. *Common Metre.**A cheerful sense of living with God forever.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY thought ! to be so blest
 As with my God to reign !

And there forever I shall rest,
 Nor mourn, nor sin again.

- 2 Ere long I shall be freed from death,
 And meet my God in peace ;
 Far from the storms of hell and earth,
 Where joy shall never cease.

- 3 O how it makes my joys arise,
 To feel it is for me !

My life immortal never dies,
 For Jesus reigns in me.

- 4 Mount O my soul and reach the shore,
 Where I delight to dwell ;
 When once these storms are all blown o'er,
 I'll sing " *Now all is well.*"

HYMN LXX. *Long Metre.**The christian in the dark.*

1 **L**ONG nights of darkness and of grief,
 I've waded through, without relief;
 And groan'd to see the break of day
 To scatter midnight shades away.

2 This earthly sun brings not the light;
 This morn remains a gloomy night;
 But O one glimpse of light divine,
 Expels these gloomy shades of mine!

3 Break forth my blessed God I pray,
 With one sweet glimpse of heav'nly day;
 Then will my heart rejoice in thee,
 And bless thy name who set me free.

HYMN LXXI. *Common Metre.**The heav'n-born soul rejoicing in the grace of God.*

1 **G**REAT was the peace my soul enjoy'd
 When first I knew the Lord,
 I eat, I drank, but was not cloy'd,
 Still feasting round his board.

2 Rich was the feast of joys divine,
 Which Jesus did bestow;
 I felt the blessed Lamb was mine,
 And heav'n begun below.

3 His arms of love were clasp'd around
 My poor unguarded soul;
 And I a heav'nly calmness found;
 And all my wounds were whole.

4 Cheerful I sung my Saviour's name;
 And firmly was resolv'd.

To spread abroad his bleeding fame,
Till death his life dissolv'd.

5 O Jesus give me strength divine
To tell the world thy love ;
O make me as a light to shine,
While this dark world I rove.

HYMN LXXII. *Common Metre.*

Christ is all the Christian's joy.

1 O JESUS let me often taste
The wonders of thy love ;
None but thyself can give me rest
While I this desert rove.

2 If I could call this world my own,
With all created bliss,
I could not live on that alone
Without redeeming grace.

3 With thee my God, there's solid peace,
And life and food divine ;
I always find my sorrows cease
When I feel thou art mine.

4 And O shall I with Jesus dwell,
In joys forever new !
Then will I triumph over hell,
And bid the earth adieu.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

Praise to God for his goodness.

1 I'LL bless thee O my God of love,
While through this veil of tears I rove ;
Thy goodness doth around me shine,
And thou, O Lord, hath made me thine. T 2

2 O may thy goodness on my breast,
As marks divine be well impress'd ;
My heart, O God, I've give to thee,
Nor shall I ever parted be.

3 Thou art my father and my God,
My life, my strength, my peace, my food :
And now with pleasure would I sing
The name of my eternal king.

4 Inspire me Lord to lift my strain ;
Reign in my heart forever reign ;
Thy name I love ; and must adore
My God, my all, for evermore.

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.*

The converted soul declaring what God hath done.

1 **T**O you that love my Christ I'll tell,
And to the world declare,
The Saviour brought my soul from hell,
The borders of despair.

2 And O he's fed me with his love,
And shew'd his smiling face ;
Now I can talk of joys above,
And sing redeeming grace.

3 It was because his grace was free,
His love without a bound,
That ever one so vile as me,
A free salvation found.

4 O come ye starving souls and share
The joys of Sion's hill ;
The great Jehovah doth declare
There's room for all who will.

HYMN LXXV. *Short Metre.*
The same.

1 **O** GOD how shall I tell
 The freedom of thy grace,
 That drew me from the jaws of hell
 To see thy smiling face !

2 O the sweet joys divine,
 Of that important day !
 I felt the beams of glory shine,
 And stole my heart away.

3 It was my sweet employ
 To tell the world of Christ,
 That others might with me enjoy
 The everlasting feast.

4 I drank the joys above,
 And felt a heav'nly flame,
 Beneath the banner of his love,
 I sing my Saviour's name.

5 Ten thousand thanks are due,
 Ten thousand praises be
 To this eternal Saviour who
 Gave his own life for me.

HYMN LXXVI. *Common Metre.*
Adieu to all for Christ.

1 **A** DIEU to earth with all your joy !
 Adieu to all below !
 Your pleasures all I'd count a toy,
 If I might Jesus know.

2 Adieu to all created bliss !
 Your greatest friendship too ;

Adieu to all but Jesus Christ
For him I must pursue.

3 O give me Christ ! for he is all,
My soul for him doth pant ;
Let others take this little ball,
No share of it I want.

4 Jesus while here is my delight ;
No other joys I'd know ;
And when I quit these shades of night,
I shall with Jesus go.

HYMN LXXVII. *Common Metre.*

The pilgrim's song.

1 **W**HY should we pilgrims mourning go,
When Jesus goes before ;
And he has drunk our cup of woe,
That we might weep no more.

2 Short are the sorrows of an hour,
The storm will soon subside ;
We're guarded by almighty pow'r,
In him we may confide.

3 We'll triumph over hell and death,
And all their rage defy ;
And soon we'll take our flight from earth,
And soar to realms on high.

4 There soon the pilgrims all will meet,
Within the joyful plains ;
Each one shall find a happy seat,
And sing immortal strains.

5 And there from all these sorrows free,
We'll reign in perfect bliss;
With Christ our all we then shall be,
We are forever his.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

Nothing cheers the christian but Christ's love.

1 **W**HEN I from my beloved flee,
No happy moments can I see;
But soon with joy my spirits move,
When I enjoy my Saviour's love.

2 Ten thousand worlds are all in vain,
When I am dark to ease my pain;
There's nothing can my grief remove,
But Christ with his redeeming love.

3 Not all my dearest friends on earth,
Their honours or their carnal mirth,
Can make my drooping spirit move,
Until I taste my Saviour's love.

4 Insipid is my food to me,
No pleasing object can I see,
Until my soul doth soar above,
And taste of my Redeemer's love.

5 If I had all the joys below,
I would not cheer my passions so
As when I feel my darkness move,
And taste of my redeemer's love.

6 Or should I search the stars to find
Some solid joy to feed my mind;
It would but all a burden prove;
Unless I found redeeming love.

7 O let this love be all my song,
While mortal vigour moves my tongue,
Then with my Christ in realms above,
I'll drink and sing redeeming love.

HYMN LXXIX. *Long Metre.*

The saints may rejoice for Jesus.

1 **J**ESUS the Lord forever reigns,
His children may exalt their strains;
In him their standing is secure,
Their joys forever shall endure.

2 When moon and stars shall cease to shine,
They'll reign in realms that are divine;
With Jesus reign, with Jesus rest,
And live eternal ages blest.

3 Then shout ye saints, ye sons of God,
And spread your heav'nly joys abroad,
Fear not the rage of earth and hell,
Your Jesus reigns, and all is well.

4 Let time lash all her scenes away,
And hand you to eternal day;
Immortal glory is for you,
Soon as you bid these climes adieu.

HYMN LXXX. *Long Metre.*

The freedom of Christ's love.

1 **O** WHAT a blessing I have found!
A sea of love that hath no bound;
Sure I may sing that grace is free,
That has redeem'd a wretch like me.

2 Though long I with the wicked trod,
Yet the unbounded grace of God,

Pursu'd and pluck'd my soul from hell,
And now in peace and joy I dwell.

3 Sure I am bound with ties of love
To spread his grace where e'er I rove ;
And if poor souls inquire of me,
I must declare his love is free.

4 Come then, ye starving sinners, come
And hasten to my father's home ;
His boundless grace is free for you,
O come, and taste his goodness too.

5 Why will you die when grace so free
Is calling now, poor soul, for thee ?
The Saviour's love no more despise,
O taste of love that never dies.

H Y M N LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

The soul born to Christ.

1 **I**T was the uncreated word
Begot my soul again to God,
To an inheritance divine,
A crown that will for ever shine.

2 He made my soul his goodness feel,
And seal'd me with his heav'nly seal ;
He rais'd his kingdom in my heart,
Nor will it ever from me part.

3 How sweet the joys my soul doth taste
In him my all, my friend, my Christ !
And O I ever shall enjoy
This love where nothing can annoy.

4 Let all these worlds dissolve and die,
My kingdom stands secure on high,
And when this life shall cease to move,
I shall awake in realms of love.

HYMN LXXXII. *Common Metre.*

The pilgrims arising.

1 **C**OME pilgrims let our hearts arise,
And all our lamps prepare,
To take our journey to the skies,
For the bright morn is near.

2 He who has bought us with his blood
Will shortly for us come ;
And we who love the blessed Lamb
Shall find a happy home.

3 There all the pilgrims meet in joy
At their Redeemer's throne,
Where sin shall never more annoy,
For joy triumphs alone.

4 Then shall we dwell with God our King,
And see him face to face ;
Our hearts with raptures then shall sing
The wonders of his grace.

5 Come pilgrims let us all awake,
That all our lights may shine ;
The earth and all its charms forsake,
And soar to realms divine.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Christ the christian's only joy.

1 **N**OW pants my soul to see thy face,
My Jesus and my love !

There's nothing cheers me but thy grace,
While I this desert rove.

2 Not earth with all her richest joys
Can ever make me blest ;

Their greatest bliss I count but toys
Compar'd to thee my Christ.

3 Let me have nothing but my God
To rule in all my soul,

I run with joy the heav'nly road
Till years shall cease to roll.

4 Then let the happy moment come,
And call my soul away,

I'll meet my father and my home,
In realms of heav'nly day.

5 There I expect ere long to be
In my Redeemer's arms,

From all my sins and sorrows free
Transported with his charms.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

A sense of sin, and Christ's sufferings.

1 **T**HINK O my soul, what thou hast done !
My guilt has pierc'd the holy One ;
I hung a weight upon his soul,
Which caus'd those floods of grief to roll.

2 He sunk beneath the weight of sin,
The load so great he died therein ;
The fall'n nature which he bore,
Crush'd him in death, dress'd him in gore.

3 O what unbounded love was this
To bring us to eternal bliss !
Freely he bore our death and hell,
That we might in full glory dwell.

4 And now methinks I hear him say,
" Come dying sinners come away ;
So great my love my grace so free,
I spilt my blood and died for ye."

HYMN LXXXV. *Long Metre.*

*The christians happy in any place, if they enjoy
God's presence.*

1 **S**HOULD I be call'd to distant wilds,
Or station'd on some foreign shore,
If there I found my Saviour's smiles,
And liv'd with him I'd want no more.

2 'Twas all alike a heaven to me,
If I might there enjoy my God ;
Cheerful I'd tread while Christ I see,
O'er rocks and hills by feet untrod.

3 Far from the broils of mortal tongues,
Or carnal scenes of mirth and pride,
I'd chant my solitary songs,
And in sweet contemplations glide.

4 The moss should be my downy bed,
Through silent watches of the night ;
And Jesus guard my slumb'ring head,
'Till morning rays restore the light.

5 Then should my sweet and morning lays,
Send echoes through the silent grove ;

Jesus would hear the notes I raise ;
 My song should be redeeming love.

6 Thus freed from ev'ry outward snare,
 To heav'n I would devote my breath ;
 Jesus would make my life his care,
 Until I slept the sleep of death.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

The christian soon to be delivered.

1 **S**OON shall I quit this mortal shore,
 And Jesus stand my friend.
 My nights of grief shall all be o'er,
 And all my labours end.

2 Then shall I reach the realms of bliss,
 Where my beloved reigns,
 Then I shall dwell where Jesus is,
 And sing immortal strains.

3 There I shall drink unmingled joy,
 From streams of love divine ;
 No passing clouds for to annoy
 Where God in glory shines.

4 'O what immortal scenes of bliss
 Will bear my soul away !
 How sweet the realms of joy and peace
 In uncreated day !

HYMN LXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

Giving all to Christ.

1 **W**ITH joy O God I'll resign
 To be for thee, forever thine ;

I ask no joy nor life, but thee ;
One with thy self, O let me be.

2 While time remains my soul shall stand
Safe in the hollow of thy hand ;
O let thy love for me engage
Long as I tread this mortal stage.

3 O let me daily walk with thee ;
Where e'er I go thy presence see ;
Then shall my life and all my days,
With joy be spent in wisdoms ways.

4 And when these changing scenes are o'er,
I'll quit the murmurs of this shore,
And sail in that eternal sea,
Where all is swallow'd up in thee.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

Who can praise God ? Or who can forbear ?

1 **H**OW can poor mortals ever praise
The great immortal king,
When hosts above can never raise
The well deserved string ?

2 And yet how harden'd is the wretch
(From all that's good remote)
That doth not wish nor aim to stretch
The most exalted note !

3 My heart and lips are all unclean,
And long in sin I've trod,
With interposing clouds between
My spirit and my God.

4 And yet my heart cannot forbear ;
Nay, tongue presumes to try ;

Let me thy lovely name declare ;
If not Lord let me die.

5 Inspire my soul, O God of grace,
To tell the world thy love ;
Till I shall join thy lofty praise,
In brighter realms above.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Long Metre.*

A miracle of free grace.

1 **O**NCE did my soul unguarded lay
In darkness on the brink of death ;
O how I fear'd to launch away !
Yet soon I thought to loose my breath.

2 My sins and foes beset me round,
And I beheld no place to hide ;
No friend nor helper to be found,
But death and hell on ev'ry side.

3 Then did the great Redeemer look
With pity on my helpless case ;
And in his arms my soul he took,
And made me sing redeeming grace.

4 He heal'd my wounds, and cheer'd my heart,
And fed me with redeeming love ;
I felt my guilt and fears depart,
My raptur'd soul was borne above.

5 O how amazing was the change
My soul enjoy'd by grace divine !
Pluck'd from the jaws of endless pains,
And brought to know the Lord is mine.

6 Lord I shall make thee no returns
For thine unbounded love so great ;
And yet thy love within me burns
With warm desires to wash thy feet.

HYMN XC. *Short Metre.*

The sweetness of Christ's name.

- 1 **O** WHAT a joy I've found
In the Redeemer's name !
It brings a cure to ev'ry wound,
And wipes away our shame.
- 2 It will restore the blind,
And cause the deaf to hear,
It cheers the poor unhappy mind,
And triumphs over fear.
- 3 This name is living bread.
For ev'ry, starving soul ;
Twill heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And make the wounded whole.
- 4 The thirsty soul may drink,
And find a sweet supply ;
And souls that do begin to sink,
May taste and never die.
- 5 O come ye sinners, then,
And know the bleeding Lamb ;
And soon your souls will say Amen,
Sweet is the Saviour's name.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.**Choosing of all in Christ.*

- 1 **T**HY blessed self O Jesus grant,
 And in thee let me ever rest ;
 Tis all I need 'tis all I want,
 To be with thee forever blest.
- 2 Thy love excludes my grief and pain,
 And bears my spirit far above ;
 O let me with this Jesus reign,
 And ever sing his dying love !
- 3 Sweet are the streams of joy divine
 That from my blessed Jesus flow ;
 And since this glorious Christ is mine,
 What treasures can my soul have more ?
- 4 O God my God, and can it be
 This prize immortal is for me ?
 Ah ! Lord thyself was freely giv'n,
 And thou art my eternal heav'n.

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.**God's goodness and the christian's coldness.*

- 1 **O**WHAT a careless soul am I,
 To rove so far from thee my God !
 Who saw my soul condemn'd to die,
 And sav'd me by thy precious blood:
- 2 When death and hell with all their pow'r,
 Arose against my naked soul ;
 Thine arm appear'd that dreadful hour,
 Subdu'd their rage, and made me whole.

- 3 Thou heal'd the wound that sin had made,
And fill'd my soul with love divine ;
And then in love thou spake and said,
“ *Fear not, I'll be forever thine.*”
- 4 But Lord I wander'd far from the,
And did my comforts all destroy ;
And now in midnight chains I be
Without a sense of Christ my joy.
- 5 Remove my darkness O my God,
And bring me from these shades of death ;
Feed me again with heav'nly food,
And let me feel my sacred birth.
- 6 Beneath the banner of thy love,
I long to sit again and sing ;
And feel my spirit mount above,
Wrapt in the mantle of my king.

HYMN XCIII. *Common Metres.**The pilgrim's parting hymn.*

- 1 **B**LESS us O God before we part,
And take us near to thee,
That we may still be join'd in heart,
Where e'er our bodies be.
- 2 Though long and distant we may rove,
While this desert we tread,
May ev'ry soul be one in love,
Secure in Christ our head.
- 3 Fill ev'ry heart O God with grace,
And all our lives engage.

To run with joy the christian race
Through this enchanted stage.

4 Long as we feel the heav'nly flame,
Tis joy to spread thy love ;

○ may thy goodness be our theme
Till we awake above.

5 Then ravish'd in immortal bliss
Shall sing and love and gaze ;

For we shall be where Jesus is,
In his meridian blaze.

HYMN XCIV. *Particular Mètre.*

The travelling pilgrims.

1 **P**ILGRIMS in the Lord rejoice ;
We are one in heart and voice ;
Christ has bought us with his blood ;
We are hast'ning home to God.

2 We may all forget our pain ;
We shall soon in glory reign ;
Griefs and doubts shall soon be o'er,
Meet where pilgrims part no more.

3 World adieu with all your toys ;
We despise your carnal joys ;
We have better joys above :
We have found redeeming love.

4 Jesus is our friend and king ;
His high praises let us sing ;
Riches here we count but dross ;
We will glory in the cross.

5 Though the world load us with shame ;
 We will choose the pilgrims name ;
 Heav'nly lands we're bound to see,
 There with Christ we soon shall be.

6 O the raptures of our flight,
 Sailing home to perfect light,
 Anthems to the Saviour then,
 Ev'ry soul shall say Amen.

HYMN XCV. *Short Metre.*

Christ precious to the believers.

1 **M**Y tongue can ne'er express
 The worth of Christ my friend !
 He doth his heav'nly foll'wers bless
 With joys that never end.

2 These treasures will endure
 When earthly crowns shall cease ;
 The joys of all the saints are sure,
 And ever will encrease.

3 O blessed souls are those
 Who have their portion there !
 Their happiness no limits knows,
 For they in Jesus are.

4 He is their chief delight,
 And all that they can have ;
 Their leader through these shades of night,
 And life beyond the grave.

5 Safe in his blessed hand,
 His bosom and his love,

Their new-born souls securely stand,
Their rock can never move.

6 They never need to fear,
While Christ the Saviour reigns,
They shall with him in heav'n appear,
While he his throne maintains.

7 He's all the Christian's peace,
While travelling here below ;
And when these mortal clouds shall cease,
To endless bliss they go.

8 O let this Christ be mine,
And I will ask no more ;
Forever Lord I will be thine,
And thy blest name adore.

9 On earth thy love I'd taste,
I shall be happy then ;
Say thou art mine, O precious Christ,
And I will say Amen.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

H Y M N S,
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.
B O O K I V.

*Consisting chiefly of christian travels ; the joys
and trials of the soul.*

HYMN I. *Short Metre.*

The doubting christian panting for liberty.

1 **W**HEN will the pow'r of grace
My doubts and fears destroy ?
When shall I see my Saviour's face,
To turn my grief to joy ?

2 When shall I see the day
That Jesus will make known
His love to me that I may say
My Jesus is my own ?

3 Jesus is all I want ;
O give thyself to me ;
My spirit groans, my heart doth pant,
Thy smiling face to see.

4 Then will my soul rejoice
And trust upon thy word ;

The world shall hear my cheerful voice
Extol the Lord my God.

HYMN II. *Particular Metre.*

The Messiah come with free salvation.

1 **A**LL glory to the God in clay !
Thus stoop'd his goodness to display,
Now Jesus is his name ;

Hark ! how the heav'nly arches ring,
While thousands and ten thousands sing
All glory to the Lamb !

2 Let ev'ry land below the skies,
From earth's amusing slumbers rise,
And find the Saviour room ;
While ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Unite in one harmonious song
And sing redeeming grace.

3 Say mortals can your tongues forbear
Such boundless goodness to declare ?
O spread redeeming love !

How can the Gentiles or the Jews,
Monarchs or nations e'er refuse
Their flamm'ring tongues to move ?

4 His love deserves the highest praise
That all created pow'rs can raise ;
Or sound his worthy fame !

Let heav'n and earth the concert join,
To shout his name with songs divine ;
All glory to the Lamb !

HYMN III. *Common Metre.**The prayer and complaint of the doubting christian.*

1 **U**NHAPPY soul, O God I rove
So distant from thy face!

When shall I feel eternal love,
And sing redeeming grace?

2 O speak the healing word to me,
Dear Lord and let me know
Thy bleeding love hath set me free
From everlasting woe.

3 My life O God without thy love,
With ev'ry earthly good,
Will all a scene of sorrow prove,
And find a tiresome road.

4 But O one spark of heav'nly day,
One crumb of food divine,
Drives all my slavish fears away,
And makes redemption mine.

5 Come glorious prince of peace, and give
Thy blessed self to me;

O let me, let me, let me live,
To thee my God to thee.

HYMN IV. *Common Metre,**The same.*

1 **O** COULD my soul the Saviour find,
And know he died for me,
How would the scene transport my mind!
How happy should I be!

2 There's nothing else that can rejoice
This wounded heart of mine;

0 Jesus let me hear thy voice
Declare that I am thine.

3 I cannot rest until I know,
O come the happy hour,
And bring a period to my woe,
By heav'n's immortal pow'r.

4 Then will my heart rejoice to sing
The praises of my God ;
I'd lean upon my heav'nly king,
And spread his love abroad.

HYMN V. *Long Metre.*
The christian's choice.

1 **T**HIS, this O God, is my request,
Thyself the boundless sea of love ;
On earth with thy sweet presence blest,
And with thee in the realms above.

2 I cannot be contented Lord,
To spend one day without thy love,
O feed me hourly with thy word,
To walk with thee where e'er I rove.

3 Fain would I wholly live to thee,
And follow other Gods no more ;
And in thy presence always be,
Until I reach the peaceful shore.

4 Thy face, O Jesus let me see,
And feel the wonders of thy love ;
Spend all my mortal days with thee
And then awake in realms above.

5 There shall my soul from sorrows rest,
 And sound with joy my Saviour's fame ;
 O thought to be forever blest,
 In the embraces of the Lamb.

6 O give thou blessed Prince of peace,
 This everlasting crown to me ;
 Where songs of joy shall never cease,
 And all my pow'rs wrapt up in thee.

HYMN VI. *Common Metre.*

A song of praise to Christ.

1 **J**ESUS the heav'nly Lamb was slain,
 A rebel world to save ;
 Jesus the sinners' life to gain,
 His own a ransom gave.

2 He bleeds, he dies beneath the weight
 Of man's enormous guilt ;
 His grace so free, his love so great,
 His blood was freely spilt.

3 Ten thousand praises to thy name,
 Thou sinner's only friend !
 Let ev'ry tongue thy love proclaim,
 Till mortal days shall end.

4 Then let eternal ages sound
 Thy name in realms above,
 Where everlasting joys abound,
 A sea of perfect love.

HYMN VII. *Long Metre.*

The doubting christian mourning under sin and death.

1 **O** GOD does not my spirit grieve,
 And ground with panting breath,

And long and pray to be reliev'd,
From darknefs, fin, and death.

2 I cannot rest beneath these chains,
Without some life divine ;

But nothing can remove my pains,
Till heav'n doth on me shine.

3 O must I still this desert rove,
Without the Lord my friend ?
There's nothing but the Saviour's love
Can make my sorrows end.

4 Break down this wall of unbelief,
And let me see thy face ;

O Jesus give my soul relief,
Then will I sing thy grace.

5 I long to see the happy hour,
When I shall Jesus know ;
Send down thy spirit Lord with pow'r,
And save me from my woe.

HYMN VIII. *Common Metre.*

The christian thirsting for a nearness to Christ.

1 **O** FOR an heart inspir'd with grace,
To love and serve the Lord !

With joy I'd walk in wisdom's ways
And feed upon his word.

2 Then would I tread all earthly joys
As dust beneath my feet ;

All things but Jesus are but toys ;
But he is joys complete.

3 O let me near this Jesus live,
How happy shall I be !

The greatest blessings he can give
Is his own self to me.

4 O what blest hours I then shall see,
Enrich'd with joys divine !

O say dear Jesus can it be,
Such boundless treasure's mine.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

The happy state of christians.

1 **B**LEST are the souls that know the Lord,
And humbly walk before his face ;
They feast upon immortal food,
And sing with joy redeeming grace.

2 Cheerful they tread this desert through,
Led by the blest Redeemer's hand ;
And when they bid this earth adieu,
With joy will reach the heav'nly land.

3 There from their sorrows they shall rest,
With angels on the peaceful shore ;
And with immortal glories blest,
To leave their chief delight no more.

4 O might it be my portion too,
To have the blessings they enjoy !
I'd bid all other joys adieu,
And join in their divine employ.

HYMN X. *Common Metre.**A song of praise to Christ.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall we render to thy name,
 O thou incarnate God ?
 We would adore the bleeding Lamb,
 For his redeeming blood.
- 2 Thy dying love O prince of peace,
 Deserves eternal praise ;
 Nor shall the cheerful accents cease,
 Through everlasting days.
- 3 Freely thou left the realms of light,
 And dy'd for wretched men ;
 That from the gulph of endless night,
 They might in glory reign.
- 4 Thy grace and spirit so abounds,
 Through all the world doth move !!
 To ev'ry heart thy voice resounds
 The offers of thy love.

HYMN XI. *Long Metre.**The christian mourning under sin, doubts and death.*

- 1 **H**OW sad and heavy is my days,
 O God without thy cheering voice !
 But when I feel thy heav'nly rays,
 My soul mounts up and can rejoice.
- 2 But now without the Saviour's love
 I'm bound with chains of death and sin ;
 And like a captive mourning rove,
 Till he revives my soul again.

- 3 Ten thousand foes beset my way,
When I with the ungodly run,
Yet wretched soul how oft I stray,
And mourn like Job without the Son.
- 4 The day I spend in deep distress,
And through ten thousand subjects rove ;
And nights without one moment's rest,
Until I find my absent love.
- 5 O could I from this bondage flee,
And find my soul in Jesus' love,
How happy, happy should I be,
While through this wretched world I rove !

HYMN XII. *Short Metre.**The joy of saints above.*

- 1 **H**OW happy are the saints
Above in perfect joy !
Far from their sorrows and complaints,
Where nothing can annoy.
- 2 Rejoicing there they see
The glories of their God ;
Where Jesus is, 'tis there they be,
And he is all their good.
- 3 They drink of Jesus' love,
And lean upon his breast ;
They sail through all the realms above,
With joy forever blest.
- 4 They've reach'd the peaceful shore,
And found their happy home ;
Their souls rejoice forevermore,
Where grief can never come.

HYMN XIII. *Long Metre.**For the morning.*

1 **N**OW with the morn, my soul arise,
And stretch to realms above the skies ;
Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to lift a morning song.

2 Jesus preserv'd me through the night,
And rais'd me to the morning light ;
O may I now with Jesus wake,
And ev'ry other love forsake.

3 O Jesus come and lead my way
Through all the dangers of the day ;
Thou heav'nly son upon me shine,
And cheer me with thy joys divine.

4 From sins and darkness set me free,
And let me walk this day with thee ;
And when these mortal days shall cease,
I shall awake in realms of peace.

HYMN XIV. *Common Metre.**For the evening.*

1 **T**HIS evening, O my God to thee,
I will myself resign ;
Come life or death, O let me be,
Dear Lord forever thine.

2 Secure, O Lord my spirit keep,
From hell's insulting pow'rs ;
Thou shepherd of my feeble sheep,
O guard my slumb'ring hours.

3 If death this night my life invade,
And I must quit my clay,

O lead me through death's gloomy shade,
To everlasting day,

4 But if once more thou raise my head
To see the rising sun,

O may I leave my slumb'ring bed
The christian race to run.

5 O let me live alone to thee,
While through this world I rove,
And when from mortal clogs I'm free,
Reach thy blest realms of love,

HYMN XV. *Common Metre.*

On Christ's death, and his love.

1 **G**REAT did thy love and pity reign,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God,
When in the agonies of pain,
Thou bore the sinner's load !

2 Ten thousand sins upon thy soul,
Like pond'rous mountains press'd,
And wasting floods of anguish roll,
Through all thy wounded breast.

3 O boundless love of ancient date !
Redeeming grace how free !
Think, O my soul, and tell, how great
That love that bled for thee !

4 Jesus our God, what shall we pay
For love so great as thine !
What shall we think, what shall we say,
Of wonders so divine !

5 Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tongue,
And ev'ry land and shore,
Commence an everlasting song,
Thy goodness to adore.

6 Let saints on earth with pleasure sing
The honors of thy name,
While all the heav'nly arches ring
With "*Worthy is the Lamb.*"

HYMN XVI. *Short Metre.*

The christian's complaint and plea.

1 **O** JESUS take away
This pride and unbelief ;
They lead thy wand'ring child astray,
And load my soul with grief.

2 I never can rejoice
But when my God is near ;
O let me feel thy charming voice,
And I'll forget my fear.

3 I long to be releas'd
From unbelief and pride ;
I long to feel my love increas'd,
And on the Lord confide.

4 Lord, may thy love constrain
My drooping heart away,
And lead me in the path divine
To everlasting day.

5 How cheerful would I go,
If Jesus would attend,
To let my fellow mortals know
The love of Christ my friend.

HYMN XVII. *Common Metre.**The christian amazed at his own stupidity.*

1 **O** WAS it for my wretched soul
The Saviour bled so free !

What sorrows through his bosom roll,
And pains of death for me !

2 Then O my soul how can'st thou sleep,
Or from such goodness rove !

How can my tongue a silence keep,
And not declare his love !

3 Shall the eternal prince of heav'n
Give up his life for me,
And shew me all my sins forgiv'n,
And I so stupid be.

4 Ten thousand thanks belong
To thee, O Lamb of God,
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Should sound thy name abroad.

HYMN XVIII. *Common Metre.**On unbelief.*

1 **O** JESUS could my soul believe
I soon should see thy grace ;
Nothing but faith can me relieve
And let me see thy face.

2 'Tis unbelief that cruel foe,
Doth all my peace destroy,
And chains me down to scenes of woe
Without one spark of joy.

3 'Tis this that bars poor souls from heav'n,
And sends them down to hell ;

And by this sin the saints are driven
In darkness oft to dwell.

4 It wounds my soul, and flights the love
Of Christ my bleeding Lord ;
It keeps me from the joys above,
And veils the eternal word.

H Y M N XIX. *Common Metre.*

The christian's safety.

1 **W**HY do ye mourn, ye blessed saints ?
Or why indulge your fear ?
Fall not a prey to sad complaints,
Since God is always near.

2 Although in sins you often grieve,
And feel your heavy chains,
Think on the Lord, in him believe,
And you'll forget your pains.

3 He loves you with eternal love,
And soon for you will come ;
Make all your doubts and sorrows move,
And bring you to your home.

4 Go on rejoicing in your friend,
And sing immortal love,
Till all these mortal scenes shall end,
And you awake above.

H Y M N XX. *Common Metre.*

On the happiness of saints' above.

1 **G**REAT are the joys of saints above,
Beyond what tongue can tell ;
Full they enjoy the Saviour's love,
And in his bosom dwell. X

2 Now they have reach'd the happy home,
 The sea of perfect joy ;
 Where interposing clouds ne'er come,
 Nor foes their peace annoy,

3 Their joys are now forever new,
 And all their sorrows gone ;
 All other loves they've bid adieu,
 And with the Lord are one.

4 Cheerful they've run the christian race,
 And reach'd the peaceful shore,
 And see their Jesus face to face,
 Where clouds can veil no more.

5 Arise my soul the crown pursue,
 And taste redeeming love ;
 For I may share the glories too
 With all the saints above ;

H Y M N XXI. *Long Metre.*

Encouragement for christians.

1 **T**H O' saints pass through some trying days,
 By that intruding unbelief ;
 Soon they shall shout eternal praise,
 And from these sorrows find relief.

2 Oft times they feel a stupid frame,
 And mourn the absence of their love ;
 But soon their Jesus doth inflame -
 Their souls, and bear them far above.

3 And soon he'll wipe all tears away,
 And they from all their sorrows rest ;
 He'll hand them to eternal day,
 To be with him forever blest.

- 4 O give my soul a friend so dear,
 A portion in the realms above ;
 And while I tread this desert here,
 Let me enjoy thy constant love.
- 5 Descend thou heav'nly Dove, descend ;
 Bear me on thy celestial-wing ;
 I will rejoice in thee my friend,
 And triumphs on my journey sing.

HYMN XXII. *Long Metre.*

On the death of Christ.

- 1 **T**HINK, O my soul, what Jesus bore,
 When nail'd upon the shameful tree !
 His body dress'd in purple gore,
 His soul in agonies for me.
- 2 Behold he bleeds, and groans, and dies,
 And till his last expiring breath,
 He groans, and prays with earnest cries,
 For wretched souls condemn'd to death.
- 3 O what amazing pity this !
 The Saviour bears the sinner's load,
 To crown them with immortal bliss,
 And make poor rebels sons of God.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues.
 I never could his love express ;
 But O I'd raise ten thousand songs
 To Christ *the Lord our righteousness.*

HYMN XXIII. *Common Metre.*

Encouragement to the mourning christians.

- 1 **W**HY do ye thus in sorrow stray,
 Ye foll'wers of the Lamb ?

Believe, and drive your fears away,
And sing your Saviour's name.

2 Though worldly sorrows you sustain,
Forbid a murm'ring tear,
Since Jesus is your only gain,
Why will you mourn for fear?

3 Though trials often chain you down
From his immediate love,
Yet soon you'll reach the heav'nly crown
With all the saints above.

4 There face to face your souls shall see
Your everlasting friend ;
In perfect glory you shall be
And all your sorrows end.

HYMN XXIV. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **N**O more ye foll'wers of the Lamb
Indulge your fear and grief,
Believe and feel that lovely name
That died for your relief.

2 Soon will he wipe your tears away,
And turn your grief to joy ;
He'll bring you to eternal day,
Where nothing can annoy,

3 There shall you join the heav'nly throng,
Who drink immortal love ;
With triumphs sing the victor's song
Through all the realms above.

4 O Lamb of God and shall I have
My portion with them there ?
Tis all I need, tis all I crave,
With my dear sons to share.

5 All things below I count but small
When I can Jesus see,
And find he is my life my all,
And I from bondage free.

6 Speak, Lord, and let me really know
That I am in thy love,
And call my heart from joys below
To solid joys above.

HYMN XXV. *Common Metre.*

Wondering at, and rejoicing in the love of God.

1 **O** HAS Jehovah thought on me,
And bore my guilty load !
Amazing thought ! and can it be,
To bring me home to God !

2 Then leap'd my soul from sorrows free'd !
And sing the glorious plan ;
Jehovah enters flesh to bleed
For wretched, dying man.

3 My ears have heard the joyful sound,
Of the Redeemer's love ;
My soul hath felt, my heart hath found
A Saviour from above.

4 Forever blessed be thy name,
Thou Lamb that dy'd for me !
And all my soul with love inflame,
To thee my God to thee,

HYMM XXVI. *Long Metre.**The blessed and safe state of christians.*

1 **T**HREE blessed are the saints of God,
 Though oft they grieve in darkness here,
 Christ has the way before them trod,
 And for their help is always near.

2 His arm of love shall guard them safe,
 Long as they tread this barren land,
 And soon he'll call them from their grief
 To reign with joy at his right hand.

3 Hell may invade, and earth annoy,
 Their joy and peace while here below ;
 But earth nor hell cannot destroy,
 Nor move their final overthrow.

4 Their lives in Christ are hid secure ;
 Their portion lies beyond the grave ;
 Their life forever must endure,
 For God is all the life they have.

5 Their names are seal'd upon his heart,
 And well the Saviour knows his own ;
 Nor shall they form his bosom part,
 As long as God maintains his throne.

HYMN XXVII. *Common Metre.**For the evening.*

1 **M**Y life and soul to thee, O God,
 This evening I resign,
 And trust upon thy living word,
 To be forever thine.

2 O Jesus take me in thy care,
 And guard my life in peace,

And keep my soul from every snare,
Till all these nights shall cease.

3 Then in the evening of my days,
When trembling nature dies,
Call me away to love and praise,
With saints above the skies.

4 There I shall need this sleep no more,
Nor feel this mortal frame ;
But bask on life's immortal shore
In heav'n's transporting flame.

HYMN XXVIII. *Common Metre.*

For the morning.

1 **L**ET ev'ry morning, O my God,
My songs of praise renew,
To spread thy glorious name abroad,
And learn thy wisdom too.

2 The silent nights declare thy grace
While thy protections keep
The tottering lives of mortal race,
And they securely sleep.

3 O might this rising morn engage
My soul and thousands more,
Long as we tread this mortal stage
Thy goodness to adore.

4 And when th' immortal day shall break,
And all these clogs shall cease,
We shall, with all thy saints awake
In everlasting peace.

5 No clouds of night shall interpose ;
No enemies annoy ;

And all our changing scenes shall close
In everlasting joy.

HYMN XXIX. *Common Metre.*

Encouragement to christians under trials.

1 **Y**E foll'wers of the Lamb that mourn
The absence of your friend,
Believe and he will soon return,
And all your sorrows end.

2 'Tis unbelief (that foe) that reigns,
That makes you doubt and fear ;
But faith will break ten thousand chains,
And bring your Saviour near.

3 He loves you and will ne'er forget
Your trials and complaints ;
He's with your souls in ev'ry state,
And feels for all his saints.

4 Though death and hell may all engage
His children to destroy,
He'll soon defeat their hellish rage,
And turn your grief to joy.

5 O lift your heads ye saints of God,
For Jesus is your king ;
Let faith inspire you on the road,
And as you journey sing.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*


Thoughts on the saints above.

1 **O** JOYS of heav'n's immortal throng,
In the sweet realms above !
There every heart and ev'ry tongue,
Is borne away with love.

- 2 There they enjoy eternal peace,
In him the great I AM ;
They sing the song, and never cease,
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 3 Ten thousand blessings on them rest,
Of wisdom and of love ;
And ev'ry saint and angel blest,
With all the joys above.
- 4 When countless years have run their rounds,
They just begin to know
What a rich heaven they have found,
Nought past, but always NOW.
- 5 They never more shall need the sun,
To give them light by day ;
Nor ever want the feeble moon,
To scatter shades away.
- 6 There the eternal son of God,
Expels all shades of night,
And spreads the glorious beams abroad
Of uncreated light.

HYMN XXXI. *Common Metre.*

A prayer for increase of faith.

- 1  GIVE me strength of living faith
My Lord my God I pray,
Then shall I feel what Jesus saith,
And night be turn'd to day.
- 2 I fain would soar to realms divine,
But O my faith is low ;
And if I'm ask'd if thou art mine,
Some times I do not know.

- 3 When I have faith then I can move
Mountains of death and sin ;
When I have faith I feel thy love,
And find a heav'n within.
- 4 But unbelief rejects the grace
That Jesus would bestow,
And veils me from my father's face
Chain'd down to guilt and woe.
- 5 Lord give me faith to set me free
From chains of sin and death,
And let no spirit reign in me,
But thou the word of faith.

HYMN XXXII. *Short Metre.*

*Thirsting after God, and thoughts on the upper
realms.*

- 1 **M**Y God doth not delay ;
His grace is always free ;
But unbelief leads me astray,
Far, far, O God, from thee !
- 2 But still my inmost soul
Is thirsting, Lord, for thee ;
O let these chains no more controul,
Lord set the pris'ners free.
- 3 O let me feel thy love,
Dear Jesus, ev'ry hour ;
Fix my affection all above
By heav'n's attracting pow'r.
- 4 I long, O God, to be
Engag'd with all my heart,

To love and praise and follow thee,
And never more depart.

5 And when I reach the shore
Of everlasting rest,
My Jesus I shall still adore,
And be forever blest.

6 There in those realms divine
I trust ere long to be ;
There all the glories shall be mine,
For Christ belongs to me.

7 And there my soul shall know
Ten thousand glorious scenes,
And sweet delights that while below
Were veil'd with clouds between.

8 There I shall free enjoy
The presence of the Lamb,
And this shall be my sweet employ,
To sound his worthy fame.

9 Without the loss of years,
New glories will arise,
And ev'ry prospect that appears,
Transport my wond'ring eyes,

10 O blessed, blessed God,
And is this all for me ?

Yes ; thou hast freely spilt thy blood,
To bring me home to thee.

HYMN XXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Complaining of stupidity.

HOW can a soul so senseless be
That ever knew the Lord !

- Ah ! oft I've felt he dy'd for me,
 Yet how I rove abroad.
- 2 How little do I love his name,
 Or live on things above !
 How little is my heart inflam'd
 With his redeeming love !
- 3 I call him Lord, and so he is,
 A faithful Lord to me,
 And yet how oft I leave his ways,
 And after shadows flee !
- 4 The very heathens might condemn
 Me, and my creed abhor,
 While I confess but one I AM,
 Yet serve a thousand more.
- 5 O could I feel what I confess,
 How happy should I be !
 A heav'n through all this wilderness
 For Christ would dwell with me.
- HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*
On Faith.
- 1 **T**HAT living faith O God, I need,
 That purifies the heart,
 Then shall my soul from chains be freed,
 And every foe depart.
- 2 'Tis faith that brings me near to thee,
 And makes my soul rejoice ;
 'Tis faith that doth thy footsteps see,
 And faith that hears thy voice.
- 3 'Tis faith that conquers all my foes,
 And triumphs over death ;

Tis faith alone surmounts my woes,
O Jesus give me faith.

- 4 When I have faith then I can tell
The wonders of thy grace ;
Tis faith that conquers death and hell,
And runs the christian race ;
5 Faith looks with joy within the veil,
And views eternal things ;
Darkness and doubts, and sorrows fail
When faith extends her wings.

HYMN XXXV. *Common Metre.*

Complaining of stupidity.

1 **L**ORD God I feel my stupid frame,
And mourn my exile state ;
Once I was near to Christ the Lamb,
My distance now how great !

2 I cannot bear to think how far
From Jesus I desert ;
While ev'ry poor delusive star
Allures my wand'ring heart.

3 Can I that once have known the Lamb
From such a father rove !
Thus I deny that heav'nly name,
And sin against his love.

4 O what a stupid wretch am I !
How can I e'er forget
The day that Jesus passed by,
And sav'd me from the pit !

5 He dy'd to make me ever blest,
 And I have known his love ;
 Oft times I've lean'd upon his breast,
 And yet again I rove.

6 Lord wake me from this stupid frame,
 And fill my soul with love,
 Then shall thy name be all my theme,
 Till I awake above.

HYMN XXXVI. *Common Metre.*

On living near to Christ.

1 **O** COULD I live but near my God,
 How happy should I be ;
 I'd walk the paths that Jesus trod,
 The heav'nly lands to see.

2 Jesus would be my constant guide,
 And cheer me with his love ;
 Triumphant o'er my foes I'd ride,
 To the bright realms above.

3 O blessed spirit lend thy wing
 To bear my soul away,
 I'd soar with all thy saints and sing,
 To everlasting day.

4 Jesus for thee my soul doth pant,
 And fain would thee adore ;
 Thy blessed self is all I want,
 Now and forevermore.

HYMN XXXVII. *Common Metre.*

*The christian wondering at the goodness of God
 and his own stupidity.*

1 **H**AVE I been blest with grace divine,
 And known the joyful sound !

And is this blessed Jesus mine ;

O what a pearl I've found !

2 Why then my soul am I so dead !

How can I senseless be !

How can I with the wicked tread,

Since Jesus dy'd for me !

3 Ungrateful mortal that I am !

When Jesus is my friend ;

O could I now adore the Lamb,

Till all these trials end !

4 O prince of peace awake my heart,

With thy transporting love,

Nor let my soul from thee depart,

Till I shall soar above.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Particular Metre.*

Thoughts on the disintangled saints.

1 **O** THOUGHT ! how blest the saints above,
Who sail in everlasting love,
Around the glorious throne of light !

Their active spirits now arise,
With joy and triumph through the skies,
Without one passing shade of night.

2 See how the countless crowds rejoice,
And really one in heart and voice ;

Their shouts a sweet harmonious strain ;
Borne with a sweet celestial dove,

On wings of most transporting love,
Through all the vast immortal plain.

3 There they triumph in joys complete,
Terrestrial worlds beneath their feet,

Wrap'd up in love's immortal flame ;
Thus basking in eternal day,

Amen, amen, amen, they say,

Amen, all glory to the Lamb !

HYMN XXXIX. *Long Metre.*

The christian thirsting for liberty.

1 **O** COULD my soul a freedom find,
From these black clouds that veil my mind ;
Or must I still in exile rove,
So far from all my joy and love ?

2 O blessed Lord, my faith revive,
And make my dying soul alive ;
Awake me with a sacred flame,
To feel thy grace and love thy name.

3 Unlock these prison doors I pray ;
Take bars of unbelief away ;
O help me thou immortal Dove,
To feel and sing redeeming love.

HYMN XL. *Short Metre.*

Desiring to acknowledge the goodness of God.

1 **H**AD I ten thousand tongues
I'd spread thy name abroad ;
With joy I'd raise ten thousand songs
For to confess my God.

2 His goodness claims my praise,
And I'll adore his name ;
Yet all the songs that angels raise
Can add no joys to him.

3 O God thy spirit give,
That I may love thee more,
And let my soul forever live,
Thy goodness to adore.

4 Forever Lord I trust,
I shall adore that love,
That bled for me when I was lost,
And bore my soul above.

5 O what blest scenes I'll see
When once I'm landed there !
With God (who is my all) I'll be,
And what can I have more.

HYMN XLI. *Long Metre.*

On the condescension and love of Christ.

1 GREAT was the stoop, great was the love,
Of Jesus to the fallen race !
With joy he left the realms above,
To spread the wonders of his grace.

2 Down, down he stoops beneath the skies,
With love and pardons in his hands,
And dies, the mighty monarch dies,
To bring us to the heav'nly lands.

3 Think, O my soul Jehovah bleeds
For wretched men, O dearly bought !
Such love and goodness far exceeds
The last extent of human thought.

3 Let all the glorious hosts above,
Where they unveil'd his glories see,
Resound the wonders of his love,
For 'tis a note too high for me.

HYMN XLII. *Long Metre.*

*An advice to the new born-souls never to part for
their different opinions about non-essentials.*

- 1 **L**ET not the sons of Jesus call
That common which the Lord hath cleans'd;
When Christ who is their all in all,
Has lov'd them, and their hearts have chang'd.
- 2 They're fav'rites of the Lamb of God,
Who freely spilt his blood for them;
If then they're wash'd in his own blood,
Who dares their chosen names condemn.
- 3 Jesus has seal'd them on his heart,
And loves them as his heav'nly seed,
Then why should christians ever part,
When in essentials they're agreed?
- 4 O then no more ye heav'n-born race,
For modes and forms so warm contend,
You're all redeem'd by the same grace,
And all have Jesus for your friend.
- 5 'Tis love that doth fulfil the law,
And meekness spreads the Saviour's name;
But warm debates will never draw
Not one poor soul to Christ the Lamb.
- 6 Proclaim ye saints your master's love,
In ev'ry hour and ev'ry breath,
And soon you'll land with him above
To join the triumphs of his death.

HYMN XLIII. *Common Metre.*

The christian hungering for the bread of life.

- 1 **W**HY should I starve my hungry mind
On earth's alluring charms!

No solid pleasure shall I find,
But in my Saviour's arms.

2 'Tis there alone I find relief
From ev'ry sore distress,

'Tis there I lose my guilt and grief,
And taste of heav'nly bliss.

3 O could I hourly walk with God,
And feel his boundless love,
With joy I'd sound his name abroad,
And sing where e'er I rove.

4 Take me my Jesus by the hand,
And lead to streams divine,
Cheerful I'll join the heav'nly band,
And sing the Lord is mine.

5 O give me that immortal food
That saints enjoy above,
There's nothing worth the name of good
But that redeeming love.

HYMN XLIV. *Common Metre.*

The christian in the dark. pining for light and liberty.

1 **O** WHEN will these black clouds depart,
And bars of death remove?
Break heav'nly morn into my heart,
And cheer me with thy love.

2 How would my soul arise with joy
To see my Saviour's face,
And ev'ry pow'r of thought employ
To tell the world of grace.

3 I long to love my Jesus more,
 And let poor sinners know
 His goodness hath no bound nor shore,
 That they may love him too.

4 O Jesus break my heavy chains,
 And set the mourner free ;
 I'll sing for joy, and lose my pains;
 And walk dear Lord with thee.

HYMN XLV. *Short Metre.*

*Complaining of pride and unbelief, and thirsting
 for liberty.*

1 **O** GOD my heart is hard,
 And pride yet reigns within ;
 In death and darkness I am bar'd,
 With unbelief the chain.

2 O break thou Prince of peace,
 These bars that chain me so,
 And give my wounded soul release
 Out of this gulf of woe.

3 O let me feel and see
 The wonders of thy grace ;
 And let my happy portion be
 Among the heav'n born race.

4 Then would my soul rejoice,
 In the Redeemer's name ;
 And while I live I'd spend my voice,
 His goodness to proclaim.

HYMN XLVI. *Common Metre.*

*Panting after Christ and the spreading of his
cause.*

1 JESUS my soul doth long to know

More of thyself in time ;

And while I tread these climes below,

Feed on these joys sublime.

2 Then could I tell of Christ my God,

And spread his lovely name,

That other souls might hear his word,

Come and enjoy the same.

3 My soul dear Jesus, longs to see

Thy blessed cause revive ;

O bring poor sinners home to thee,

And let the mourners live.

HYMN XLVII. *Common Metre.*

*The doubting christian wrestling for a real know-
ledge of Christ.*

1 O CUTTING doubts ! when shall I know
That Jesus is my friend ?

When shall I leave these floods of woe ?

When will these conflicts end ?

2 Sometimes I think I feel his love,

And taste of joys divine ;

But ah ! too soon in doubts I rove,

And cannot say he's mine.

3 But still I must presume to know,

Since all I have's at stake ;

Tell me, dear God, O stoop so low

For the Redeemer's sake.

- 4 'Tis for the glory of thy name,
And my eternal joy,
That I should know and love the Lamb,
Then, Lord, these doubts destroy.
- 5 I never shall with peace be blest,
While doubting thus I rove;
Nor dare I sleep, nor dare I rest,
'Till I have known thy love.
- 6 O come dear Jesus, come, I pray,
And speak the word of peace;
Take all my doubts and fears away,
And make my sorrow cease.
- 7 O might I see the happy day,
When I could all resign;
These doubts and foes be fled away,
And know that Christ is mine!

HYMN XLVIII. *Common Metre.*

Desiring Christ above all.

- 1 **L**ORD fill my heart with love divine,
And let me live to thee;
Let me be thine, and thou be mine,
Then happy I shall be.
- 2 This is the portion I request,
And this is all I want;
Nor can I think that I am blest,
'Till thou this blessing grant.
- 3 There's nothing else, O God, can do;
All other gifts are small;
The love of Christ, O let me know,
For Jesus must be all.

4 Say, blessed Jesus, shall I be
Once leaning on thy breast;
In heav'n where shall I reign with thee,
O can I be so blest!

5 So great the prize, so great my need,
I cannot be deny'd;
Give me thyself, O God, I plead,
And I shall be supply'd.

HYMN XLIX. *Short Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** JESUS at thy feet I fall;
Be thou my everlasting all;
No other joys my soul would know,
Long as I tread these climes below.

2 I'll give myself to Christ the Lamb,
And make his praise my constant theme,
Until my last expiring breath,
Then triumph over sin and death.

3 Then Jesus let my soul arise
To realms where pleasure never dies;
There shall I tread the blissful shore,
And leave my God, my life, no more.

HYMN L. *Particular Metre.*

On the birth of Christ.

1 **S**EE Jesus in a manger lies!
Archangels gaze with sweet surprise,
At their Creator's mortal birth;
Hark! hark! the heav'nly arches ring,
When God their King, when God their King
Appears among the sons of earth.

- 2 Angels descend, with joy proclaim
 To mortals his incarnate name,
 And bids the world forget their fear;
 Lift up your eyes, O Adam's race,
 An act of grace, an act of grace
 By Jesus comes, O sinners hear.
- 3 Sinners behold your only friend,
 For you his arm doth wide extend,
 Tastes death for you, and all mankind;
 Fear not, O shepherds, this is he,
 Arise and see, arise and see,
 The Babe at Bethlehem you'll find.
- 4 Shout, dying mortals, shout his praise,
 Let ev'ry tongue his honors raise;
 Glad tidings to your world is come;
 Go tell the world from shore to shore,
 Despond no more, despond no more,
 He's come to call the rebels home.

HYMN LI. *Common Metre.**Panting after Christ.*

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus let thy grace appear
 And touch my harden'd heart,
 Thy love would banish all my fear,
 And make my foes depart.
- 2 How can I live so far from thee
 A God of boundless grace!
 When shall I hourly walk with thee
 And see thy smiling face?
- 3 I know dear God, thy love is great,
 And like a boundless sea;

But when my soul no taste doth get,
It is not love to me !

4 'Tis for that love my soul aspires,
O Jesus hear my cry,
Thy love fulfils all my desires,
And lifts my soul on high.

5 O Lord to thy dear feet I come,
And plead thy precious blood ;
Be thou my portion, life and home,
And my eternal food.

HYMN LII. *Particular Metre.*

Desiring nothing but Christ.

1 **A** BEGGAR Lord behold I stand,
And wait the moving of thy hand,
O send me not away distressed ;
I never can true pleasure see
Until I find it Lord in thee,
But O in thee forever blest.

2 Not earthly crowns, nor length of days,
Nor all the grandeur time can raise,
Would ever tempt me from thy door ;
But O thy kingdom in my soul,
Is all I want, 'tis all in all,
O be my life forevermore.

3 I call no arm a friend but thine,
I know no joys but joys divine,
Thy presence brings immortal light ;
Thy love doth all my foes destroy,
In thee is everlasting joy,
But without thee eternal night.

HYMN LIH. *Common Metre.**The christian's parting hymn.*

1 **B**LEST be the Lord that we may part,
And bodies far remove,
Yet we are bound in every heart
By the Redeemer's love.

2 Although our mortal feet may tread
In different paths below,
Our souls are one in Christ our head,
And blest where e'er we go.

3 As faithful warriors let us fight,
For Jesus leads our band,
He'll guide our feet both day and night
Through all this desert land.

4 When a few moments more are gone
We'll reach the peaceful shore,
Where ev'ry soul to Jesus born
Will meet and part no more.

5 There where our Saviour's glories shine
We'll walk the blissful plain ;
Our souls shall drink of streams divine
And with our Jesus reign.

HYMN LIV. *Long Metre.**For the youth.*

1 **L**EAD me O Jesus in thy truth,
While I am in the bloom of youth ;
Redeem my soul from death and sin,
And let me feel thy love within.

2 While I pass through this mortal stage,
My life in thy blest cause engage ;
And let me tell the world thy death
Until my last expiring breath.

3 Then when my mortal life shall fail,
And I must pass death's gloomy veil,
With gladness would I yield my breath,
And triumph o'er the powers of death.

4 I'd bid adieu to all my woe,
And to my heav'nly father go ;
To join with all the youthful throng
Where love shall be our lasting song.

HYMN LV. *Particular Metre.*

Panting for divine light and life.

1 **W**HO will expel these shades of night
And give my soul immortal light ?
None but the Saviour, he's my joy ;
'Tis he alone can let me know
The joys of upper worlds below,
And my unnumber'd foes destroy.

2 Soon as I hear his charming voice,
I leap, I sing and I rejoice,
And feel my soul wrapt up in love !
Could I but always feel me so
Triumphing through the world I'd go
'Till I should reach the realms above.

3 O happy thought ! transporting hour !
And shall I once with Jesus there
In everlasting glory reign ?

There all the heav'nly hosts are one,
 The battle's fought the field is won,
 Nor shall they ever part again.

HYMN LVI. *Common Metre.*

A christian in the dark.

1 **O** MUST I wander all my days
 In doubts and slavish fears,
 Through horrid foes, and gloomy ways,
 And floods, and griefs, and tears ?

2 Where shall I wander for relief
 But to the prince of peace ?
 'Tis he alone can ease my grief,
 And make my trials cease.

3 O Jesus take me in thy hand,
 And let me know thy love,
 Each hour let me enjoy my friend,
 And never from thee rove.

4 My weary'd soul can never rest,
 Nor ever happy be,
 Except I lean upon thy breast,
 O Lord, and live with thee.

HYMN LVII. *Particular Metre.*

The pilgrims song.

1 **P**ILGRIMS let us all engage,
 While we tread this mortal stage,
 Spread the name of Christ our king,
 And while on our journey sing.

2 Jesus for us spent his breath,
 Dy'd to save our souls from death ;

He must have our life and soul,
For our God is all in all.

3 Shouting praising, let us go,
Leaving all the joys below ;
Soon our souls shall mount on high,
Where our joys shall never die.

HYMN LVIII. *Long Metre.*

The doubting christian.

1 **L**ONG have I wander'd from my God,
And lost the sweetness of his word ;
When shall I meet my friend again,
And sing his love, and lose my pain ?

2 Ne'er shall I rest until I find
My love to cheer my drooping mind ;
I long to feel his sacred flame
And tell the world his lovely name.

3 Come Jesus, come and cheer my heart,
Make ev'ry carnal love depart ;
What e'er I have where e'er I be,
Let me forever be with thee.

HYMN LIX. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** GOD break in my heart with love,
And let me feel this death remove ;
Let me enjoy my Father's face,
That I may triumph in thy grace.

2 Unhappy mortal I shall be
If I still wander without thee ;

But if with thee where'er I go
It is a heav'n begun below.

3 Come Lord and speak a "hail all peace"
And ev'ry storm will quickly cease ;
O lead me with thy heav'nly hand,
Safe to the blest the peaceful land.

HYMN LX. *Particular Metre.*

A song for the pilgrims.

1 **P**ILGRIMS lift your hearts to sing
Songs of praise to God our king ;
He that bought us with his blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

3 There in peace we soon shall rest
With his saints forever blest ;
There enjoy our Saviour's love,
Never more from Jesus rove.

3 There forever we'll rejoice,
Love uniting every voice ;
Feasting on immortal food,
Ev'ry soul made one with God.

4 Through the realms of light we'll sail,
Perfect joy shall never fail ;
Countless pilgrims landed there,
In angelic glories share.

HYMN LXI. *Long Metre.*

Desiring to be always near to God.

1 **O** THAT I might forever be
Kept near my God, and him adore,

'Till face to face I him shall see,
Within the blest immortal shore !

3 Lord speak the word and seal my heart,
So fast to my eternal friend,
That we may not from thee desert
Till all these mortal changes end.

3 Then in the eternal world of rest,
Let me with thee my father reign,
With all the saints and angels blest,
And never, never part again.

HYMN LXII. *Long Metre.*

Desiring to know more of God.

1 **M**UCH more, O God, I fain would be
Acquainted with myself and thee ;
Nothing but Jesus let me know,
Then shall I have a heav'n below.

2 No more O Jesus, let me stray
To lose the sweetness of thy way ;
Or if I should a captive rove,
Reclaim me with thine arm of love.

3 Much of thy spirit may I have,
With thee to walk, and in thee live ;
Let grace my heart and tongue employ,
To court poor sinners to my joy.

4 And when these mortal clogs shall cease,
I shall exult in realms of peace,
Discharg'd from earth and all her toys
To share in everlasting joys.

HYMN LXIII. *Particular Metre.**The doubting christians.*

1 **W**HEN will the blest immortal Dove,
 These heavy doubts and clouds remove,
 And let me know my standing sure ?

O will his love e'er on me shine,
 That I may say my God is mine,
 And doubt his love no more ?

2 Dark state of mine to live so far
 From Christ the bright the morning star,
 And wander in these shades of night ;
 My faith is weak, my joys are low ;
 Long nights I wade through sea of woe ;
 O Jesus bless me with thy light.

3 Lord take me by the hand I pray,
 And lead me to eternal day,
 Where ev'ry fear and doubt shall cease ;
 There shall I drink of living streams,
 And bask in thine immortal beams
 Where all the glorious realms are peace.

HYMN LXIV. *Long Metre.**The strange travels of a doubting christian.*

1 **T**HERE's none can tell or yet conceive,
 What different scenes I'm carried thro'
 But those who in the Lord believe,
 Are born, and know the travels too.

2 Sometimes I think the Lamb of God
 Has spoke a word of peace to me,
 Has spent his life and spilt his blood,
 And bore my curses on the tree.

- 3 Then leaps my soul with joys divine,
Long as I feel the heav'nly flame,
I think the blessed Lamb is mine,
And find a sweetness in his name.
- 4 But O how soon does unbelief
Pretend it is too great for me !
I never found that true relief
Which real christians know and see.
- 5 Cast down and mourning then I go,
And feel the borders of despair,
My bleeding heart o'erwhelm'd with woe,
Is drove from place to place with fear.
- 6 Yet when a glimpse of light returns
I feel my former joys again ;
My wounded soul doth cease to mourn,
My fears are fled, and foes are slain.
- 7 My faith revives, my joys increase,
I think my trying hours are gone ;
But unbelief soon breaks my peace,
And all my doubts and fears return.
- 8 And thus I'm toss'd from hope to fear,
As faith, or unbelief prevails ;
But still my God is always near,
Though clouds so oft his face may veil.
- 9 Lord since thy goodness knows no bound,
O let me feel thy kingdom stand,
Then when thy mercies I have found,
I'll trust my all upon thy hand.

10 Then let the pow'rs of hell invade,
I'll triumph while my rock I feel;
My hope is on Jehovah laid,
My anchor sure within the veil.

HYMN LXV. *Short Metre.*

Desiring to walk with God.

1 **O** JESUS with me go,
And lead me by thy love,
Long as I journey here below,
Nor let me from thee rove.

2 Where e'er my lot may be,
While on this mortal stage,
Help me my God to walk with thee,
And in thy cause engage.

3 Let love inspire my tongue
To spread thy grace abroad,
Redeeming love shall be my song,
And thou shall be my God.

4 And when this life shall end,
And all my labour cease;
Let me enjoy my heav'nly friend
In the sweet realms of peace.

HYMN LXVI. *Particular Metre.*

The christian in the dark panting for light.

1 **H**ASTE dear Jesus, haste I pray,
Take this unbelief away,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let me know that I am thine.

2 Far I live dear Lord from thee,
Little of thy glories see,
Must I still in exile go,
Wading in these scenes of woe !

3 O my Jesus make me blest,
In thy bosom let me rest,
Guide my feet, possess my heart,
Let me never from thee part.

4 Can I live without thy grace !
Must I mourn thy distant face !
All my hopes, and joys are slain,
Till I see thy face again.

5 Lead me Lord in paths of peace,
Then will all my sorrows cease,
Lend thy hand from realms above,
To inspire me with thy love.

6 O for blessings so divine !
Can such glories e'er be mine ?
Yea thyself, O Lord hath sworn,
Thou doth freely give the crown.

HYMN LXVII. *Common Metre.*

*The christian encouraged under trials by the
victory others have gained.*

1 **T**EN thousand foll'wers of the Lamb,
Who once this desert trod,
And suffer'd for their Saviour's name,
Are resting with their God.

2 Hard hours of grief they waded through,
While fighting here below ;

But now they've bid a long adieu
To all these scenes of woe.

3 Safely they've reach'd the peaceful shore
Where love immortal reigns,
Where storms of sorrow are no more,
And they forget their pains.

4 Then O my soul ! I must pursue
My Jesus and my love,
Till I shall meet in glory too,
With all the saints above.

5 Soon I shall sing the Victor's song
In mansions of delight,
And join the vast angelic throng
Far from these shades of night.

HYMN LXVIII. *Particular Metre.*
Thirsting after Christ.

1 **L**ORD my soul now doth aspire
For a spark of heav'nly fire ;
O that I may feel thy love
Waft me to the realms above ?

2 Help me, O my God I pray,
Bear my soaring heart away ;
Set me from my bondage free ;
Wrap my soul all up in thee.

3 Guide me Lord where e'er I go ;
Let me taste of heaven below,
Till my last exchange shall come,
Then, O my Jesus, call me home.

4 There I would forever reign,
 Never part from thee again ;
 With the children of thy love
 Reign with thee in realms above.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** WHEN, my blessed Jesus when
 Shall I enjoy thy love again ?

O let me see the happy hour,
 When I shall feel thy love with pow'r.

2 How can I live without my friend,
 O come and bid my sorrows end,
 One word, one word dear Jesus give,
 And cause my drooping soul to live.

3 My head is overwhelm'd with grief,
 I wander round to find relief ;
 But none, O God, I e'er shall see,
 Until I find myself with thee.

4 Lord Jesus break this gloomy shade ;
 Be thou my life, my joy, my aid ;
 And let me leave my friend no more
 Long as I tread this mortal shore.

HYMN LXX. *Common Metre.*

The vanity of the world.

1 **T**HIS world with all its charms
 Are vain and poison too ;

O let me fly to Jesus' arms,
 I'd bid them all adieu.

- 2 Methinks my soul can say,
I find no pleasure here ;
The more for earthly joys I stray,
The greater is my fear.
- 3 Too long I've sought for joy
Where it was never found ;
Why should I still my life employ,
To search a desert round ?
- 4 My hungry soul aspires
To bid them all adieu ;
My heart awakes with strong desires,
The Saviour to pursue.
- 5 Lord help me to arise
From ev'ry earthly toy ;
Give me a life that never dies,
And be my only joy.

HYMN LXXI. *Long Metre.*

!Panting for a felt knowledge of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN shall my soul from doubts be free
And be possess'd of life divine ?
That happy day when shall I see,
That I can say that Christ is mine ?
- 2 When will he for my soul appear,
And give my drooping spirit rest ?
Forgive my sins, expel my fear,
O Lord, and make me ever blest.
- 3 Then will my soul O God rejoice,
And tell the dying world thy love,
Sinners around shall hear my voice,
Till death command my last remove.

- 4 Then shall my lasting portion be,
To share with all the saints above ;
And live eternal God with thee,
And solace in thy boundless love.

HYMN LXXII. *Common Metre.*

For the morning.

- 1 **K**IND was the hand that bro't me through
My slumb'ring hours in peace ;
His mercies are forever new ;
Nor can his goodness cease.
- 2 Though earth and hell surrounds my bed,
And threatens to devour,
My Jesus safely guards my head,
With his almighty pow'r.
- 3 Great is thy goodness Lord to me
Thy mercy hath no bound ;
When either sleep or 'wake I be,
Thine arm doth me surround.
- 4 O could I now leave all my sloth,
And rising with the sun,
Speak my redeemer's praises forth,
While mortal wheels shall run !
- 5 Then when these nights and days are o'er,
I'll bid all pains adieu,
And reach the everlasting shore,
Where joys are ever new.
- 6 Then from these clogs I shall be freed,
And rest in sacred love ;
Where I no more this sleep shall need,
Or suns or moons to move.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.**Thirsting after Jesus.*

1 **A**S pilgrims with their rest to find,
 So doth my poor distressed mind
 Long to enjoy a place of rest,
 Among the saints forever blest.

2 I cannot live contented here
 Unless my Jesus does appear ;
 His presence brings a heav'nly feast,
 And makes me in his goodness boast.

3 Lord speak and set my spirit free,
 And cause me to rejoice in thee ;
 Let all my life and strength be thine
 Till I awake in realms divine.

4 Immortal love shall then inflame
 My soul to sound thy lasting fame,
 And blest beyond what tongue can tell,
 For there I shall with Jesus dwell.

HYMN LXXIV. *Long Metre.**The christian in the dark, confessing his desertion.*

1 **O**MUST I spend my moments so
 In this dark veil of death and woe !
 Through cutting fears and shades of night,
 I rove without one glimpse of light.

2 And must I still in darkness rove,
 So far from thee my friend, my love !
 That happy hour shall I ne'er see,
 When I can triumph, Lord in thee ?

3 'Twas my false heart led me astray,
And far I've wander'd from the way,
Yet, O thou blest, thou bleeding Lamb,
Thy poor, thy wand'ring sheep reclaim.

4 Though I have rov'd so far from thee,
Thou art not injur'd Lord by me ;
But I have wounded my own soul,
And thou alone can make me whole.

HYMN LXXV. *Short Metre.*

Panting after Christ.

1 **L**ORD Jesus let me see
The beauties of thy face ;
O let me live and walk with thee,
And triumph in thy grace.

2 My heart for thee doth pant,
O give me my request,
Thy blessed self, O God, I want,
And in thy love to rest.

3 Why should I spend my breath
For that which is not bread ?
The ways of sin are ways of death,
They strike my comforts dead.

4 But Lord I find in thee
All joy and ev'ry good,
And since thy goodness is so free,
May it be all my food.

5 Then will my cheerful soul
Rejoice my journey through,

My mortal days shall sweetly roll,
And all my fears adieu.

HYMN LXXVI. *Long Metre.*

*The doubting christian, longing to know that his
Redeemer liveth.*

1 **W**ITHOUT a doubt O could I know,
Dear Jesus, that I was in thee,
My soul would soon forget her woe,
And O how happy should I be !

2 Ah ! if I felt that Christ was mine,
With joy I'd sing his boundless love ;
My tongue should dwell on themes divine,
Till I should soar to realms above.

3 But if in doubts I spend my days,
No happy moments shall I see,
But wander in these dismal ways,
Distress'd and poor where'er I be.

4 This world would be a scene of woe,
And life itself a burden prove ;
And must I still a mourner go,
Without my friend, my life my love.,

5 O thou that came to help the poor,
Make bare thine arm and set me free ;
Thy goodness knows no bound nor shore,
Then Lord extend thy love to me.

HYMN LXXVII. *Common Metre.*

The christian sensible of desertion from God.

1 **T**OO long I have abus'd thy grace,
O my indulgent God !

Too long forsook the ways of peace,
And with the wicked trod.

2 I've captive been by sin and death,
But now begin to see
How vain I spend my life and breath,
When I desert from thee.

3 No peace I find so far from thee,
Nor rest without thy love,
And yet, O thoughtless wretch I be,
For empty shades I rove.

4 I never can contented be
Without the smiles of heav'n,
O blessed Jesus let me see
My sins are all forgiv'n.

5 O let me hear, O let me feel
That soul transporting voice,
Which will my wounded spirit heal,
And make my heart rejoice.

6 Then would my soul with joy proclaim
The goodness of my God,
I would adore my Saviour's name,
And spread his love abroad.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Long Metre.*

The christian confessing of coldness and stupidity.

1 **L**ORD I have cause to be asham'd
That I rejoice in thee no more,
That all my soul is not inflam'd
To spread thy love and thee adore.

- 2 Ten thousand worlds were all in vain
To save a soul condemn'd to die ;
Yet Christ the son of God was slain
For such a guilty worm as I.
- 3 And when he saw me in my guilt,
His bowels did with pity move ;
He wash'd me in the blood he spilt,
And fed me with redeeming love.
- 4 O God my careless frame forgive,
And melt my heart with love divine,
That I may near to Jesus live,
And he possess this heart of mine.

HYMN LXXIX. *Common Metre.*

*The christian acknowledging God's goodness, and
his own ingratitude.*

- 1 **O** HOW rejoicing was the day
When first I knew the Lord !
He drove my fears and foes away,
And wash'd me in his blood.
- 2 No arm could save, no help was nigh
In that distressing hour,
Till Christ the Lamb came passing by,
With his redeeming pow'r.
- 3 And often since I've been distressed,
And no relief could find,
Till Christ the Lord my righteousness,
Told me his love was mine.
- 4 And yet how careless have I been
Since so much grace receiv'd !

How oft I've trod the ways of sin,
And thy blest spirit griev'd.

5 Ungrateful mortal I have been,
From such a friend to rove !

Yet he reclaims my soul again,
And cheers me with his love.

HYMN LXXX. *Short Metres.*

The travels of a doubting christian.

1 **W**HEN Jesus smiles on me,
My soul is on the wings,
I feel myself from bondage free,
My heart awakes and sings.

2 Then stands my mountain strong,
And I presume to say
My hope is sure, my soul doth long
To wing herself away.

3. But soon my doubts return,
And fears come on again,
And when those happy hours are gone,
I fear my joys were vain.

4 Then I indulge my fear,
And nourish unbelief,
Until ten thousand clouds appear,
And load my soul with grief.

5 The devil he persuades
My fears are humble sighs,
And it is best to walk in shades,
Lest my presumption rise.

- 6 And when I get a glimpse
Of cheering light divine,
He doth my rising joys eclipse,
Saying is it not mine.
- 7 Thus when I might rejoice
Those slavish doubts appear,
Saying 'twas not my Saviour's voice,
And so I hug my fear.
- 8 Then storms of sorrow roll
Through all my troubled breast ;
Thus I torment my wounded soul,
And thus deny my Christ.
- 9 Forgive me Lord I pray,
And take me near to thee ;
Drive Satan and his schemes away,
And set the mourner free.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

The christian feeling his desertion from God.

- 1 **O**NCE I enjoy'd the Saviours love,
And thought I felt his grace divine ;
My soul convers'd with joys above,
And call'd the blessed Jesus mine.
- 2 But soon, ah ! soon I turn'd aside,
And often with the sinners trod ;
Which caus'd the wicked to deride
The precious name of Christ my God :
- 3 The blinded world beheld my sin,
And scoff'd at the Redeemer's name,

Behold, say they, *He's turn'd again,*
And thus I crucify'd the Lamb.

4 A dagger piercing thro' my soul,
And I with trembling fears oppress'd
Ten thousand sharp reflections roll
Like floods through all my wounded breast.

5 Forgive me O thou blessed Lamb,
That I so far from thee desert,
And let thine arm of love reclaim,
My wand'ring and deceitful heart.

6 Dwell in my soul O God I pray,
And let no rival enter there ;
Give me the smiles of heav'nly day,
And let me yet thy goodness share.

7 O let my ways no more defame
The gospel which I have possess'd ;
But let me live to praise thy name,
Until I reach eternal rest.

HYMN LXXXII. *Common Metre.*

Desiring to be wholly for God.

1 **O** THOU that bought me with thy blood,
And wash'd my guilt away,
Let me enjoy so much of God,
That I may never stray.

2 Let Jesus all my life controul,
To bid false loves adieu ;
Let him alone possess my soul,
And ev'ry foe subdue.

3 Now and forever I'll be thine,
 And thou my only joy,
 And soon I'll rest in realms divine,
 Where nothing can annoy.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Long Metre.*

Desiring to walk daily with Christ.

1 COME Prince of Peace my foes destroy ;
 And fill my heart with sacred joy ;
 Soon as I feel thy dying love,
 It makes my greatest trials move.

2 There's none but thee can make me blest,
 In thee my soul would live and rest ;
 But O I fear this treach'rous heart
 Will often cause me to desert.

3 O could I with my Jesus walk,
 With Jesus live, with Jesus talk,
 And ev'ry hour my Jesus see,
 A happy mortal I should be.

4 Then by his grace where e'er I went,
 My life and days should all be spent
 Unbounded goodness to proclaim,
 And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Long Metre.*

Groaning for liberty from foes within.

1 O HOW I feel these foes within !
 This darkness, these remains of sin,
 They haunt my soul where'er I go,
 And make me wade through scenes of woe.

- 2 O Jesus rise and set me free,
And fight the battle Lord for me,
That I may rove no more from God,
Long as this earth is my abode.
- 3 I'm griev'd to think how much I rove
From thee my father, life, and love,
And since thy grace so much I've known,
O let me live to thee alone.
- 4 Why should I waste my hours in vain,
And load myself with guilt and pain?
If Jesus is a friend to me
Why may I not with Jesus be?
- 5 Since he is all, O let me know
No other love while here below;
Then let me climb to realms above,
Where I shall solace in his love.

HYMN LXXXV. *Long Metre.**Between hope and fear.*

- 1 **S**HEW me O God, how stands the case
Between the Saviour and my heart;
If I had known thy saving grace,
How could my soul so far desert?
- 2 'Tis true I once thought I believ'd,
And had a crumb of living bread;
But if my soul was not deceiv'd,
Why is my hopes and comforts fled?
- 3 If Jesus had redeem'd my soul,
And I had known that he was mine,

How could this world so soon have stole
My heart away from joys divine ?

4 I've seen the time I did rejoice,
And thought I felt a heav'nly flame ;
But if that was the Saviour's voice,
How could I get this stupid frame ?

5 If I have the Redeemer known,
O may the truth now set me free,
And if he is my help alone
I cannot rest till him I see.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Common Metre.*

On unbelief.

1 **U**NNUMBER'D souls by unbelief,
Have sunk themselves in hell,
And saints by it endure more grief
Than mortal tongue can tell.

2 When to my door the Saviour's come,
And offers me his love,
This unbelief won't give him room,
Nor suffer me to move.

Lord break these bars and set me free
From these tormenting chains,
Then shall my soul my Jesus see,
And lose my guilt and pains.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

On death.

1 **W**HAT devastations death has made,
By his resistless pow'r !

Whole lands in desolation's laid,
And still his jaws devour.

2 Proud mortals may in vain contend,
With his all-conq'ring rage ;
And thus he rides till time shall end,
Through all this mortal stage.

3 Great is his sway, and great his rage,
O'er all the sea and land ;
The infant and declining age
Are crush'd beneath his hand.

4 Yet blessed be eternal love,
There's life beyond his pow'r !
And we may hide our souls above,
Where he cannot devour.

5 Secure our souls O blessed King,
In everlasting peace ;
That we the Victor's song may sing,
When this poor life shall cease.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The christian mourning the absence of his beloved.

1 **H**OW dark and gloomy is the night,
When I in darkness mourn !
I grieve without my chief delight,
Until his love return.

2 I wander like some mourning one,
Forsoaken of his friend ;
And nothing but my friend alone,
Can make my sorrows end.

3 Some times I think my friend is nigh,
And then my fears are gone ;
But ah ! how soon he passes by,
And all my doubts return.

4 O could I meet my friend again,
I'd tell him all my woe,
Nor would he leave my soul in pain
A prey to ev'ry foe.

5 Haste happy moment when he'll come
To give my soul relief,
And call me to my happy home
From all these seas of grief.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **A**MONG ten thousand hateful foes
My doubting soul finds no repose,
Wand'ring and mourning, wild I rove
In search but cannot find my love.

2 Dark and distressing is the night,
The morning brings my soul no light ;
The sun that lights the world so well
Does not my gloomy shades expel.

3 My food's unpleasant to my taste,
My couch affords my soul no rest,
Nor can my wounded heart rejoice
Until I hear my Saviour's voice.

4 My nearest friends no comforts prove
With all their strongest ties of love ;
But one sweet look O Lord from thee,
Sets me from all my sorrows free.

5 O when wilt thou my friend appear,
Thy love alone casts out my fear ;
Lord break these chains of unbelief,
And give my doubting soul relief.

6 Thy hand of love, O God, employ,
And turn these mourning hours to joy,
Once more let me behold thy face
And triumph in redeeming grace.

HYMN XC. - *Common Metre.*

The christians changing frames.

1 **S**TRANGE that a soul that ever knew
The blest Redeemer's love,
Should ever earthly joys pursue,
And for a shadow rove !

2 Some times when I enjoy his love,
And taste his heav'nly charms,

I think I never more shall rove
From my Redeemer's arms.

3 But ah ! how soon some glitt'ring toy
Strangely allures my heart !

I leave my heav'n my only joy,
And from my Lord desert.

4 Then wand'ring in a wilderness,
I mourn my absent friend ;

Through scenes of darkness and distress,
And all my comforts end.

5 O then I think if e'er I see
My heav'nly friend again,

I never would so vainly flee
From him for toys so vain.

6. I promise if he will return,
I would desert no more ;

But when he does I soon am gone
As vainly as before.

7 Good Lord forgive my follies past,
And lead me by thy hand,
And bring me when I drop my dust
Unto the heav'nly land.

HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

The backslider.

1 **O** HOW ungrateful have I been
Since I have known the Saviour's love,
To follow earthly charms again,
And to my friend a traitor prove.

2 How could I leave that heav'nly friend
Who gave his precious life for me !
And O how soon my pleasures end
When from his blessed arms I flee.

3 He heal'd my wounds, and calm'd my fear,
And fed me with redeeming grace ;
And did my drooping spirit cheer,
Yet I forsook his smiling face.

4 Unhappy day I left my God,
In quest of earth's alluring toys,
Sets me with the blind ungodly trod
Among their beastly joys.

5 Forgive my sins O God of grace,
And let me rove from thee no more ;
O let me see thy smiling face
Until I reach th' immortal shore.

HYMN XCII. *Common Metre.*

Desiring to walk with and enjoy Christ.

1 **O** THAT my soul might always be
Kept near my Saviour's feet ;

His love engage my heart to flee
From earth's amusing cheat ;

2 O might I feast on food divine,
And love inspire my heart

To have no will, O God but thine,
Nor from thy ways desert.

3 How can I bear so far to rove
From thee as I have done !

How can I bear to lose thy love,
And grieve without the sun !

4 O keep me, keep me, blessed God,
Within thy heav'nly arms,

And let me never rove abroad
In quest of earthly charms.

5 Thy love, O God, is all in all ;
O let my soul receive.

The crumbs that from thy table fall,
And all my wants relieve.

6 Methinks, O God, tis all I want
To live upon thy word ;

With warm desires my soul doth pant
For to enjoy my God.

HYMN XCIII. *Long Metre.**The mourning soul panting after Christ.*

1 SAY blessed God where shall I go

To feel thy love and find relief,
 From long and tedious nights of woe,
 From darkness, guilt and unbelief!

2 If I O God, am born to thee,
 Then let me live upon thy grace;
 Where e'er I go O let me be
 Blest with the smiles of thy face.

3 But yet, O God, too oft I rove
 For but some poor deceitful charm;
 Then lose the relish of thy love,
 And wallow in a stupid frame.

4 And must I still a mourner go
 So much bewilder'd in distress?
 When shall I feel, when shall I know
 Jesus the Lord my righteousness?

5 Lord shall my troubles ever end?
 When shall I see the happy day
 When thou wilt be my only friend,
 And wipe these tears of grief away.

HYMN XCIV. *Common Metre.**On exile.*

1 FAR from my father's house I rove;
 In exile paths I tread;
 Far from my Jesus and my love,
 In regions of the dead.

2 O where's that friend I once enjoy'd,
 Whose love oft cheer'd my heart?

Why are my comforts all destroy'd ?

Why did my Lord desert ?

3 Or was it I that left my God ?

How could I leave him so ?

O wretch to wander thus abroad

And plunge myself in woe !

4 My husband he is still the same,

And bears me on his heart,

Nor will he ever lose my name,

Altho' I thus desert.

5 But O I still in exile rove !

Nor can I happy be

Until I do enjoy my love ;

My friend when shall I see ?

6 O must I wade in sorrow still !

My God what shall I do ?

O give my soul but one sweet smile,

And my lost joys renew.

7 Sometimes I think my Jesus nigh,

O how it lifts my heart !

But ah ! too soon he passes by,

My rising joys depart.

8 O come, my distant husband come,

Nor let thy love delay ;

O bring the mourning wand'rer home

And wipe my tears away.

HYMN XCV. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 O GOD my broken groans attend,

And come for my relief ;

Make known thyself to me my friend,
And banish all my grief.

2 Loaden'd with death-I mourning go,
And pride within me reigns ;
Bound down with darkness guilt and woe,
With unbelief the chains.

3 Sometimes I've thought I found relief
From my distress and pain ;
My soul enjoy'd a heav'nly peace,
My hopes reviv'd again.

4 But ah ! too soon my doubts return,
And clouds begin to rise ;
My glimm'ring sparks of joy are gone,
And all my comforts dies ;

5 My soul then in a restless frame !
Cries out *I've been deceiv'd,*
I fear I never knew the Lamb,
Nor savingly believ'd.

6 Thus vex'd with darkness, doubts and fears,
In exile paths I rove ;
God knows I find no pleasure here,
Yet don't enjoy his love.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

The same.

1 **H**OW long and tedious is the night
When absent from my love !
When I enjoy no heav'nly light
How dismal my abode !

2 Not earth with all her richest joys
Can satisfy my mind ;
All creature comforts are but toys
Till I my Jesus find.

3 O when dear Saviour shall I see
Thy blessed face again ?
Nothing but thee, nothing but thee
O God can ease my pain.

4 O let me know that thou art mine,
Then with a cheerful voice
I will proclaim that I am thine,
And all my soul rejoice.

HYMN XCVII. *Common Metre.*

Desiring a humble seat at the feet of Christ.

1 **O** GOD inflame my soul with love,
To thine adored name ;
Give me the nature of the dove,
And meekness of the Lamb.

2 O God, among the humble throng,
My panting soul would be ;
My love should be my only song,
And I would walk with thee.

3 This earth with all her charming sweets
Is but an empty toy !
But O one moment at thy feet
Is most substantial joy !

4 There let me have my long abode,
And feel thy heav'nly flame ;
Then will I boast of Christ my God,
And laud his precious name.

- 5 O blessed, blessed Jesus say,
And shall my portion be
In realms of everlasting day,
Wrap'd up in love with thee.

HYMN XCVIII. *Short Metre.*

The christian in distress by leaving Christ.

- 1 **O**NCE did my soul rejoice,
And knew the Lord was mine ;
With joy I heard his charming voice,
Say "*sinner I am thine.*"

- 2 But ah ! when once I turn'd
From my Redeemer's face,
My soul in a wild desert mourn'd,
Without his cheering grace.

- 3 O what a fool was I
To leave my only friend !
When I desert my comforts die,
And all my pleasures end.

- 4 Thus mourning in distress,
I spend my weary days,
Wading without one moment's rest,
In solitary ways.

- 5 O come my heav'nly friend,
And make these bars remove ;
My storms of grief will never end,
Till I enjoy thy love.

- 6 Then will I sit and sing
The wonders of thy love,
Till I should strike th' immortal string,
In the blest realms above.

HYMN XCIX. *Common Metre.**Desiring nothing but Christ.*

- 1 **O** GIVE me nothing but that Lamb
That bled and died for me ;
His name shall be my constant theme,
And he my portion be.
- 2 Had I ten thousand lives to give,
I'd give them all away,
That I might with my Jesus live,
In one eternal day.
- 3 He dies for souls as vile as me,
Then I may share his grace ;
I must with this dear Jesus be
Among the heav'n-born race.
- 4 Appear my blessed friend appear,
And shew thyself to me ;
O let me find thy presence near,
And live alone to thee.
- 5 O let me have my humble place,
Where I may praise thy name ;
There let me reign through boundless grace,
In everlasting fame.

H Y M N C. *Common Metre.**The pilgrim's song.*

- 1 **N**OW pilgrims let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove ;
'Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.
- 2 Tho' trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,

We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove,
And join with heart and voice to sing,
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heav'nly lands,
And tread the peaceful shore ;
And we unite the glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

5 O the transporting scenes of bliss,
Our souls shall then enjoy !
For if we be where Jesus is,
There's nothing can annoy.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

H Y M N S,
A N D
S P I R I T U A L S O N G S.
B O O K V.

Consisting chiefly of infinite wonders, transporting views and christian triumphs.

HYMN I. *Long Metre.*

The christian's wonder and joy.

1 **H**AIL ye dark tenants of the earth,
Hear the glad news thy Saviour's birth
Jehovah breaks thy shades of night,
Brings immortality to light.

2 A God descends, becomes a man,
My God an infant of a span !
What, the Eternal bear my woe !
My soul ! and can he stoop so low ?

3 Steal pleasing scene into my heart,
And ravish ev'ry pow'r of thought !
O let me leave created good,
And nothing know but Christ my God.

4 O bear my panting soul away
To realms of everlasting day,
There, there with rapture shall I gaze
On God in his meridian blaze,

5 Good God and are such glories mine ;
Yes, Lord I feel the life divine,
But would enjoy the perfect scene
Without one passing shade between.

HYMN II. *Particular Metre.*

The christian's triumph over death.

1 **M**OUNT my soul on wings triumphant,
Jesus bids thee dauntless rise ;

One sweet ray of life immortal
Conquers death and never dies :

O my Jesus, O my Jesus,
Bear my soul above the skies.

2 Let me feel the pleasing rapture,
Rising in immortal birth :

I shall have no grave to enter,
Never feel expiring breath ;

Life eternal, life eternal,
Swallows up the grave and death.

3 Fear and grief, an empty story,
While I feel that Jesus reigns ;

Raptures of immortal glory,
Loses all the sense of pains ;

Draw the curtain, draw the curtain,
Let me tread the blissful plains.

4 While in time my soul doth enter,
Realms of everlasting day ;

Thus to God, my life I'd centre
Till my soul was stole away ;

Live forever, live forever,
In my soul, O God my stay.

5 O pleasing scene ! I can but wonder,
 While I on Jehovah gaze ;
 And I, O thought ! partake the splendor
 Of his most meridian blaze ;
 Lost in glory, lost in glory,
 Forever join angelic lays.

HYMN III. *Long Metre.*

A look within the veil sinks created good.

1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly friends,
 Their comforts fail, their friendship ends ;
 And sink ye vain created joys
 I've weigh'd and found you empty toys.

2 But in the Lord I've life divine ;
 Where glories in meridian shine ;
 Love is his nature and his name
 A friend of everlasting fame.

3 Tho' storms arise and foes invade,
 I am secure beneath his aid :
 In death itself I set and sing,
 Ah grave and death where is thy sting ?

4 My conq'ring king bears me away
 To realms of everlasting day ;
 There is my life and there my home,
 Where sin and death can never come.

5 I feel, O God my portion there,
 My soul doth now with angels share ;
 But would like them be wholly free
 From ev'ry lover Lord but thee.

HYMN IV. *Long Metre.**God and the converted soul inseparably one.*

1 **N**OT crowns, nor worlds, O God, I crave,
But thee I want, and thee must have ;

One with thyself O let me be,
Forever ravish'd Lord with thee.

2 But dare I lift a thought so high
To the great God presume so nigh ?
Ah ! such the nature of my God
Tis his delight to do me good.

3 He loves to give the weary rest,
And make the worst of sinners blest,
From the detested jaws of hell
Brings all that wish with him to dwell.

4 O what a pleasing thought is this,
Rebels enjoy consummate bliss !
And this is mine ; O let me rise
Where perfect pleasure never dies.

5 Let earth and hell with rage conspire
To quench this spark of heav'nly fire ;
It conquers all nor feels the pains,
It lives while the Jehovah reigns.

HYMN V. *Long Metre.**The only happy.*

1 **O** HAPPY souls alive to God
Who walk the path that Jesus trod !
Tho' storms of foes beset their way,
They're safe, for Jesus is their stay.

2 Let crowns revolve and kingdoms cease
They still enjoy their realms of peace ;

And when these worlds shall cease to move
They but awake in perfect love.

3 O what a glorious prize have they ;
Their home in everlasting day ;
Their God to them, himself hath giv'n,
The source of all the joys in heav'n.

4 Mount then ye heirs of perfect bliss,
Love not so mean a world as this,
And bid false lovers all adieu,
For God hath give himself to you.

HYMN VI. *Long Metre.*

The christian in triumph.

1 **A** WAKE my heart rejoice and sing,
God is thy Saviour and thy king ;
Soar to the peaceful realms above,
And view the boundless sea of love.

2 There is thy portion, there thy home,
And Jesus bids the cheerful come ;
Defy thy foes, surmount thy fears,
For heav'n's immortal day appears.

3 Well let the curtain draw away
And open everlasting day ;
There Jesus doth in grandeur shine,
And O ! I feel that he is mine.

4 Good Lord, and are those joys for me ?
And am I, am I one with thee ?
Yea Lord I taste the living wine,
And hear thee whisper, thou art mine.

5 O tell eternal ages tell,
What wonders doth in Jesus dwell ;

I feel and soon shall soar away,
To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN VII. *Long Metre.*

The soaring mind.

1 **B**REAK sacred morn with beams of light,
And from my soul expel the night,
And sweetly steal my heart away
With raptures of immortal day.

2 I feel a mind that fain would soar
Far, far beyond this mortal shore,
Nor earth, nor hell shall e'er confine,
While I am blest with wings divine.

3 Come then, O thou immortal dove,
And bear me to the realms above,
There I might soar and still find room,
And make the sea of love my home.

4 There shall I find my joys complete,
These little worlds beneath my feet,
While thought remains I still shall be,
Lost in my God that boundless sea.

HYMN VIII. *Common Metre.*

Death unstung.

1 **M**Y soul surmounts the rage of death,
And triumphs o'er the grave ;
Wrapt up in life I lose my breath,
While God a friend I have.

2 Immortal joys began below,
In Jesus I enjoy,
Mansions of life my soul doth know,
Where death cannot annoy.

3 O could I use ten thousand tongues,
Inflam'd with love divine,
With joy I'd raise ten thousand songs,
To praise this Christ of mine.

4 He's got my life, he's got my heart,
And gives himself to me,
Nor from his bosom shall I part,
Where he is I shall be.

5 O God and shall I with thee dwell,
And drink of joys divine,
Brought from the jaws of death and hell,
To be an heir of thine.

6 Let heav'nly armies with surprise,
Stand gazing and adore,
To hear that God the Saviour dies,
That I might die no more.

HYMN IX. *Long Metre.*

The christian longing to get home.

1 **O** COULD I mount above the skies,
And soar where pleasure never dies,
I'd share with all the hosts above,
In scenes and songs of sacred love.

2 In realms of uncreated day,
With all my sorrows wip'd away,
And face to face behold that God
Who wash'd me here in his own blood.

3 Say heav'nly father shall I come,
And enter now my happy home,
To live within that peaceful shore,
Where I can lose my charms no more.

6 Ah ! sweet, immortal realms of peace,
Where hallelujahs never cease,
And Jesus the immortal Dove,
Fires all the glorious hosts above.

HYMN X. *Short Metre.*

Christ's kingdom in the christian's heart.

1 **A**LL hail, thou Prince of Peace !
I feel thy coming nigh,
Nor ever shall thy kingdom cease,
Thy sons shall never die.

2 My bosom Lord divest
Of every pow'r but thine,
And reign forever in my breast
A kingdom all divine.

3 O joys of ancient date !
A life that never dies,
And I possess a crown so great,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN IX. *Common Metre.*

To the travelling christians.

1 **R**EJOICE ye lovers of the Lord,
And bid your fears adieu,
Let all your ways his grace record,
While Jesus you pursue.

2 With joy you left the slavish ground,
And saw your foes destroy'd,
The paths of life your souls have found,
And heav'nly peace enjoy'd.

3 Go on, and sing your journey through;
For Jesus leads your band,

Till mortal climes you bid adieu,
And wake at his right hand.

4 There you shall find consummate bliss,
And ev'ry storm blown o'er,
For ye shall be where Jesus is,
And what would you have more ?

5 O God my soul would join the band,
While I this desert rove,
And with them in those mansions land,
In everlasting love.

HYMN XII. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **S**ING on ye pilgrims, bound to heav'n,
Jehovah is your friend,
Immortal crowns to you are giv'n,
And soon your sorrows end.

2 On earth you've tasted joys divine,
And found immortal love,
And soon shall in full glory shine
Among the saints above.

3 There far from all the shades of night
Your raptur'd souls shall soar,
Basking in everlasting light,
While Jesus you adore.

4 All hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who lives for ever blest,
Who lov'd and call'd his children home
To everlasting rest !

5 " Amen ! amen ! " the angels sing ;
" Amen ! " the saints reply ;

"Amen ! all glory to the King,"

Let praises never die.

HYMN XIII. *Short Metre.*

Desiring no life nor joys but Christ.

1 **O** JESUS with thy charms
Allure my heart away,
To rest within thy sacred arms
In peaceful realms of day.

2 Stir up the pow'rs within,
Inflame my breast with love ;
O conquer all the pow'rs of sin,
And bid my foes remove.

3 Large draughts of life divine,
I would enjoy below ;
No life, no joys, no love but thine,
O let me ever know.

HYMN XIV. *Short Metre.*

Heaven on earth.

1 **I**'LL lift my soul on high,
And sound my Saviour's fame ;
He's all I want, and he is nigh,
I feel his sacred flame.

2 Nor can I happy be
But when I see thy face ;
For Jesus is no Christ to me
Unless I feel his grace.

3 No distant God I know,
Or future heav'n can trust ;
I want my heav'n begun below ;
I want a present Christ.

4 Thou art the sea of bliss,
For which I do aspire ;
And when I am where Jesus is
Tis all that I desire.

5 O Jesus rule my heart ;
With that immortal flame ;
With worlds and kingdoms would I part,
To reign with Christ the Lamb.

HYMN XV. *Long Metre.*

Panting for the pure realms of immortality.

1 **O** LET me breathe in realms divine,
And feel angelic glories mine ;
Where seraphs glow I fain would be,
From death and these dark regions free.

2 Thou father of immortal day
Come bear, O bear my soul away ;
There would I with pure spirits glow,
And there before my Jesus bow.

3 O rapturous scenes ! think how they soar
While they their great I AM adore ;
His glories in meridian blaze,
While they with wonder love and gaze.

4 Could I surmount those shades of night,
Soon would I reach these climes of light ;
With that bright host Jehovah view,
And share in all their glories too.

5 The thought awakes my lab'ring heart,
And longs with all these worlds to part ;
And while I thirst methinks I feel
The life, and pant for glory still.

HYMN XVI. *Short Metre.**Heaven not promised but possessed.*

1 **I**F God so lov'd our race,
 To give his only son,
 Lord let me feel that boundless grace,
 And know the gift my own.

2 It's not a heav'n to come
 My soul can satisfy ;
 Nor can I find myself at home
 But with my Jesus nigh.

3 O God thy heavens bow,
 These parting walls remove,
 Let me begin my glory now,
 And here enjoy thy love.

4 Shine O thou morning star,
 And bring celestial day ;
 Far from my soul, O Jesus, far
 Expel these clouds away.

5 Scenes of immortal joy
 Is all my souls desire ;
 Sweet raptures ev'ry pow'r employ,
 And join seraphic lire.

HYMN XVII. *Short Metre.**Triumph in God.*

1 **M**OUNT up my soul and sing,
 That love that bled so free ;
 O love that caus'd th' immortal King
 To bleed and die for me !

2 Lord God how great thy love !
 Thy self an ensign hung,

To call us to the realms above,
And shall it be unsung ?

3 O for thy sacred fire
To raise immortal strains !
The sons of God should strike the lire
Of the celestial plains.

4 My ravish'd soul would soar
To mansions so divine,
And sail around the peaceful shore,
With all the glories mine.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

Invincible arguments of the reasonableness and necessity of every soul knowing of God, and what their future state will be now.

1 **A** GOD omnipotent I own,
Eternal things allow ;
But what of God have I e'er known ?
Or how's my standing now ?

2 I say that Christ for sinners died,
And that a truth may be ;
But if not to my soul apply'd
'Tis not a truth to me.

3 I say he gives his people rest,
And gives them life divine ;
But if this life I ne'er possess,
How is this blessing mine ?

4 I talk of everlasting death,
And thousands in despair,
And do not know but the next breath,
I die and enter there.

- 5 Saints I believe with God will dwell
In everlasting bliss ;
But is it mine ? or can I tell,
That I am sure of this ?
- 6 Or if in-time its all unknown,
Where we at death shall go,
Then I may the next breath be gone
To everlasting woe.
- 7 How then can earthly charms allure
My mind while here I dwell,
When ev'ry breath I am not sure
But I'm the next in hell ?
- 8 Why all the toil for sacred things,
Or revelations giv'n,
If all no real knowledge brings,
Nor makes us sure of heav'n ?
- 9 Some point me here, and others there,
And some say all is well ;
But I dare trust my soul no more
On all they do or tell.
- 10 If I am bound to bliss or woe,
And stand for trial here,
Then for myself I ought to know,
Where I shall soon appear.
- 11 If none but God can mercy shew,
Nor give me life divine,
Then from this God I ought to know,
That life and heav'n is mine,
- 12 Sure he that first my being gave,
Can witness who he is ;

And he that dy'd my soul to save,
Can tell me I am his.

13 Then let it be O God impress'd,
From thee by pow'rs divine,
On all my soul that I am blest,
And am forever thine.

HYMN XIX. *Long Metre.*

Christ really known to every converted soul.

1 **C**EASE, cease, ye foes of God to tell
“No knowledge here of heav'n or hell,”
God's spirit here is freely giv'n
And saints on earth are sure of heav'n.

2 We know saith John, we are of God,
And all the world in sin doth lie;
Our souls have felt th' eternal word,
And know that we shall never die.

3 We drink from heav'n the living wine,
While wand'ring here below,
Converse with God on themes divine,
Which sinners cannot know.

HYMN XX. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **W**HAT heav'nly scenes on earth,
The christians often view,
And feel themselves of heav'nly birth,
Which sinners never knew;

2 They look within the veil,
And see their mansion there;
And when these mortal worlds shall fail,
They are Jehovah's care,

3 O what immortal love,
 To sinking souls is giv'n !
 The joy of all the realms above,
 For Jesus is the heav'n.

HYMN XXI. *Long Metre.*

Rejoicing in the cross of Christ.

1 **M**Y soul embrace the Saviour's cross,
 And count all other gains but loss ;
 Through losses, crosses, grief, and pain,
 Yea lose thy life and count it gain.

2 To share thy suff'ring Lord I'm blest;
 And count it more than earthly rest,
 And the approaches of thy name
 Far more than earth's exalted fame.

3 And O my trials are but small !
 For Christ my captain bears them all ;
 His pow'r subdues my greatest foes,
 Thus I surmount a world of woes.

4 Lord God increase my life divine,
 I'd know no other life but thine,
 All earthly glories I'd adieu,
 The King of glory I'll pursue.

5 And O the happy hour shall come,
 When all the pilgrims reach their home !
 And I with the blest band shall rise
 To share the everlasting prize.

HYMN XXII. *Common Metre.*

Encouraged to follow the saints.

1 **U** NDAUNTED O my soul go on
 To the sweet realms of love,

Believe and wear a glorious crown,
With all the hosts above.

2 Ten thousand saints have landed there,
And bid their fears adieu ;
And I e'er long with them shall share
And be as happy too.

3 'Twas Christ who freely bore them home
Upon the wings of love,
And the same Christ I feel is come
And draws my heart above.

4 The Lord would gladly have me join,
And with them freely share,
Christ is their all, and he is mine,
In part my soul is there.

HYMN XXIII. *Long Metre.*

The pilgrims on their way.

1 **W**E pilgrims Lord implore thy hand
To lead us through this wretched land
And let us often feel thy love,
Till we shall reach the realms above.

2 We need thy spirit here below,
Where storms from the dark regions blow;
O let us see thy smiling face,
To cheer us on our christian race.

3 We've bid the world and all adieu,
And hand in hand will thee pursue ;
Inspire each heart with love divine,
To tread those footsteps Lord of thine.

4 We feel some times a glimm'ring ray
Of thy bright sun, immortal day ;

Our hearts awake, and long to be
In the meridian blaze with thee.

HYMN XXIV. *Long Metre.*

*Panting for the spirit of God to bear the mind
away.*

1 **B**REATHE on my heart O sacred Dove
And let me feel immortal love ;
Inspir'd with one all-conq'ring ray,
Would bear my cheerful soul away.

2 With joy I'd stretch life's active strings,
To mount on the celestial wings,
And gladly leave these dismal coasts
To reach and join the heav'nly hosts.

3 O peaceful realms ! O happy home !
Where no intruding thought shall come ;
O let me enter the full scene,
Without a cloud to intervene.

HYMN XXV. *Short Metre.*

The same.

1 **L**ORD God I pant for thee,
For thou art all my joy ;
I feel my chains but would be free,
From all that doth annoy.

2 All earthly joys I've lost,
Nor wish for pleasures here ;
I'm like the restless billows toss'd,
Till Jesus doth appear.

3 And O one look of love,
From that immortal king,
Causes my greatest fears to move,
My head to leap and sing !

- 4 My kingdom is begun ;
I feel the heav'nly rest ;
Jesus my Lord the field has won,
Tho' but in part possess'd,
5 O then immortal Dove,
Lend me thy rapid wings,
And bear my restless soul above,
To reign with priests and kings ;
6 There where my Jesus is,
My soul aspires to be ;
I ask, O God, no other bliss,
But ever be with thee.

HYMN XXVI. *Long Metre.*

The christian longing to be nearer his father.

- 1 **M**Y father must I longer be,
On barren climes so far from thee,
I feel myself a stranger here,
And seek my home but am not near.
2 If I am thine why should I rove,
So far from thee my only love !
Yea Lord I trust my soul is thine,
But O too far from realms divine.
3 Lord speak and bid these clouds depart,
Stir up thy kingdom in my heart ;
And ev'ry hour while here I rove,
Let me enjoy eternal love.
4 Then when my exit Lord is nigh,
I'll take my flight but shall not die ;
I dy'd to sin with Christ before,
In him I live and die no more.

HYMN XXVII. *Particular Metre,**The Messiah is come.*

1 **T**HE prince of peace is come,
And cloth'd himself in clay ;

Whoever finds him room,
He'll take their guilt away,

Ye souls distress'd
In him believe,
And you shall live
Forever blest.

2 This is the slaughter'd Lamb,
Who freely spills his blood,
To bear the sinner's shame,
And bring them home to God ;

Unbounded grace
To sinners giv'n,
And soon in heav'n
Immortal bliss.

3 Sinners receive his love,
And let your souls rejoice,
A crown of life above,
For all that hear his voice,

O flee from hell ;
Enjoy his love ;
In realms above
Forever dwell.

4 O God my soul divest
Of ev'ry pow'r but thine,
Thy love shall make my breast
A kingdom all divine,

When time is o'er
O let me be
Wrap'd up in thee
Forevermore.

HYMN XXVIII. *Short Metre.*
The christian triumphing in God.

1 **G**OD is my only friend,
My everlasting stay ;
Firm will his love and friendship stand,
When suns and stars decay.

2 Ah what a friend have I,
Through all this vale of tears !
And while he lives I cannot die ;
In death my life appears.

3 O God what can I say,
Of such unbounded love,
And shall I live an endless day
With thee in realms above.

4 O Jesus all is well,
Since thou art really mine,
I shall with thee for ever dwell
In realms of life divine.

HYMN XXIX. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** JESUS shall I ever dwell
At thy blest feet ? then all is well ;
There shall I find my realms of peace,
Where wars and death for ever cease.

2 There is my portion, there my choice,
To see thy face and hear thy voice,

And there forever would I sing
Sweet anthems to my God and king.

3 Pleas'd with my seat and my employ,
Increasing in immortal joy,
'Till all my pow'rs were stole away
In raptures of immortal day.

4 O what a thought! and shall I be
With God to all eternity?
Brought from the jaws of death and hell
To perfect bliss with God to dwell.

HYMN XXX. *Common Metre.*

Boasting in the cross of Christ.

1 **W**ELL, solid minds your earth pursue
And court your empty toys;
I bid your empty shades adieu,
And boast of solid joys.

2 Swelling with pride ye think it shame
To bear the Saviour's cross;
But I must glory in his name,
And all things else count loss.

3 Ye think the ways of God too mean,
For you of earthly fame;
But I adore the Nazarene,
And glory in his name.

4 And when the glorious morn shall rise,
Your glory sinks to hell,
I'll mount with joy above the skies,
And in full glory dwell.

5 What then is all your painted show,
When hurl'd to endless night?

But I when call'd with joy shall go
To everlasting light.

6 Thus I will boast of Christ my friend,
Nor court a share with you ;
Your empty pleasures soon will end,
But mine is always new.

HYMN XXXI. *Short Metre.*

The christians have cause to rejoice forever.

1 **T**IS we that may rejoice,
And sing our journey through,
We've heard the Saviour's charming voice,
And bid our foes adieu.

2 Once we were slaves to sin,
But Jesus set us free,
In him our life and joys begin,
And where he is we'll be.

3 O what amazing love !
Himself to us has giv'n,
And that is all the joys above,
For Christ is all our heav'n.

HYMN XXXII. *Long Metre.*

For the morning.

1 **H**AIL happy morn I gladly rise,
With thee to soar above the skies !
With Jesus I'll begin my race,
Run on and sing redeeming grace.

2 All hail a brighter morning near
When heav'n's great sun shall once appear !
All suns and stars shall cease to shine
But this eternal sun of mine,

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3 Far, far from interposing night
Awake in uncreated light ;
My raptur'd soul with all the throng
Shall join in heav'n's immortal song.

HYMN XXXIII. *Long Metre.*

For the evening.

1 **C**OME night and spread thy sable wings
While slumbers rest these mortal strings ;
But not in sleep my eyes shall close
Till first in Christ I all repose.

2 My soul first in thy mantle wrap,
Dear Lord and then in sleep I drap ;
If I awake thy love I tell,
Or if I die yet all is well.

3 No I shall never never die,
But leave my clogs and mount on high,
To bask in heav'n's meridian light,
Without one passing gloom of night.

HYMN XXXIV. *Common Metre.*

The christian's choice and portion.

1 **O** LORD my God, thou art my all
While on this mortal shore :
And when this earthly house shall fall
My portion evermore.

2 O God I glory in my choice,
And make my boast of thee :
When I can hear and feel thy voice
How happy Lord I be !

3 Immortal joys to me are giv'n,
I drink of heav'nly wine,

On earth my soul enjoys a heav'n,
For Jesus he is mine.

4 O let me live to thee alone,
And feed upon thy love;
Till I shall bow before thy throne,
In the sweet realms above ;

5 Eternal anthems I shall sing
Thro' all the realms of peace ;
Amen ! all glory to my king !
His name shall never cease.

HYMN XXXV. *Common Metre.*

The christian boasting in Christ.

1 **A** WAKE my soul with pleasure sing,
For the Redeemer reigns ;
I'll soar with rapture on the wing,
And raise immortal strains.

2 My God delights to see me strong
And claim my seat in heav'n ;
Free grace alone shall be my song,
His love is freely giv'n.

3 My Jesus loves to chear my voice,
And wipe my tears away :
And I shall yet with him rejoice
In everlasting day.

4 Angels may gaze to see me there,
Brought from the jaws of hell ;
But I shall in their glories share,
And with their Jesus dwell.

5 They have no worthiness to boast,
Nor glory but the Lord ;

Then surely I may glory most
For I am his by blood.

6 He bought me and will claim his due
From all the pow'rs of hell ;
And I will plead the ransom too
And with my master dwell.

7 He loves me and for me hath dy'd,
My name is on his breast ;
And I shall soon triumphant ride
To everlasting rest.

8 I love the Lord and must adore
His name with heart and voice ;
Himself I want, I ask no more,
And I shall have my choice.

HYMN XXXVI. *Common Metre.*

Delighting in the Lord, and hearing his voice.

1 **H**ARK ! is my Jesus passing by ?
Methinks I hear him say

“Awake arise thy friend is nigh
Rejoice and come away.”

2 O is it, is it Christ the Lamb ?
And does he call for me ?
I come, dear Jesus glad I come,
I long to be with thee.

3 Let others choose the chains of death
And tread the road to hell,
In wisdom's ways I'll spend my breath,
And with my Jesus dwell.

4 Let monarchs count their earthly joys
And boast their crowns below,

I count them all but empty toys
While I my Jesus know.

5 Christ is my life, my joy, my love,
And everlasting peace ;
He'll be my all in realms above
When mortal climes shall cease.

HYMN XXXVII. *Long Metre.*

Giving up all to God with joy.

1 **L**ORD thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Now I am thine, thou art my God ;
With joy I give myself to thee,
For time and all eternity.

2 Let men and angels hear my voice ;
All creatures witness to my choice ;
Nor will my God refuse to own
A match that's made with him alone.

3 Jesus with blood will seal my name.
In records of immortal fame ;
And when I leave this mortal shore
He'll be my joy forevermore.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Common Metre.*

The same.

1 **O** GIVE me blessed Jesus give
A life that is divine,
That I may always near thee live,
And be forever thine.

2 This dear God is my desire,
O take me as thy own ;
My panting soul doth still aspire
To live to thee alone.

- 2 No greater portion can I have,
 To make me ever blest ;
 'Tis all I need, tis all I crave,
 With Christ to live and rest.
- 4 Ten thousand worlds are dung and dross,
 If all compar'd to thee ;
 And life itself I count but loss,
 Till I my Jesus see.
- 5 O mount my soul, and soar above,
 To everlasting day ;
 While raptures of immortal love
 Bears ev'ry pow'r away.

HYMN XXXIX. *Particular Metre.*
Soaring away with life divine.

- 1 **O**NE spark O God of heav'nly fire
 Awakes my heart with warm desire
 To reach the realms above ;
 Immortal glories round me shine,
 I drink the streams of joy divine,
 And sing redeeming love.
- 2 O could I wing my way in haste,
 Soon with arch angels I would feast,
 And join their sweet employ ;
 I'd glide along the heav'nly stream,
 And join their most exalted theme
 In everlasting joy.
- 3 Too mean this little globe for me,
 Nor will I e'er contented be
 To feed on things so vain ;
 Its greatest pleasures are but dross,
 Its grandeur short, its pleasures curst,
 Its joys all mixt with pain.

- 4 But resting in my Saviour's arms
 My soul enjoys transporting charms
 In everlasting love ;
 There's life, there's joy and solid peace ;
 There's friendship that can never cease
 A rock that cannot move.
- 5 Soar then my soul stretch ev'ry thought,
 To reach within the heav'nly court ;
 Above this mortal orb ;
 There let me with archangels rise,
 And find my seat above the skies,
 Where sins no more disturb.
- 6 There with an everlasting band
 Of kindred saints at God's right hand,]
 My happy lot shall be ;
 To soar, to shout, to reign to rest
 Forever and forever blest,
 With thee, O God, with thee.

HYMN XL. *Long Metre.**On solitude with the presence of God.*

- 1 **S**HOULD heav'n command my mortal state,
 To climes where human face ne'er shone,
 I would not murmur at my fate
 If there I found my God alone.
- 2 With joy I'd spend my moments there,
 On the coarse climes of barren wood,
 If Jesus made my life his care,
 And fed me with immortal food.
- 3 I'd spend my hours in themes divine,
 And talk with God and he with me ;

And while I felt this glory shine,
O happy mortal I should be !

4 The day I'd spend in walking round
From hill to hill with Christ my aid ;
The ev'ning on the mossy ground,
I'd safely rest beneath his shade.

5 Jesus would guard my slumb'ring hours,
And in the morning raise my head
To sing his praise through groves and bow'rs,
And wait the ravens for my bread.

6 There till my last expiring breath,
I'd freely spend my fleeting days,
Till time was out and welcome death,
Conclude my mortal notes of praise.

7 Then shall I reach the realms above,
Where Jesus I unveil'd should see ;
To sail the boundless sea of love,
For ever happy I should be.

8 There from all storms and labors rest,
Far from the dark abodes of night ;
And with my God my Jesus prest,
In uncreated realms of light.

HYMN XLI. *Particular Metre.*

On the birth of Christ.

1 **R**OUSE all ye tyrants of the earth !
Attend your great Redeemer's birth ;
The God an infant doth appear :
Rejoice ye Gentiles with the Jews,
Good news, good news, good news, good news,
To ev'ry nation far and near.

2 Hark ! hark ! methinks the angels sing
The praises of their new-born king,
And tell the great Redeemer's name ;
Fear not O shepherds, hear the voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And spread your glorious Saviour's fame.

3 Go to the manger, there you'll find
The Saviour dwells with brutal kind ;
The long expected day is come ;
Glad tidings to the world is brought,
Fear not, fear not, fear not, fear not,
O shepherds make your Saviour room.

4 Mortals attend the Prince of Peace ;
Let all your hopeful sorrows cease ;
Redeeming love is at your door ;
Come mourning souls his grace receive,
Believe, believe, believe, believe,
And you shall live forevermore.

HYMN XLII. *Short Metres.*

God all in all.

1 **J**ESUS the Lord is mine,
For I have known his love ;
Soon I shall swim in joys divine,
With all the saints above.

2 There I with God shall be ;
No clouds to veil his face ;
Rejoicing in the blissful sea,
That knows no bound nor space.

3 O what a joyful flight,
Where perfect glory reigns !

Among the children of the light,
Beyond the reach of pain.

4. O happy happy home,
Where joy shall never cease !
Nor sin, nor death shall ever come
Within the realms of peace.

5 How vast the pleasures be,
Beyond what tongue can tell,
Where I expect e'er long to be,
And with Jehovah dwell !

6 On him my soul shall gaze,
With wonder and delight ;
Where glories in meridian blaze,
In uncreated light.

7 O can it, can it be,
That I shall e'er be one ?
Yea, Lord thou gave thyself for me,
And now I am thy own.

8 O Jesus thou art mine,
My joy and only friend ;
Then all is mine and I am thine,
Forevermore, Amen.

HYMN XLIII. *Common Metre.*

A song of praise to Christ.

1 **F**OR ever blessed be thy name,
O worthy Lamb of God !

Who did our sinking world reclaim,
With thy most precious blood.

2 Dearly thou bought the guilty race,
With life and death divine,

That we, through thy unbounded grace,
Might in full glory shine.

3 Ten thousand thousands shall adore
The wonders of thy love,

And live with thee forever more,
In peaceful realms above.

HYMN LXIV. *Particular Metre.*

The same.

1 **E**TERNAL praises to thy name,
O prince of peace thou wounded Lamb
For life immortal through thy blood !

Our leaping hearts O God rejoice,
And join with one harmonious voice
To spread the glorious news abroad.

2 But Lord increase the warm desire
With sacred and immortal fire

Thy dying wonders to proclaim ;
We long O God to spread thy grace
Thro' all our poor unhappy race,
That ev'ry land may know thy name.

3 Ride forth in love, O God our king,
And cause the mourning soul to sing

The wonders of thy dying love ;
And lead thy tribes by thy right hand
Safe through this dry, this desert land
To the celestial realms above.

HYMN XLV. *Common Metre.*

On the disentangled saints.

1 **O**HAPPY disentangled saints
Who've reach'd the peaceful shore,
Far from their foes, and all complaints,
They live forevermore.

2 Cheerful they tread the blissful plain
Of their eternal home ;
In realms of perfect glory reign
Where clouds can never come,

3 Now they enjoy the perfect bliss
They panted for below ;
Ah ! now they dwell where Jesus is,
And he is all they know.

4 O was my soul once landed there
I'd bid these chains adieu ;
With angels in their glory share,
And join their anthems too.

HYMN XLVI. *Long Metre.*

The same.

1 **T**HINK O my soul thou art to land
Ere long in heav'n at God's right hand,
Where love shall ev'ry thought employ,
And nothing reign but perfect joy.

2 Mount up and count thy trials small,
And let all earthly grandeur fall
As dust and chaff, and empty dross,
And count all things but Jesus loss.

3 His love redeems from death and woe,
And make my heav'n begin below ;
But vastly more his love displays
Where they behold him face to face.

4 There ev'ry soul drinks deep in love,
While soaring through the courts above ;
Their happy home is that pure sea,
Of vast, ah ! vast infinity.

5 Gazing with pleasure there they sail
Where perfect bliss can never fail ;
Wrapt in the nature of the Lamb
They shout the wonders of his name.

6 Attraction glows to every heart
With burning love that cannot part,
While all as one the armies move
Attracted to the source of love.

7 Shouting they soar with sweet surprise,
Their anthems shake the arched skies ;
Echoes resound through all the plain
In one harmonious lofty strain.

8 And there I trust to bear my part
Wrap'd up in the Redeemer's heart ;
There ravish'd with immortal flame
Resound my Saviour's lasting fame.

HYMN XLVII. *Common Metre.*

Christ the christian's chief good.

1 **T**HOU art my all, O Lamb of God,
Thy love is life to me ;
I love the sweet life-giving word ;
I love to walk with thee.

2 There's nothing else can give me rest,
Or make my heart rejoice ;
And O I am with glory blest,
When I can hear thy voice.

3 Thy love expels all guilt and fear
And makes me cheerful go ;
And when I find my Saviour near
My heav'n begins below.

- 4 O might I ev'ry moment feel
 A nearness to my God,
 And no amusement ever steal
 One thought to rove abroad ;
- 5 Then I should more of Jesus know,
 And spend my days in peace,
 And hourly triumph o'er my woe,
 Till all my sorrows cease.

HYMN XLVIII. *Common Metre.*

On the Deity.

- 1 **W**HERE, what, or who art thou great God,
 Whom I profess to own ?
 Thy works, thyself, and thine abode,
 Most known, and most unknown.
- 2 If worlds unnumber'd as the sand
 Are search'd to find thee there,
 They're but small traces of some hand
 Their maker to declare.
- 3 Ask angels where this God doth dwell
 (Tho' wrap'd in him) would say,
 " 'Tis not in all our climes to tell
 But just some feeble ray."
- 4 Not found by mortal hand or eye ;
 In empty space not found ;
 Not time nor yet eternity
 Can reach his utmost bound.
- 5 Should I attempt to find him out
 By philosophic strains,
 Still far beyond the reach of thought ;
 Unknown to me he reigns.

- 6 Angelic realms before his eye,
Though countless they may be,
So much like nothing all would lie,
Too small for him to see.
- 7 Yet nothing doth in being dwell,
Small or conceal'd they lie
In heav'n or earth, or sea, or hell,
But's naked to his eye.
- 8 Immense he is, and leaves no void,
All nature in his hand ;
A million worlds made or destroy'd
Are as the smallest sand.
- 9 Good God ! and yet within thy hand
A guilty mote I rove ;
I live, I move and guarded stand
Partaker of thy love.
- 10 The smallest insects that are made
Notic'd and guarded be ;
And hairs of my unworthy head
All number'd Lord by thee.
- 11 O give me then a humble place,
Inspir'd with sacred flame ;
A large partaker of thy grace
To sound thy boundless fame.

HYMN XLIX. *Short Metre.*

The christian looking forward and encouraged.

- 1 **M**Y soul leave all below,
And banish ev'ry fear,
For soon beyond these fens of woe,
I shall with joy appear.

2 My Jesus loves my soul,
And has my sins forgiv'n ;
Then roll, ye fleeting moments roll,
And hand my soul to heav'n.

3 There I e'er long shall rest,
Upon the peaceful shore ;
With perfect joy and glory blest,
And sin shall vex no more.

4 Twas Jesus on the tree,
Gave me a portion there ;
O happy, happy soul I be,
With his dear sons to share !

5 Since Jesus is my friend,
My portion and my God,
Soon all my sorrows here shall end,
And heav'n be my abode.

HYMN L. *Particular Metre.*

*A minister leaving his people to go abroad with
the gospel.*

1 **Y**E that do in Jesus dwell,
Christian brethren now farewell ;
Part in peace, and part in love,
Sing and pray where'er ye rove.

2 Wipe your tears and leave your pains ;
Why lament when Jesus reigns ?
'Tho' in body we may part,
We are still as near in heart.

3 Walk with Jesus while below,
Spread his name where'er ye go ;
Fight the battles of the Lord,
Present is your blest reward.

4 If to distant lands I go,
'Tis the jubilee trump to blow ;
May my Jesus be with thee,
When you're well remember me.

5 When I near my master get
I shall find you near my heart ;
We shall often meet as one
Pleading at our Father's throne.

6 If I never more return
Do not my long absence mourn ;
If I am but near my God
All is well tho' far abroad.

7 God is every where the same ;
Let us part and spread his fame ;
Soon we'll end this mortal race,
Then all meet him face to face.

8 There where Christ our lover reigns
We shall join immortal strains ;
Bask in everlasting joy,
Nothing shall our peace annoy.

9 Hallelujahs then our song,
Sounding through the countless throng ;
Christ our God that lovely name
Be our everlasting theme.

HYMN LI. *Long Metre.*

God my all.

1 **I**S there a God ? and is he mine ?
Yes for I feel the truths divine ;
A pleasing theme (my soul) is this,
God is my everlasting bliss.

2 In him doth all perfections dwell ;
 Seraphs his wisdom cannot tell ;
 His love so great it must be free,
 And thus his goodness reach'd to me.

3 He reigns, and where ? within my heart ;
 Nor will his sceptre e'er depart ;
 And O he reigns a prince of peace !
 Then cease ye storms of sorrows cease.

4 Within himself he ever lives,
 And to my soul that life he gives ;
 Enough, my God, since I shall be
 One in the source of life with thee.

5 But dare I soar so far away ;
 Do I not in presumption stray !
 No, God hath said (he stoop'd so low)
 " *As I live, ye shall live also.*"

HYMN LII. *Long Metre.*

Sweet moments with God.

1 **S**WEET is the converse with my God,
 One moment on the heav'nly road ;
 And sweetly glides the hours away,
 When cheer'd with one immortal ray.

2 Tho' clouds impend and storms invade,
 The morning star is still my aid :
 Doth clouds expel and foes destroy,
 And on he leads me still with joy.

3 And when his glories round me shine,
 I feel the raptures all divine ;
 And then with joy my soul can say,
My partner sweetens all my way.

HYMN LIH. *Particular Metre.**The birth of Christ.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! glad tidings to the shepherds ;
Joyful news the angels bring ;
God himself in flesh hath enter'd,
Jesus is the new-born king,
Hail all glory, hail all glory,
Let the whole creation sing.
- 2 Shepherds start from midnight slumber,
See the glory shining round ;
Gazing on the blaze they wonder,
'Till they're prostrate on the ground ;
Hallelujahs, hallelujahs,
By the seraphs doth resound.
- 3 " *Fear not shepherds saith the angels,
Banish sorrow from your eyes :
For in Bethlehem's coarse manger
God a spotless infant lies,
See Jehovah, See Jehovah,
Veil'd in clay below the skies.*"
- 4 Haste away ye eastern sages,
See the star proclaims your God ;
Fear not Herod, tho' he rages,
Sending peals of death abroad ;
Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,
For her children he destroy'd.
- 5 Sinners roar and saints rejoice,
At the great Redeemer's birth ;
Angels join their cheerful voices,
Good will to men, peace on earth ;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory in the Saviour's birth.

6 *Let all people have salvation,
 Saith the heralds from above ;
 " Sound his name through ev'ry nation,
 Teach the world redeeming love,
 Go ye heralds, go ye heralds,
 Spread his name where'er ye rove."*

7 *Jesus spread thy gospel glory,
 Save poor dying souls from hell ;
 Let all nations bow before thee,
 Love thy name and with thee dwell :
 Hasten ye heralds, hasten ye heralds
 Your Redeemer's name to tell.*

HYMN LIV. *Long Metre.*

*This love of Christ, and sinners hardened by re-
 jecting it.*

1 **C**OULD heav'n's eternal grandeur move,
 To think on man with thoughts of love !
 O make my soul this goodness view,
 And bid all other themes adieu.

2 So boundless doth his goodness reign,
 His love he never will restrain ;
 It will the worst of men pursue,
 Doth all the good that it can do.

3 His love assum'd our mortal frame,
 Our guilt, our sorrows, and our shame ;
 How then O mortals can it be
 But this eternal love is free ?

4 He waded through this frowning earth,
 Endur'd the pains of hell and death,
 Sure then the souls that go to hell
 Must rush against his love and will,

5 All those that turn against his love
Will soon their will so harden prove,
That there is nought can sink them lower
Than to offer his goodness more.

6 Those that despise grow harder still ;
Those who adhere it turns their will,
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

HYMN LV. *Long Metre.*

Panting after Christ.

1 **B**EAR me O thou immortal Dove
To look within the realms above,
And let my soul a moment be
Where I my Christ my glory see.

2 Unbounded is that sea divine,
And if that blessed Christ is mine,
Why may I not be borne away
To see but one immortal ray ?

3 He is my food, why should I starve ?
He's all the life and joy I have ;
Then let me O my Jesus be
Lost in thy love, wrap'd up in thee.

HYMN LVI. *Particular Metre.*

Adieu to all but Christ.

1 **V**AIN world adieu with all your toys !
I'll count no more your sound of joys,
Your pleasures lead to hell ;
Glories immortal I'll pursue,
And bid created bliss adieu,
With Jesus I must dwell.

2 When near my Jesus I am blest,
He is my life, he is my rest,

While through this world I rove ;
And when all mortal joys shall cease,
He'll be my life, my joy and peace,
In brighter realms above.

3 He'll give me there a glorious seat,
Where all the heav'nly armies meet,
In sweet unmingled joy ;
Instead of everlasting pain,
In endless glory I shall reign,
And foes no more annoy.

4 There shall I see him face to face,
And sing the wonders of his grace,
Far from the snares of hell ;
From all these clogs I shall be free,
With my dear Jesus I shall be,
And in his bosom dwell.

5 In those immortal climes I'll join,
With bands seraphic all divine,
To praise my bleeding king ;
With joy I'll tread the blissful plains,
Where shouts of most exalted strains
Make all the arches ring.

6 Ravish'd with glory and delight
(The sun and moon beneath my feet) ;
Wrapt in a sacred flame ;
Sailing in seas of perfect joy,
And this shall be my blest employ, :
All worthy is the Lamb !

HYMN LVII. *Long Metre.*

The Christian attracted with God's love.

1. **O** WHAT a blest transporting ray
Attracts and steals my soul away !

It is my Saviour's voice I feel,
Lord give my soul the attraction still.

2 Adieu ye earthly loves adieu !
I feel my love and must pursue,
Ye separating walls be gone
And let my chariot wheels roll on.

3 Lord Jesus waft me on my way,
I pant for everlasting day ;
These pow'rs of mine shall rest no more,
Until I reach the peaceful shore.

HYMN LVIII. *Short Metre.*

No joy but in Christ.

1. **O** WHAT an empty toy
Are all these mortal wilds !
But O what lasting peace and joy
Is in my Saviour's smiles !

2 Long have I been a slave
For but an empty sound !
But O what pleasures now I have
Since I have Jesus found !

3 I'll bid adieu to earth,
And count its joys but vain ;
Let me enjoy my heav'nly birth,
And with my Jesus reign.

4 O thou immortal King
Bear thy dear child away,

Then will I on my journey sing
Songs of eternal day.

HYMN LIX. *Particular Metre.*

The great love of Christ displayed in his death.

1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh with ragged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain ?
Why thus confin'd to woes I cry'd
“ 'Tis I,” the bleeding God reply'd,
“ To save a world from sin.”

3 A God for rebel mortals dies !
How can it be my soul replies !
What Jesus die for me !
“ Yes, saith the suff'ring Son of God,
I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee poor soul, for thee.”

4 Lord since thy life thou'lt freely giv'n,
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love ;
Then to thy feet O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

5 All other lovers I'll adieu,
My dying lover I'll pursue,
And bless the slaughter'd Lamb.

My life, my strength, my voice and days,
I will devote in wisdom's ways,

And sound his bleeding fame.

6 And when this tott'ring life shall cease,
I'll leave these mortal climes in peace,

And soar to realms of light ;

There where my heav'nly lover reigns,

I'll join to raise immortal strains,

All ravish'd with delight.

H Y M N LX. *Long Metre.*

Longing for the victory over sin.

1 **A**WAY, ye earthly charms away !
Ye lead my wand'ring mind astray,

Disturb my joys, and break my rest,

And draw me from my Saviour's breast.

2 Jesus subdue this carnal mind,

O may I leave these toys behind !

I long to find my spirit free,

That I may triumph Lord in thee.

3 There's nothing Jesus like thy love,

Yet for a shadow oft I rove ;

O conquer the remains of sin,

And let thy kingdom reign within.

4 Let not the least amusing toy

Draw me from thee my only joy ;

But fill my breast with love divine,

I'll know no sceptre Lord but thine.

H Y M N LXI. *Long Metre.*

The christians transport.

1 **O** WHAT amazing love is this !
On earth I taste immortal bliss ;

I feel that voice that is divine,
And know that Jesus Christ is mine.

2 He leads me on the heav'nly road,
And feeds my soul with angels food ;
My soul how free his goodness flows !
His bleeding love no limits knows.

3 My soul hath found my Christ to day ;
I feel my darkness done away ;
His presence made my bars remove,
And O I feast on heav'nly love !

4 I feel my sins are all forgiv'n ;
This is my Christ, my all my heav'n !
My soul begins her lasting theme,
ALL GLORY TO MY GOD, THE LAMB !

HYMN LXII. *Long Metre.*

The kingdom of God within.

1 **L**ET others their salvation rest
On outward forms, of distant heav'n,
I want God's kingdom in my breast,
And there to feel my sins forgiv'n.

2 Some make their boast of cancel'd sin,
Before the world or they were made,
While still they have a hell within,
Imagine God their heav'n decreed.

3 While others think some law fulfil'd
By Jesus when he bled and dy'd,
Who never knew salvation seal'd,
His life or death to them apply'd.

4 While many more their souls desire,
Who wait for death to find a heav'n ;

Yet strangers to the heav'nly joy,
Or the new birth, and sins forgiv'n.

5 But I can trust in no degree,
Or law fulfil'd by Jesus Christ,
But that which works a birth in me,
And brings me to the gospel feast.

6 I am by nature dead in sin,
My soul bound down with heavy chains;
Then I must have my Christ within,
Or else in death my soul remains.

7 I have a hell within my breast,
For there is all my weight of sin;
Then Christ can give my soul no rest,
Unless he gives a heav'n within.

8 My Christ forbids "*to here or there,*
"The secret chambers or desert,"
And then he doth to me declare
God's kingdom is within my heart.

9 Then in my heart, O Jesus reign,
With thy blest kingdom all divine;
Remove my death, break ev'ry chain,
And change my nature pure as thine.

10 Then shall I be forever blest,
From all my sins and sorrows free,
A peaceful kingdom in my breast,
And I forever one with thee.

HYMN LXIII. *Long Metre.*

Soaring after Christ.

1 **R**ISE he v'nly sun, with rays divine,
In this benighted soul of mine;

I pant for one immortal ray
To bear my restless soul away.

2 I feel my heart in love with thee,
But bound in death, yet would be free;
My Christ I at a distance view,
And feel a struggling to pursue.

3 Thou art my life, my rest, my food,
My joy and everlasting good;
How can I then contented be
But when I am, O Lord, with thee?

4 O bear my panting soul above,
Where I may once enjoy my love
Without those clouds for to annoy,
Then shall I be complete in joy.

HYMN LXIV. *Long Metre.*

The happiness of the christians.

1 **H**OW blest beyond what tongue can tell
Are those with whom the Lord doth dwell!
They've life, they've peace, they've joy and rest,
All heav'n's engag'd to make them blest.

2 Thro' all this world where e'er they rove,
The Lord surrounds them with his love;
They often drink of heav'nly wine,
And feed on bread that is divine.

3 Soon will they land where Jesus reigns,
To dwell on heav'n's immortal plains;
Perfect in everlasting bliss,
For they will dwell where Jesus is.

4 My soul! and shall I ever share
Among the saints forever there?

Give me that crown, O prince of Peace,
Those boundless joys that never cease.

HYMN LXV. *Long Metre.*

The soul revived with God's love.

NOW can my soul in God rejoice,
I feel my Saviour's cheering voice,
My heart awakes to sing his praise,
And longs to join immortal lays.

2 The kingdom of my Lord is come,
This day I've found my father's home ;
O might I rove from him no more -
Long as I tread this mortal shore.

3 Hold me, O Jesus, in thine arms,
And cheer me with immortal charms,
Till I awake in realms above
For ever to enjoy thy love.

HYMN LXVI. *Long Metre.*

The christian wants no more than Christ.

LORD since thou pluck'd me from the gulf,
And gave my soul thy blessed self,
'Tis all I want, 'tis all I need,
In thee, O God, I'm blest indeed.

2 I feel thou hast my sins forgiv'n,
And often taste a glimpse of heav'n,
My soul has found a lasting peace,
Will stand when all these worlds shall cease.

3 In Christ I feel a solid joy,
A rock which hell can ne'er destroy ;
My days of joy can ne'er be o'er,
For Christ is mine, what want I more ?

4 Created good, I count but small :
In Jesus I possess my all,
Long as I know that Jesus reigns,
I feel his love my life maintains.

HYMN LXVII. *Particular Metre.*

Christ all in all.

GOD is my all, I feel his grace,
He cheers me on my christian race,
And feeds me with his word ;
Ten thousand thousand worlds are small
Compar'd with Christ, he is my all,
And O ! I love my God.

2 Lord thou hast gave thyself to me,
Then near thy footstool let me be,
Rul'd wholly by my King ;
While time endures I'll walk with God,
And spread his glorious name abroad,
And in his triumphs sing.

3 May I no more forsake my friend,
Till all these mortal changes end,
And I shall leave my woe !
A happy morn when I shall be
From ev'ry sin and sorrow free,
And home to Jesus go !

4 My soul shall all my foes survive,
And ever with my Jesus live,
In heav'n's immortal bliss ;
My soul wrap'd up in sweet delight,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of night,
And dwell where Jesus is.

HYMN LXVIII. *Short Metre.**A song of praise to Christ.*

- 1 **L**ET universal plains
Awake with joy to sing,
And join their most exalted strains
To the immortal King.
- 2 Had I ten thousand tongues
To praise my Saviour's name,
Cheerful I'd raise ten thousand songs
To sound his lasting fame.
- 3 He stoop'd beneath the grave
To make his goodness known ;
He dy'd the wretched world to save,
And bear our guilt alone.
- 4 Freely he spilt his blood,
And gave his love as free ;
Then take my heart, O Lord my God,
And give this love to me.
- 5 May I thy goodness sing,
And tell the world thy love,
'Till I awake with God my king,
In the sweet realms above.

HYMN LXIX. *Long Metre.**Desiring to be led by Christ.*

- L**EAD me, O thou immortal Dove,
In peace while thro' this world I rove ;
And let me always feel a ray
Of light from thine eternal day.
- 2 When thou art nigh my soul is well ;
I feel what tongues can never tell ;

Sweet peace and joy that is divine,
Heals and transports this soul of mine.

3 I ask no joy but in my Christ ;
Let me no other pleasures taste ;
And O ! my Jesus, dwell with me,
And where thou art there let me be.

4 I know thy goodness is so great
To do me good is thy delight ;
Thine arm of love thou wilt employ
To lead my soul to perfect joy.

HYMN LXX. *Common Metre.*

Always happy when Christ is enjoyed.

1 **W**HEN I enjoy the love of Christ,
I'm blest where e'er I go ;
My weary soul enjoys a rest,
And loses all her woe.

2 When I am try'd he bears my grief,
And doth my foes destroy ;
When in distress he brings relief
With his immortal joy.

3 If I in distant lands should dwell,
Remote from human face,
Yet with my Christ I should be well,
And triumph in his grace.

4 If I should lose my mortal breath,
Yet finding Jesus nigh,
My soul should triumph over death,
For I should never die.

5 When all these worlds shall be no more,
And stars shall cease to shine,

My kingdom stands forever sure,
For Jesus Christ is mine.

6 And O, this blessed Christ is mine!

Then what can I have more?

I shall with him in glory shine

When storms are all blown o'er.

HYMN LXXI. *Common Metre.*

Panting after the full enjoyment of God.

1 **B**LEST morn when I shall land
With all the saints above!

I feel my feet at Christ's right hand,
When I can find his love.

2 In Christ I am so blest,
To have my portion there;
I often feel that heav'nly rest,
While I am trav'ling here.

3 I soon shall soar and sing
In everlasting joy;
The love and beauties of my King,
Shall ev'ry thought employ.

4 There in immortal bloom,
My Jesus I'll adore,
And love the hand that brought me home
To live forever more.

HYMN LXXII. *Long Metre.*

Drawn by the love of Christ.

1 **H**OW great thy love, O Prince of Peace!
Nor can thy goodness ever cease;
What can my heart or passion do,
If unaffected with thy love?

2 Thy love from the celestial plain,
Stoop'd to the earth to bear my pain ;
Thy love redeem'd my soul from hell ;
Thy love makes me in glory dwell.

3 No other love my soul would know,
But that which doth from Jesus flow ;
Away ye bars, ye rocks remove,
And give me room for Christ my love.

4 Revive in me, O love divine,
That heart and kingdom which is thine ;
When time is done bear me away,
O love to everlasting day.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Metre.*

*Attracted with the thoughts of the full enjoyment
of God.*

1 **O** HOW the thought attracts my heart
That I should once awake with God,
Clouds from my soul forever part,
And feasts with angels round his board !

2 How should I sail the peaceful shore
In seas of everlasting love !

With Jesus reign forevermore
In these eternal realms above.

3 There scenes of endless pleasures rise,
And soul-transporting wonders roll,
While Christ allures my wond'ring eyes,
And transports all my active soul.

4 There with the winged hosts I'll soar,
Inspir'd with an immortal flame ;
My pow'rs increase forevermore,
While gazing on the worthy Lamb.

HYMN LXXIV. *Common Metre.**Christ's death declares his love is free.*

1' **T** WAS love without a bound or shore
That brought Jehovah down ;

If I believe he wants no more,
To bring me to the crown.

2 Behold the sinner's friend appears
Among the guilty race !

His birth, his life and death declares
Free and unbounded grace.

3 But unbelief where e'er it reigns,
Rejects this boundless love ;
And if retain'd so 'ncrease the chains,
The soul can never move.

4 Had God's eternal love abound,
Or partial love had reign'd,
My soul would never mercy found,
But in my sins remain'd.

5 To Christ who spreads his love so free
Doth endless praise belong ;
And O ! his boundless love shall be
The saints eternal song.

HYMN LXXV. *Common Metre.**The christian's triumph.*

1 **A** LL hail, incarnate lover hail !
Thy mighty arm of love
Shall over all our foes prevail,
And give us crowns above.

2 Thou dy'd Almighty Prince of Peace,
And tasted death and hell,

That sorrows might forever cease,
And we in glory dwell.

3 Soon we shall in full glory ride,
Like conquerors divine ;
With thee our Captain at our side,
And all the glory thine.

4 We'll sing the conquest of thy death,
And triumph over hell ;
Increasing in immortal birth,
While we in glory dwell.

5 There wafted on the wings of love
Lose all the sense of pain ;
All mansion'd in the realms above
Shall with Jehovah reign.

6 O Jesus hail ! all glory thou,
Who did the world restore !
Let ev'ry world, and system bow
Thy goodness to adore !

HYMN LXXVI. *Long Metre.*

The believing Hebrews.

1 **S**HOUT brethren for the Lord hath broke
The fatal bands of Pharaoh's yoke !
Our souls have left the slavish ground,
And now to Canaan's land are bound.

2 God hath destroy'd by his high hand
Both horse and Rider in the sand ;
And we with Miriam will sing
All glory to the Hebrews king.

3 He still will make my foes to fall ;
He'll be our Captain strength and all ;

Our Jesus leads us by his hand
For to possess the promis'd land.

4 Then let us tread the desert through,
Bid all our loves and fears adieu ;
A fire by night shall lead our way,
And a blest cloud of love by day,

5 Christ is the stream shall us pursue,
And cheer us all the desert through ;
We are surrounded with his love,
And feed on manna from above.

6 Let unbelief no more be known,
And ev'ry murm'ring thought be gone,
If we the God of truth believe
We shall go in, the crown receive.

7 O thou immortal Hebrew's king,
Thy name with joy we gladly sing,
Thou bought thy tribes with blood divine,
And now we are forever thine.

HYMN LXXVII. *Long Metre.*

The wonders in Christ's death.

1 **H**OW vast Moriah is thy blood !
Enormous guilt ! a bleeding God !
See heav'n and hell upon the tree !
A Saviour dies and lives for me.

2 A God in agonies of death,
And for his foes resigns his breath ;
Behold him crush'd beneath my guilt,
Until his vital blood he spilt !

3 But O I'm lost how can it be,
Jehovah suffers this for me ?

O yes so boundless was his love,
He dies to bear my soul above !

4 Away all other loves away,
And mount my soul to the bright day
Where love immortal shall inflame
My ravish'd heart to praise the Lamb.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Particular Metre.*

Choosing Christ.

1 **H**ERE gladly at thy feet I fall,
My God, my king, my friend, my all,
And there I choose my lasting seat ;
Art thou not all my portion Lord ?
Do not I count thee my reward ?

Is not my glory at thy feet ?

2 Does not my spirit long to be,
With all my pow'rs bound up in thee,
With bands of everlasting love ?

I'd live with thee while time should roll,
Then praise and love with all my soul,
In the eternal realms above.

3 Though here my foes beset my way,
And often lead my soul astray ;

Yet Lord thou know'st I love thee still ;
Nor can I think that I am blest,
Or ever find a moment's rest,

But when my fathers love I feel.

4 O let me ever see thy face,
And feel thy love, and sing thy grace,

Long as I tread this mortal shore ;
Then when I take my happy flight,
I shall awake in realms of light,

And part from thee my God no more.

HYMN LXXIX. *Long Metre.**Longing to be more in love with Christ.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, I thirst for thee ;
Wrapt in thy love my soul would be ;
Descend O thou immortal Dove,
And fill me with the Saviour's love.

2 With zeal I would my Christ pursue,
And bid created joys adieu ;
Nor can I give my spirit rest,
Till fully in his love I'm blest.

3 O Jesus lead me on my way,
Till I shall reach eternal day ;
Let the attraction of thy love,
Bear me away to realms above.

4 There in those seas of joy divine,
My soul shall in full glory shine ;
Gaze on thy beauty and adore
My God my all forevermore.

HYMN LXXX. *Common Metre.**Mount Pisgah.*

1 NOW on the borders of our land,
We'll raise a cheerful voice ;
And while our souls thus gazing stand,
Let ev'ry heart rejoice.

2 We'll trim our lamps with grace divine,
And wait our bridegroom's call ;
We shall with him in glory shine,
Where he is all in all.

3 We are his bride redeem'd with blood,
And seal'd upon his breast ;

And soon he'll take us home to God,
To be forever blest.

4 And when we hear our-master call,
We will with joy obey ;
For Jesus is our all in all,
Then why should we delay ?

5 O what transporting scenes of joy
Shall open to our view !
Eternal anthems our employ,
In joys forever new.

6 Think fellow pilgrims, what delight,
Shall ravish every heart !
With Jesus in the realms of light,
Where we shall never part.

HYMN LXXXI. *Long Metre.*

Longing for more love.

1 JESUS I love and him adore,
But O I fain would love him more ;
My panting heart would fain be free,
And nothing love O Christ, but thee.

2 When I his sloop for man review,
And think for me he suffer'd too,
I gaze, I love, and I adore,
Yet wonder why I love no more.

3 When I enjoy a heav'nly ray
I feel my soul is borne away,
Yet when I o'er his goodness rove,
Why am I not wrapt up in love ?

4 I often feel that Christ is mine
And drink at times the heav'nly wine,

Yet Lord I wonder I can be
So careless and so far from thee.

5 Well since my soul belongs to God,
I'll triumph on the heav'nly road ;
Trusting ere long, to take my flight
To join the sons of perfect light.

HYMN LXXXII. *Common Metre.*

No fellowship with Christ and the world.

1 **Y**E earthly scenes, an empty boast,
I bid your toys adieu !

I never can enjoy my Christ
While I your charms pursue.

2 When worldly cares perplex my mind,
Or earthly charms allure,
Nothing but scenes of death I find,
And constant storms endure.

3 But when my Jesus I enjoy,
Though earth and hell should frown,
I'm well, and count the world a toy,
For I possess a crown.

4 Then let the world go well or ill,
If I keep near my Christ
I need not fear for all is well,
And ev'ry trial lost.

HYMN LXXXIII. *Common Metre.*

Soaring after joys divine.

1 **L**ORD I can live on husks no more,
I pant for joys divine ;
My soul to realms of bliss would soar,
And drink of living wine.

2 O for thy wings immortal dove,
 To reach those climes of bliss !
 Soon would I solace in thy love,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

3 There would I drink immortal joy,
 And in full glory blaze ;
 Transporting themes be my employ,
 While on my God I gaze.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Particular Metre.*

Desiring no portion but Christ.

1 **N**O portion Lord do I desire,
 Nor for no other joys aspire,
 But thee my Christ, thou worthy Lamb,
 From other loves I would be free,
 And know no life nor joy but thee,
 And spend my days to sound thy fame.

2 My God inflame me with thy love,
 Give me the meekness of the dove,
 And eyes divine that I may see ;
 Earth's grandeur I esteem but dross,
 To win the glories of the cross,
 And live my Jesus near to thee.

3 And O ! when I shall once arise
 To the fair realms above the skies
 Then shall I see thee face to face
 From all these storms my soul shall rest,
 And lean upon thy sacred breast,
 And shout the wonders of thy grace.

4 There shall I drink celestial streams,
 And bask in heav'n's immortal beams,
 With joy and vigour all divine ;

There all the heav'nly armies sing;
Immortal honors to their King,
And all as one in glory shine.

HYMN LXXXV. *Short Metre.*

God all in all.

- 1 JESUS my God is mine,
And I have known his love ;
Soon I shall swim in joys divine,
With all the saints above.
- 2 There I shall ever be,
(Thro' God's unbounded grace)
And drink from that eternal sea
Of joy and perfect bliss.
- 3 There is no shades of night,
Where I with God shall reign ;
But beams of uncreated light
Spread o'er the heav'nly plain.
- 4 How vast those pleasures be,
Beyond what tongue can tell,
Where I expect e'er long to be,
And with my Jesus dwell !
- 5 Because my God is good,
I have a portion there ;
And since he wash'd me in his blood,
I shall with angels share.
- 6 I know he's all my joy ;
I ask no other food ;
His name shall be my whole employ,
And everlasting good.

7 Jesus since thou art mine,
My life my joy my friend,
Let everlasting praise be thine,
My soul can say Amen.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Long Metre.*

*A sense of being forever with Christ surmounts all
the trials of the way.*

1 **O** CAN it be that I shall land,
One day with all the saints above;
For to rejoice at Christ's right hand,
In his unbounded sea of love !

2 This makes me face a frowning world,
And bid their charms and fears adieu ;
Soon from their rage I shall be call'd
Where joys divine are ever new.

3 Thus I could triumph over death,
And take with joy my last remove,
When I can feel the heav'nly birth
Rising in everlasting love.

4 O happy hour to take my flight
From all remains of death and sin !
To reign in those sweet realms of light
Where death nor sin will ne'er be seen.

5 Some times I feel my portion there,
And find my Jesus in my heart,
Then I triumph o'er all my fear,
And bid all earthly charms depart.

6 In heav'n my only joys shall be ;
I'll have no other peace nor rest ;

There shall I reign O God, with thee,
With all I want forever blest.

HYMN LXXXVII. *Long Metre.*

No rest for the christian without Christ.

1 **S**INNERS, O God with but a toy
Can laugh and be amus'd and sing,
But if I do not thee enjoy
To me their joys are but a sting.

2 Since I have known redeeming love,
And found immortal pleasures smil'd,
What e'er I do, where e'er I rove,
All other joys to me are spoil'd.

3 I'll bid created blifs adieu,
And never ask a portion there,
While I the source of joy pursue,
And in immortal glories share.

4 I ask no life, O Christ but thee,
Nor would I count another love;
But where thou art, there I must be,
I can't consent from thee to move.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Particular Metre.*

A song of praise to the Redeemer.

1 **A**WAKE, awake ten thousand tongues,
And raise your most exalted songs
Around the great incarnate name!
While heav'nly love your breasts inspire,
Let worlds above in sacred lyre
Resound his everlasting fame.

2 Ye that have reach'd th' immortal plains
Rouse, rouse, your most exalted strains,
And bend your sceptres round his throne;

- Tell how he threw his glory by,
 With pity sloop'd below the sky,
 And made his love to mortals known.
- 3 Tell how he bow'd his glorious head
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 And felt the pangs of hell and death ;
 What sorrows did his soul sustain
 When he endur'd the sinners pain,
 And groan'd his last expiring breath.
- 4 Sing how the mighty conq'rer rose
 Triumphant over all his foes,
 And trampled death beneath his feet !
 Lift up your head O Adam's race !
 And shout the wonders of his grace ;
 For you he fills the mercy seat.
- 5 Whoever will may mount above,
 There's none excluded from his love,
 But those who choose the way to hell ;
 Hear mortals, hear the Saviour's voice,
 Believe and in his love rejoice,
 And in eternal glory dwell.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Common Metre.*

Heaven enjoyed on earth.

- 1 **O** THE sweet glimpses of thy face,
 My Jesus and my love !
 When I can feel thy boundless grace
 I taste the joys above.
- 2 Thou art the source of heav'nly bliss
 And Angels chief delight ;
 And where thou art there glory is
 To all the sons of light.

3 And since, O God, that life divine
Thou to my soul hath giv'n,
When I can feel thy glory shine
My soul enjoys a heav'n.

4 Thyself is all the heav'n I want ;
But when a glimpse I feel,
My soul for freedom Lord doth pant,
That she may drink her fill.

HYMN XC. *Long Metre.**Feeling some revivals of life divine.*

1 **A**RISE my soul and soar away,
I hear my Saviour's charming voice ;
And when I feel but one small ray
It makes my panting soul rejoice.

2 And is my blessed Jesus nigh ?
And art thou calling Lord for me ?
Yes, for it lifts my soul on high,
And makes me long with him to be.

3 My soul this charming voice pursue,
Nor ever from thy leader rove,
Till thou shall bid these worlds adieu,
Awake, and swim in boundless love.

HYMN XCI. *Long Metre.**Surprised at God's love.*

1 **F**OR me dear Saviour hast thou bled ?
Ah ! Lord, I feel thy love divine ;
Yea thou hast rais'd me from the dead,
And gave my soul a life with thine.

2 O what a thought ! surpris'd I be,
That God should stoop from realms above,

And die to give a wretch like me
A mansion in his boundless lovè.

3 Impress, O thou eternal king,
These truths of love on all my soul ;
Thy name I will with wonder sing
When mortal worlds shall cease to roll.

4 O how transported I shall be
When I am quit from all but love !
My God and shall I reign with thee
In thine eternal realms above ?

5 Ah ! it was goodness like thyself
To stoop and take my guilt away ;
To pluck me from the dismal gulph,
And seat me in eternal day.

HYMN XCII. *Long Metre.*

Our songs of praise a benefit to us, but not to God.

1 **S**HOULD angels raise eternal strains,
Or cease to lift a note of praise,
Jehovah still the same remains,
Not help'd nor injur'd by their lays.

2 What then O God are notes like mine,
So languid on a single tongue ?

Yet when I feel that life divine
I love to strain a heav'nly song.

3 Sometimes when I my Jesus sing,
It stirs and bears my heart away,
Then would I strain the utmost string
To waft me on the heav'nly way.

4 But O how low these mortal strains !
Yet will I play on ev'ry cord,

Until I reach the blissful plains

To reign forever with my Lord.

HYMN XCIII. *Long Metre.*

The christians singing on their way.

SHALL those that tread the road to hell
Go laughing on with merry songs,
And we who'll soon in glory dwell,
With scarce a note upon our tongues,

2 Awake O all ye heirs of bliss,
And bid your sloth and fears adieu,
Since Christ is yours, and you are his,
You may sing all your journey through.

3 Who but the sons of light should sing?
Who else can wear a cheerful smile?
They're children of th' eternal King,
All others in the road to hell.

4 Lord we would raise our cheerful strains
While through these mortal climes we rove,
Then soar to those immortal plains
To lose ourselves in thy great love.

HYMN XCIV. *Particular Metre.*

A heavenly rapture.

METHINKS I feel a warm desire,
Enliven'd with immortal fire,
In this imprison'd heart of mine;
And longs to wing itself away
To realms of everlasting day
To lofty themes and scenes divine.

2 In records of eternal fame
There is my portion, there my name,
And there methinks my God I see;

Where angels sail with lofty wing,
And seraphs tune th' immortal strings,
There, there my spirit longs to be.

3 Those boundless realms of joy divine,
Those saints and angels all are mine,
Jesus my Saviour makes them so ;
And soon he'll call me home to rest
At his right hand forever blest,
With all that saints or angels know.

4 There I shall tread above the stars,
And laugh at hell's intestine jars,
The sun and moon beneath my feet ;
There I shall tread the blissful shore,
And mourn my distant friend no more,
Where Jesus reigns there is my seat.

5 Unbounded love will shine on me,
The mighty Fiat I shall see
Shine forth in his meridian blaze ;
Perfection in transparent light
Shining beyond conception bright,
Calls ev'ry pow'r aloft to gaze.

6 Thus gazing with delight I stand,
Surprising scenes on either hand,
To suck me in their joyful tide ;
The more I see the more I love,
My raptur'd soul still soars above,
From pole to pole in wonders glide.

7 Thus burning in the sacred flame,
Lost to the state from whence I came,
Nor room to ask how, where or when ;

The present scenes engage my soul,
And ev'ry pow'r of thought controul,
I'm lost with joy in God, Amen.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre,*

The christian's theme.

- 1 **L**ET earthly minds feed on a dream,
And make an empty sound their theme,
Jesus shall dwell upon my tongue,
His dying love shall be my song.
- 2 His name deserves my heart and voice,
This is the name makes me rejoice,
Nor dare I boast another name,
Therefore this Christ shall be my theme.
- 3 Was I to speak of joys above,
This Jesus is their sea of love ;
Or if I tell of joys below,
This Christ is all the soul can know.
- 4 Should I of wisdom think to tell,
There's none but what in him doth dwell ;
Or speak of beauties here I'm charm'd,
While others all appear deform'd.
- 5 If I am ask'd to tell his name,
It's *Love* ; his nature is the same ;
Goodness he is ; a boundless sea,
And loves that goodness to display.
- 6 He loves to help the vile and poor ;
He spreads his love at ev'ry door,
He takes delight to raise the dead,
And fills the hungry soul with bread.

7 This is the Christ I would adore,
 Whose love hath neither bound nor shore ;
 But O his worth I ne'er can tell,
 If on the theme I ever dwell.

8 Yet I so much have felt his name,
 It shall forever be my theme ;
 But lost in wonder I shall be,
 Long as I sail the boundless sea.

HYMN XCVI. *Long Metre.*

Christ worthy of all love and adoration.

WORTHY art thou immortal Lamb,
 To be the whole creation's theme ;
 My heart all ravish'd longs to raise
 My notes of love in heav'nly lays.

2 I feel my soul in love with thee,
 And with thee pants and longs to be
 Where no intruding thought shall move
 To interrupt my charms of love.

3 Thy charms dear Christ attract my soul,
 And shall my strongest pow'rs controul ;
 I'll praise thee while this earth I rove,
 And in eternal realms above.

HYMN XCVII. *Long Metre.*

Feeling of Christ's love, and panting for more.

SWEET are the rays of sacred love !
 They call my soul to realms above ;
 I drop the earth, disdain her charms,
 O hand me to my Saviour's arms.

2 Some rays of love divine I feel,
 Cheers all my soul, allures my will,

But O for a more speedy flight
To bear me home to realms of light !

3 If Christ hath made salvation mine,
Let me possess my realm divine ;
Those climes transporting let me see,
And ever with my Jesus be.

4 O happy morn, when all my soul
Is ravish'd with my love, my all !
My heart inflam'd with sacred fire,
Shall ever join seraphic lyre.

HYMN XCVIII. *Long Metre.*

A morning walk.

1 **Q**UICK as the solar beams display,
And night's black veil is thrown aside:
In hopes to meet a brighter day,
I rise in themes divine to glide.

2 I tread the meads, and walk the grove,
Where morning songsters chant their lay,
While I pursue my heav'nly love,
And notes of sacred pleasure raise.

3 The earth refresh'd with beams that shine
From this bright sun that gilds the day,
While I am blest with beams divine
That takes my midnight veil away.

4 Soon as I meet the heav'nly morn,
I sing for joy and mount on high,
My glooms, my fears, my foes are gone,
And O I find my Jesus nigh !

5 And will not mortals leave their bed
To seek and meet a friend like this, I i 2

While he around their doors doth tread,
And courts them to his arms of bliss ?

6 My soul no more assume thy shroud
Of carnal sloth or needless sleep,
Thy Jesus for thee calls aloud,
And o'er thy slumb'ring hours doth weep.

7 Dwell O my Christ, with life divine,
Resistless vigour in my soul ;
And may I tread in steps of thine
Till mortal changes cease to roll.

8 Then will I quit these shades of night,
And mount upon the morning wing
To climes of uncreated light,
Where seraphs strain th' immortal string.

9 There I shall with my Jesus dwell
In dazz'ling beams of blazing love,
My joys no cherub's tongue can tell,
My Christ is all the joys above.

HYMN XCIX. *Long Metre.*

A universal song.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, stretch ev'ry thought ;
Praise him to whom all praise belongs
The wonders that his love hath wrought
Demands a universal song.

2 He rais'd the universal frame,
And bid their wheels in order move ;
Then let created realms proclaim,
His wisdom and immortal love.

3 Rouse earth with all your beaut'ous forms,
And sound abroad your maker's skill ;

- Ye lofty heights, and grov'ling worms,
Resound his praise from hill to hill.
- 4 Awake thou bell'wing ocean wide,
Rouse all the tenants of your deep ;
And let the murmurs of your tide,
Boil up, and in his praises leap.
- 5 Ye cragged rocks around the main,
And fragrant flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
With the tall cedars of the plain,
All join to praise your maker too.
- 6 Ye howling beasts that roam the wood,
And feed upon your maker's hand,
Roar out the praises of your God,
And bow your strength at his command.
- 7 Ye winged troops of every kind
That sail and cross the fluid air ;
(Since for his praise ye were design'd)
From pole to pole his name declare.
- 8 Ye sparkling globes that dress the night,
And tread your orbit spheres so true,
While ye reflect a glimpse of light
Roll round and speak his praises too.
- 9 And ye bright climes where angels dwell,
Enliven'd with immortal flame,
Rouse all your sons, they best can tell
The glories of your maker's name.
- 10 And O ye crowds of Adam's race,
Awake and bid your sloth adieu ;

Crowd in the courts of boundless grace,
And sing Jehovah's praises too.

11 And ye, O disentangled saints,
Who tread the blissful plains above,
Soar in your most exalted strains
To shout your great Redeemer's love.

12 Now let the universal throng
With ardour strain the utmost string ;
Amen, to God, all praise belongs,
He is the universal King.

HYMN C. *Long Metre.*

*A short address to the christians, with a few
thoughts on my own departure and immortal
glory through Christ.*

1 **N**OW to the pilgrims born of God,
In Jesus name these lines I hand,
To cheer you on your christian road
And point you to the heav'nly land.

2 When I am gone and ye survive,
Make the Redeemer's name your theme ;
And while these mortal climes ye rove,
The wonders of his love proclaim.

3 Soon I shall end this rapid race,
And tread your mortal climes no more ;
But through Jehovah's boundless grace,
Safe shall I reach the heav'nly shore.

4 No distant space to take my flight,
When I shall close these mortal eyes,
But in eternal realms of light
Awake with pleasure and surprise,

- 5 O what transporting seas of bliss !
I then shall sail with sweet delight !
There God my lasting portion is,
Shining beyond conception bright.
- 6 How will the heav'n-transporting blaze,
The pow'rs of all my soul employ !
I soaring still aloft shall gaze
On that eternal source of joy.
- 7 Though millions are the hosts above,
They now in God are all but one ;
And all so ravish'd with his love,
They nothing know but God alone.
- 8 My soul so ravish'd in that sea,
I've lost myself and wond'ring gaze ;
This God is all I feel or see,
I'm lost in his meridian blaze !
- 9 I drink, I soar, I gaze I rove,
O'er the transparent scenes of bliss,
Still lost with wonder in his love ;
My soul ! and what a God is this.
- 10 Ten thousand blazing realms of light
Proclaim their God, and say, Amen !
My soul still soaring in her flight,
My God is all, I drop my pen.

HYMN CI. *Particular Metre; By B. R.*

A call to sinners.

O Christless souls, to hell you are expos'd
And in the bonds of sin you are enclos'd ;
Your slender thread of life it soon may break
And into hell your wretched souls may shake.

2 And Jesus at your door doth knocking stand,
And stretches out to you his bleeding hand ;
And faith, poor sinners, leave your damning sin,
And fly to me, and I will take you in.

3 My blood will wash away your deepest stains,
My blood will cleanse you from your foulest sins,
My blood will make your souls both clean and
white,

My blood will make you lovely in my sight.

4 Come to my open arms without delay
Nor put me off until another day ;
O ! be not easy in your wretched state,
Lest you have cause to cry too late, too late.

5 Now is the time I will your sin forgive,
Now is the time I will your souls receive,
Now is the time, come, come dear souls away,
And swim with me in love's unbounded sea.

6 Come dive with me in life's eternal stream,
Quit all those vain delights, this life's a dream,
Come feast your souls on love's eternal good,
And dwell forever with a God that's good.

F I N I S.

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My soul O God aspires to be	3	55
My life and soul to thee O God	4	27
My God doth not delay	4	32
Much more O God I fain would be	4	62
Mount my soul on wings triumphant	5	2
My soul surmounts the rage of death	5	8
Mount up my soul and sing	5	17
My soul embrace the Saviour's cross	5	21
My father must I longer be	5	26
My soul leave all below	5	49
Methinks I feel a warm desire	5	94

N

N O peace O Jesus but in thee	1	76
No longer will I seek for joys	1	83
No more we'll talk of Adam's sin	1	89
Nations attend let ev'ry mortal hear	2	44
No mortal tongue can ever tell	3	13
None but the foll'wers of the Lamb	3	67
Now with the morn my soul arise	4	13
No more ye foll'wers of the Lamb	4	24
Now pilgrims let us go in peace	4	100
Not crowns nor worlds O God I crave	5	4
Now can my soul in God rejoice	5	65
Now on the borders of our land	5	80
No portion Lord do I desire	5	84
Now to the pilgrims born of God	5	100

O O
AM I born to die

1 21

○ wretched soul where have I been	1	6
○ what a wretched sinner Lord	1	12
○ what a wretched state I'm in	1	15
○ is the king of terrors come	1	17
○ what a state my soul is in	1	26
○ was my lot among the saints	1	27
○ wretched soul I now begin	1	28
○ what a burden'd soul am I	1	29
○ thou that sloop'd from realms of light	1	34
○ what a harden'd wretch am I	1	35
○ what a load of sin	1	40
○ Lord how dang'rous is the place	1	43
○ how I shudder on the brink	1	44
○ help a sinner Lord I pray	1	51
○ what a heart have I	1	55
○ could I once but really know	1	51
○ what a poor benighted mind	1	64
○ Jesus shall I ever be	1	65
○ what a heart, a heart of stone	1	67
○ I am bound with iron chains	1	71
○ can it ever be	1	78
○ when will Jesus come	1	81
○ for some hand that can relieve	1	87
○ what a poor unhappy soul	1	90
○ what a load of guilt I feel	1	91
○ might our souls this day enjoy	2	3
○ come thou Lamb of God we pray	2	4
○ turn ye prisoners of hope	2	6
○ turn ye dying sons of men	2	10
○ Jesus come thy kingdom spread	2	34
○ how kind the heav'nly powers	2	43

T A B L E.

B. H.

O haste away ten thousand souls	2	46
O spread thy saving name abroad	2	50
O sinners fly to Jesus' arms	2	51
O could I tread from pole to pole	2	67
O when dear Jesus shall I be	2	68
O sinners make the Saviour room	2	74
O sinners hear the gospel call	2	75
O how unbounded was that love	2	81
O Lord how can I live	2	83
O for the spirit of the dove	2	88
On earth I know immortal love	2	91
O what are all these earthly toys	2	92
O for the name of Christ impress	2	93
O helpless wretched soul am I	2	95
O happy youth who in the bloom	2	97
O the dead state of Adam's race	2	100
O how distressing was the scene	3	8
Once on the brink of endless death	3	15
O might I always feel the pow'r	3	20
O happy hour and sweet the place	3	24
O that I knew it was the case	3	51
Once more we'll join before me part	3	26
O my Jesus live with me	3	27
O Lord I count all things but loss	3	28
O for a taste of life divine	3	33
O what a wand'ring soul am I	3	37
O for a heart my God to love	3	44
O could I find a humble place	3	45
O how unguarded Lord am I	3	47
O how I've left my Christ my God	3	49
O could my soul this morning rise	3	63

○ could I love the blessed Lamb	3	64
○ what a portion have the saints	3	66
○ happy state to be so blest	3	69
○ Jesus let me often taste	3	72
○ God how shall I tell	3	75
○ what a blessing have I found	3	80
Once did my soul unguarded lay	3	89
○ Jesus take away	4	16
○ was it for my wretched soul	4	17
○ Jesus could my soul believe	4	18
○ has Jehovah thought on me	4	25
○ joys of heav'n's immortal throng	4	30
○ give me strength of living faith	4	31
○ could I live but near my God	4	36
○ thought how blest the saints above	4	38
○ could my soul a freedom find	4	39
○ when will these black clouds depart	4	44
○ God my heart is hard	4	45
○ cutting doubts when shall I know	4	47
○ Jesus at thy feet I fall	4	49
○ must I wander all my days	4	55
○ God break in my heart with love	4	59
○ that I might forever be	4	61
○ Jesus with me go	4	65
○ when my blessed Jesus when	4	69
○ must I spend my moments so	4	74
○ how rejoicing was the day	4	79
Once I enjoy'd the Saviour's love	4	81
○ thou that bought my soul with love	4	82
○ how I feel those foes within	4	84
○ how ungrateful have I been	4	91

T A B L E.

B. H.

O that my soul might always be	4	92
O God my broken groans attend	4	95
O God inflame my soul with love	4	97
Once did my soul rejoice	4	98
O give me nothing but the Lamb	4	99
O happy souls alive to God	5	5
O could I mount above the skies	5	9
O Jesus with thy charms	5	13
O let me breathe in realms divine	5	15
O Jesus shall I ever dwell	5	27
O Lord my God thou art my all	5	34
O give me blessed Jesus give	5	38
One spark O God of heav'nly fire	5	39
O happy disentangled saints	5	45
O what a blest transporting ray	5	57
O what an empty toy	5	58
O what amazing love is this	5	61
O how the thought attracts my heart	5	73
O can it be that I shall land	5	86
O the sweet glimpses of thy face	5	89
O Christless souls to hell you are expos'd	5	101

P

P ILGRIMS with pleasure let us part	3	53
Pilgrims let us join to sing	3	57
Pilgrims let us all engage	4	57
Pilgrims lift your hearts to sing	4	60

Q

Q

QUICK as the solar beams display	5	98
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R

R ISE O thou bright and morning star	2	8
Rise all ye Saints of God	2	49

T A B L E.

B. H.

Rejoice ye lovers of the Lord	5	11
Rouse all ye tenants of the earth	5	41
Rise heav'nly sun with rays divine	3	63

S

S AY men of pleasure men of lust	1	22
Soon I must hear the solemn call	1	41
Swift has th' immortal spirit fled	1	45
See, see what heavy clouds arise	1	50
Soon shall I feel the pangs of death	1	69
Sinners behold the Saviour stands	2	12
Sinners arise you're call'd away	2	16
See how the great Messiah bleeds	2	25
Sinner arise, the Saviour's come	2	40
Sweet is the name of Christ the Lamb	2	61
Sinners the Lord would save	2	62
Sinners attend the Saviour's come	2	77
Sinners behold your Saviour God	2	82
Sweet was the day and great the joy	3	5
Sinners this day the Saviour stands	3	11
Shout all ye armies of the sky	3	18
Some happy days I find below	3	39
Should I be call'd to distant wilds	3	85
Soon shall I quit this mortal shore	3	86
Shew me O God how stands the case	4	85
Strange that a soul who ever knew	4	90
Say blessed God where shall I go	4	93
Sing on ye pilgrims bound to heav'n	5	12
Should heav'n command, &c.	5	40
Sweet is the converse with my God	5	52
Shout brethren for the Lord hath broke	5	76
Sinners (O God) with but a toy	5	87

T A B L E.

B. H.

Should angels raise eternal strains	5	92
Should those who tread the road to hell	5	93
Sweet are the rays of sacred love	5	97

T

T REMBLING O God, &c.	1	3
The world from christians, &c.	1	14
To God the great, the good, the wise	1	24
Teach me O God I pray	1	31
Too long my soul has fed on toys	1	53
To thee, to thee O God I call	1	59
To thee O God I fain would cry	1	60
Tell a poor soul that I may find	1	63
Thy spirit Lord alone	1	77
'Twas God himself became the Lamb	2	78
The Saviour's grace is free	2	94
This world with all her joys	3	17
Ten thousand praises to the hand	3	21
This world is but an empty sound	3	22
Too often O my blessed God	3	50
Ten thousand praises to thy name	3	29
Think O my soul how blest are they	3	30
Ten thousand thousand praises be	3	34
To praise the bleeding Lamb	3	36
This life's a blast, this world's a cheat	3	40
Tell me some friend where shall I go	3	54
To you who love my Christ I'll tell	3	74
Think O my soul what thou hast done	3	84
Ten thousand praises to the Lamb	3	52
This evening O my God to thee	4	14
Tho' saints pass thro' some trying days	4	21
Thrice blessed are the saints of God	4	26

That living faith O God I need	4	34
There's none can tell or yet conceive	4	64
Ten thousand followers of the Lamb	4	67
This world with all its charms	4	70
Too long I have abus'd thy grace	4	77
Tell me no more of earthly friends	5	3
The prince of peace is come	5	27
Tis we that may rejoice	5	31
Think O my soul thou art to land	5	46
Thou art my all O Lamb of God	5	47
Twas love without a bound or shore	5	74

U

U NHAPPY souls who never knew	1	73
Unnumber'd souls by unbelief	4	86
Undaunted O my soul go on	5	22

V

V AIN world! vain world &c.	1	5
Vile wretch I am where shall I flee	1	85
Vain world adieu with all your toys	5	56

W

W HY wretched mortal &c.	1	16
When Adam stood in light	1	1
While in life's bloom O God of grace	1	20
When paradise was sunk by sin	1	30
What heart can think &c.	1	36
Was e'er a wretch so hard as I	1	46
While sailors blest with wind and tide	1	52
What a wand'ring wretch am I	1	72
When shall I know my soul doth stand	1	80
While the swift wings of time doth fly	1	86

L I

T A B L E.

B. H.

Why will ye die O wretched men	2	7
Who can or dares refuse to love	2	14
What solemn groans are those I hear	2	28
Where saith the mourners is this Christ	2	38
What more could Jesus do	2	58
Why mortals will you thus blaspheme	2	69
While I am blest with youthful bloom	2	80
Why saith the Lord O sinners why	2	99
Why did Jehovah think on me	3	9
With God's people let us go	3	10
When I was trembling on the brink	3	32
When I can find my Saviour nigh	3	68
Why should we pilgrims mourning go	3	77
When I from my beloved flee	3	78
With joy O God I all resign	3	87
What shall we render to thy name	4	10
Why should I starve my hungry mind	4	43
Who will expel these shades of night	4	55
When will the blest immortal dove	4	63
When shall my soul from doubts be free	4	71
Without a doubt O could I know	4	76
When Jesus smiles on me	4	80
What devastations death has made	4	87
What heav'nly scenes on earth	5	20
We pilgrims Lord implore thy hand	5	23
Well sordid minds your earth pursue	5	30
Where what or who art thou great God	5	48
When I enjoy the love of Christ	5	70
Worthy art thou immortal Lamb	5	96
Why do ye mourn ye blessed saints	4	19
Why do ye thus in sorrow stray	4	23

Y

YE who profane your maker's name	1	56
Ye poor unhappy souls who dare	1	58
Ye sons of Adam lift your eyes	2	1
Ye foll'wers of the heav'nly king	2	85
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb who mourn	4	29
Ye who in Jesus dwell	5	50
Ye earthly scenes an empty boast	5	82

A short account of the death of HENRY ALLINE, the author of the foregoing HYMNS—Being the extract of a letter sent to Mr. William Alline, his father, by Mr. David M'Clure (then Minister of North-Hill) the person with whom he died.

January 22, 1784.

HE arrived at my house accompanied by Mr. M'Clintock, minister of Greenland, very feeble, to appearance in the last stage of an hetick, and much oppressed with the asthma cough.

25—He rode to the meeting-house and preached from Luke 19—5th.—On the 28th an abscess broke, after which he was able to set up a little.

29.—Growing weaker, and expecting death approaching, he committed to my care his papers and effects; with directions to be careful of a number of Hymns which he had prepared to publish—and to write to his friends.

30.—He grew worse, and told me he was a going; and said he put his trust in *none but Christ!* the Doctor that had attended him during his stay at my house asked him how he did, he told him he had nothing to promise himself as to this life, but said, *I am going, and willing to go; because I have a friend that will support me in death.*

31.—I found that his strength began to decay rapidly, and he desired me to set down and write some things respecting his life, having a desire that poor sinners should be made acquainted with some remarkable providences of God towards him, but he was too weak to converse, and said he must put it off. He chose to converse on no subject but Christ, and the love of God in our redemption.—I told him he was approaching to his welcome journey, he said with great earnestness *O! I long for it!* I told him that the promise of the gospel was a divine support, he told me it was, but the *promiser was greater than the promise, and he was with him.* He grew very weak, and the last words which he spoke intelligible, was, in the strains of his general conversation, *O! rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ!* and between three and four o'clock on the first day of February, he breathed out his soul into the arms of the Lord Jesus, whom he longed to be with.

THE END.







